

THE
FIRST LADY WHARNCLIFFE
AND HER FAMILY
(1779 - 1856)

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THE
FIRST LADY WHARNCLIFFE
AND HER FAMILY
(1779-1856)



MARY, WIFE OF FIRST EARL ERNE, AND HER DAUGHTER,
LADY CAROLINE CREIGHTON

Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., when he was twelve years old.
The property of the Earl of Erne.

THE
FIRST LADY WHARNCLIFFE
AND HER FAMILY
(1779-1856)

BY HER GRANDCHILDREN
CAROLINE GROSVENOR
AND THE LATE
CHARLES BEILBY, LORD STUART OF WORTLEY

VOL. I



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PREFACE

IN dealing with a mass of family letters extending over a period of seventy or eighty years, the difficulties of selection and arrangement have been very great. It was necessary to take some central figure on whom to focus interest, and round whom to build up some kind of narrative. One figure seemed to stand out plainly, that of Elizabeth Caroline Mary Creighton (as it was then spelt), married at twenty to James Archibald Stuart Wortley (afterwards Lord Wharncliffe). In the earlier letters she is the adored granddaughter ; later she is the beloved wife ; gradually she merges into the mother, and, last of all, into the grandmother.

Living, as she did, in the centre of the political and social life of her day, she drew to herself by her sympathy and charm the confidence of all who surrounded her. It is no slight tribute which the hypercritical Lady Granville pays her when she defines her charm as that of "perfect nature, great refinement, and no wish to be anything but what she is"—or again, when, many years later, she has become very intimate with her in Paris, she says, "She is like a moonlight night after a hot day, refreshment and repose. She has all the charm of intelligence without the tax of 'esprit'."

From the mass of letters which have come down to us, many of them undated, all of them full of initial

letters instead of names, of obscure allusions and of long-forgotten nicknames, their fine handwriting now almost faded into the yellow brown of the much-folded paper, gradually a kind of diary emerges—a diary which, being written by many different hands, extends over a period of sixty years. The letters indeed actually cover a much longer period, but it seemed better to limit the selection from them to the lifetime of Elizabeth Caroline Mary, the first Lady Wharncliffe.

The diarist, it has been said, does not need to be a genius. He needs only to be honest, to have a certain gift of expression, the power of observing combined with the opportunity to observe.

All these qualities the writers of the letters seem to have possessed, without the almost unavoidable self-consciousness which besets the diarist, from whose mind the possibility of being read by posterity can never be quite absent.

In such a series of letters the characters of the writers unfold themselves gradually, and we follow their fortunes as we do those of the actors in a drama. We see, too, through their eyes, the passing show amid which they lived. We see the faithful Scott watching the body of Nelson, the mournful crowds waiting in the antechamber of the dying Pitt; we share the deep anxiety for George the Third's health; we catch a glimpse of George the Fourth's coronation and the *œillades* which pass between him and Lady Conyngham; we see Queen Caroline in her dingy coach followed by the rabble of London; we trace the intricate fortunes of the great Reform Bill, its light-hearted rejection by the House of Lords in the early hours of the morning as quietly "as if they had been rejecting a turnpike bill", its final gloomy acceptance a year later by the same House.

We spend intimate evenings in the Pavilion amid the belated domesticity of William IV. and Queen Adelaide. These, with many more such glimpses into the life of the time, make history live for us as nothing written years afterwards can ever do.

The first sorting and arranging of these letters was begun by my brother many years ago. It was work he loved, and he brought to it not only great knowledge of his family history and of the political history of the nineteenth century, but also those qualities of carefulness and accuracy which distinguished all that he undertook. When the letters were at last as far as possible in chronological order, the missing dates as far as possible determined, the obscure allusions in many of them cleared up, he called me in to weave the whole into a connected narrative. The first part of my work done in collaboration with him and with the constant help of his keenness and enthusiasm, his knowledge and his interest in the subject, though laborious at times, was full of compensations. Since his death I have gone on with it, under the heavy burden of his loss, for his sake and as a memorial to him.

CAROLINE GROSVENOR.

NOTE

I should like to offer my warm thanks to Mr. Justice Talbot for the loan of his share of the family letters, to Lord Bristol, Lord Wharnccliffe, and Mr. Arthur Crichton for the loan of letters, portraits, etc.; to those members of my family who have helped me in various ways; and specially to my secretary, Miss E. F. Essex, without whose patient and devoted work the book could never have been written.

CHARLES BEILBY STUART WORTLEY

I

CHARLES BEILBY STUART WORTLEY was born at Escrick Park, York, on September 15, 1851, the second son of the Rt. Honble. J. A. Stuart Wortley, Q.C., M.P., who was Recorder of London and afterwards Solicitor-General. His father was the youngest son of the first Baron Wharnccliffe; his mother was Jane, only daughter of Paul Beilby, first Baron Wenlock. At the time of his birth his father was one of the leading lawyers in Parliament on the Conservative side, and the path seemed clear before him to the Woolsack. But a riding accident in the winter of 1856-57 cut short his career, and the rest of his life, till his death in 1881, was spent as a crippled invalid. The fortunes of the household were seriously affected, and the family of two boys and five girls had a more or less retired upbringing. Happily, they were sufficient to themselves, for they were an exceptionally devoted family, and their interests were wide and varied. Music was one of them, and Charles, in spite of the stern discipline of a German governess who rapped his fingers till they were black and blue, became in very early years a musical enthusiast. His sisters remember that, when the household was living at Sheen, he used to be found in the music shop in Richmond, perched on a high stool which did not permit his small legs to touch the ground, trying over the proprietor's stock of music. As a child he was curiously gentle and self-contained,

but occasionally, under the goading of his elder brother,¹ he would make solemn but effective reprisals, which invariably succeeded because of their unexpectedness.

Charles was sent first to a private school at Wimbledon. The intention was that he should follow his brother to Eton, but the family income was considered insufficient for the purpose, so he went in 1864 to Rugby, which was then under the headmastership of Frederick Temple. He was in Mr. Jex Blake's house, then the most prominent in the school both in work and games. Charles won a scholarship and thereby had his name in capital letters in the school list. Sir Albert Gray, who was in the same house, has given me the following reminiscences :

“ He was rather heavily built and not athletic, and consequently made no show in cricket, running or rackets, but with his weight he speedily became a good forward at football. In the house he was popular for his good-humoured complacency, for his character had no rough corners. He made his first friendship with our only other musician, William Rathbone, a son of the well-known Member for Liverpool. Music was little taught or practised at public schools in those days ; but we had a hired piano in our hall, on which the two friends played. I got to know Charlie through Rathbone, who was one of my chief friends—a genuine dilettante in all branches of art, and subsequently one of the closest friends of Sargent. When Rathbone left, Charlie began a friendship of a different kind with William Allison, a clever boy of his own standing, with whom he ran neck and neck through Rugby and Oxford. Charlie had an early success over his rival, winning both the Fifth Form Latin verse and prose prizes ; but Allison was the better scholar, and in the final examination for Exhibitions he

¹ The elder brother, Archibald John, studied painting under Sir John Millais, who thought very highly of his talents. He became a successful artist, and was known as one of the finest shots of his day. He wrote two volumes of the “ Fur and Feather ” series, *The Partridge* and *The Grouse*, besides other articles on sporting subjects.

was second and Charlie fourth. Allison was a Yorkshireman, with affections more centred on horses and dogs than on scholarship, and he led Charlie into various scrapes which give zest to a boy's life. They kept fox-terriers in the town, and got into trouble for hunting rabbits with them on Sunday afternoons. On one occasion they went to the Grand Military Steeplechase, and, being thus absent from calling-over, were only saved from trouble by the good-humour of the new head-master." ¹

In 1870 Charles went to Balliol, then under the rule of Jowett, and had among his contemporaries Lord Oxford and Asquith, Bishop Gore, Lord Erle, the late Lord Elgin, A. L. Smith (the late Master of Balliol), Sir Almeric Fitzroy and W. H. Mallock. He made many new friends, but Allison remained his chief intimate. He read for honours in the old School of Law and Modern History, but he did not take his work seriously, and obtained a Second, while Allison achieved a First. But if he had little in the way of academic distinctions he gained much from Oxford. The magic of the place sank deep into his soul, and the ancient city has had no more devoted lover among her sons.

Charles's intention had always been to follow his father's profession. He became a member of the Inner Temple and was called to the Bar in 1876, going with Allison on the North-Eastern Circuit, where the influence of his family might help him to briefs. Allison, however, soon forsook the Bar for horse-breeding and journalism, while Charles slowly built up a practice. He made himself a sound lawyer, and his manner in court—slow, urbane, perfectly self-collected—was admirably suited for heavy cases. The most notable of his early cases was the trial

¹ For Mr. Allison's recollections of Charles Stuart Wortley see his book *My Kingdom for a Horse*, 1919. Mr. Allison notes that at school Charles was a first-class shot, second only to a boy who afterwards won the Queen's Prize.

of Charles Peace, the murderer, in which he held a junior brief.

During these years of waiting he led the pleasant life of the well-born young man of many aptitudes and tastes. He had a deep love of landscape and places, especially those associated with the wide ramifications of his family. Since he had in him the blood of many famous English and Scottish houses, and could count among his ancestors people so diverse as the Bluidy Mackenzie, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, he had a large field for his genealogical interests. With his eldest sister, Mary, afterwards Countess of Lovelace, he made expeditions into Scotland, moving leisurely in the old manner from one country house to another. I have often heard him recount his memories of those days at Drumlanrig or Loch Luichart, for he had a quick sense of contrasts and the "changes Time procureth".

In England he spent many happy days at Wortley, Muncaster, Escrick, Clouds, Wildernesse and Moor Park. His chief sport was shooting, and, being a good man on the hill, he was an ardent stalker. With both gun and rifle he was always a respectable shot, though not a miraculous performer like his brother Archie. Above all, he had music as his ruling passion. His younger sisters remember the heavy responsibility of playing a duet with him, for he regarded a wrong note or a false rhythm as the unforgivable sin. Wherever he was, and whatever he was doing, music must have its place. Lady George Hamilton remembers being at a young party at Wortley for amateur theatricals. "I was dressed early for the play, and, hearing a lovely Chopin mazurka being beautifully rendered behind a screen, I peeped round, and found to my amazement that the performer was Charlie, dressed as a Red Indian chief, feathers, tomahawk and all."

II

Politics were in the blood of his family, and the Bar and Parliament made a natural conjunction. In 1879, when J. A. Roebuck died, Charles stood as Conservative candidate for the then undivided burgh of Sheffield, a city with which the Wortleys had been immemorially connected. He was unsuccessful, Mr. S. D. Waddy being elected by a few hundred votes. Next year came the General Election, disastrous to his party, but he succeeded in beating Mr. Waddy by 40 votes, with Mr. Mundella as his Liberal colleague. So, at the age of twenty-nine, he entered the House of Commons.

About this time he met at Wortley Miss Beatrice Trollope, the daughter of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the historian of Florence, and a niece of Anthony Trollope the novelist. She was a beautiful little creature, with something Italian in air and colouring, and she had the voice of an angel. Charles fell deeply in love, was accepted, and they were married in 1880. A year of blissful happiness followed, and then came tragedy, for she died at the birth of her first child, a month before the death of Charles's father.

Her loss made a changed man of him. Something in him perished with his wife's death, something which he never quite recovered. Before he had been famous for his high spirits, his whimsical and piquant humour, his zest for everything in life. The humour remained, but it had become gentler and quainter. He seemed to have lost ambition, the impulse to contend, which is traditionally associated with the younger son of a younger son. He tended to take life as it came, and not to shape it to his will. Very slowly he regained his spiritual balance, but much of his youth had died in him. At the most critical moment of a man's life he had sustained a blow so crippling that his feet lagged when they might have hurried. Five years later he was married again—to Alice, the third daughter of the famous painter, Sir

John Everett Millais. Their acquaintance began also over music, for she was herself a good musician ; under her influence peace returned to him ; and with one who shared all his tastes he enjoyed forty years of happy marriage. Domestic felicity was, indeed, as necessary to Charles as air and light. His family affections were always the first thing in his life. In a letter to a sister he complained that she so rarely wrote to him. " We are all so much nicer than other people, and now that I am forty years old I think it is getting time to put that on record."

Charles had beyond doubt the gifts, both of mind and character, to carry him to the highest place in public life, but I have always felt that the catastrophe which overtook him at thirty affected his personal ambition. He did his work in the world bravely and sincerely, but that consuming ardour for success, which carries a man through the *longueurs* of a career, was never his. Something was due also to his passion for music. A man to succeed cannot owe allegiance to too many gods, and his allegiance to music was most constant and devout. It gave him a secret world into which too easily he could retire and be happy with his dreams.

Nevertheless, in his forty-five years of public life he accomplished a vast deal of solid work. On the redistribution of seats in 1885 he was returned for the Hallam Division of Sheffield, and held the seat till he was raised to the peerage as Lord Stuart of Wortley in December 1916. No great city had ever a Member more devoted to her interests ; no Member had ever a constituency in which he won more completely the affection and confidence of all parties. In 1885 he entered the short-lived Conservative Ministry as Under-Secretary for the Home Department, under Sir R. A. Cross (afterwards Lord Cross). After the General Election next year he returned to the same post, with Mr. Matthews (afterwards Lord Llandaff) as his chief, and held it till the fall of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1892. In 1891 there

was a talk of his becoming Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Home Office was his only ministerial post, but he was a true House of Commons man, and his knowledge of procedure made him a valuable Member. In 1895 he was added to the Chairman's Panel for Standing Committees, and was nominated by Mr. Speaker Peel as Deputy Chairman of Committee of the whole House. In 1896 he was sworn of the Privy Council. In the House of Lords his balance of character and sanity of judgment gave him at once a distinguished position. He was constantly requested to speak on questions where the ground was difficult. For instance, during the stormy passage of the Irish Bill he was asked by Lord Carson and Lord Desart to put the case of the Loyalists, as one who commanded universal respect, and whose firm handling of delicate problems would arouse no fresh antagonisms in a House whose nerves were already on edge.

The name of his other activities is legion. Politics soon ousted the Bar, though he took silk in 1892. In 1890 he was principal British Delegate to the International Conference at Madrid on the protection of industrial property, work for which his Home Office experience especially fitted him, and he performed the same duty at the Conferences at Brussels in 1897 and 1900. He had an excellent business mind, clear, shrewd, far-seeing, methodical, and, when he ceased to practise at the Bar and was no longer in office, he found much to occupy him in the City. He was Deputy Chairman of the Underground Electric Railways Company and Chairman of the University Life Assurance Society. He was also a director of the old Great Central Railway, of the Law Debenture Corporation, of the Mercantile Investment and General Trust, and of the Second Mercantile Trust. Archbishop Benson in 1895 made him an Ecclesiastical Commissioner and a Church Estates Commissioner, offices which he held till his death. He did an immense amount, too, of charitable work, of which

the chief was his connection with King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. At the inaugural meeting in January 1897 he was appointed, along with Lord Somerleyton (then Sir Savile Crossley), one of the Honorary Secretaries. He was a member of the Executive Committee from 1897 to 1901, and Chairman both of the Executive Committee and of the King's Fund Policy Committee in the latter year of crisis in voluntary hospital finance. In the reorganisation of the King's Fund Committees which followed he became Chairman of the Management Committee, and held the office till the end of 1925. Charles did nothing slackly or perfunctorily. To every piece of work, parliamentary, legal, financial, charitable, he gave the whole powers of his exact and sagacious mind.

His life was lived at the heart of things. His birth and his profession gave him a conversance with great affairs, and his artistic tastes widened the orbit. Few men have lived a fuller life or had a larger circle of friends. As I turn over the letters of condolence at his death, it seems to me that no class or calling is unrepresented. His oldest friends were Charles Mills (afterwards Lord Hillingdon), who started the habit of calling him C. B. to distinguish him from himself; Mountagu Muir Mackenzie, the brother of Lord Muir Mackenzie; the present Lord Desart; Lord Edmund Talbot (Lord FitzAlan); Dick and Norman Grosvenor (the latter of whom became his brother-in-law); Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, the Governor of Cape Colony; George Wyndham and Sir Edward (Blackie) Hope. But his diaries show that he lived on terms of acquaintanceship or intimacy with almost all the great figures of the last half-century in politics, law, business, literature, music and art. His friendships were not the mere incrustations which are added casually by the passing of time. They were warm, human relationships, for, since Charles gave affection so readily, he readily attracted it. "I never knew anyone more perfectly English," wrote one friend.

“His courtesy, his intelligence, and a certain nobility of mind were a long inheritance of English life.”

III

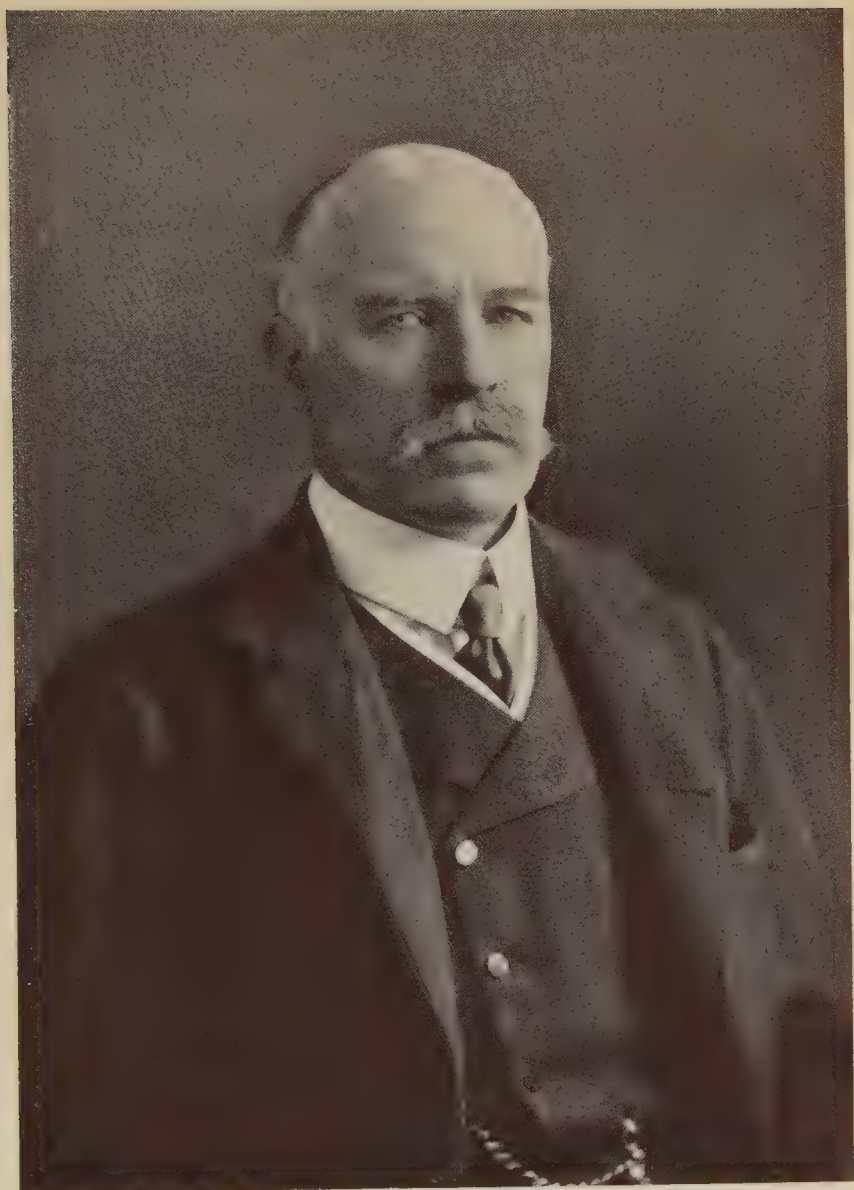
I first came to know Charles well some twenty years ago, when I married his niece. The quality in him which impressed me most deeply, as our friendship progressed, was his modesty. I do not think I have ever met a man so wholly without personal vanity. He had his own clear-cut beliefs, but he never dogmatised or oraculated ; though a distinguished man of affairs, he had no pose of superiority ; in Dr. Johnson’s phrase, he laid his mind honestly to his companion’s, whoever that companion might be. This was partly due, I think, to his innate gentleness and good breeding ; partly to the fact that he had been the friend of many great men and tried himself always by the highest standards. But it was due also to his possession of the secret world of which I have written. The ordinary daily business was a thing to be conducted to the best of a man’s ability, but it was not the whole, or the major part, of life. As Clarendon wrote of the Marquis of Newcastle, “the articles of action were no sooner over, than he retired to his delightfull Company, Musick ”.

Music was beyond doubt the greatest thing in the world to him, after his family affections. All his life he would read a score of music as other people would read a newspaper. Every day, while he dressed, he had a score beside him. When he was dying, he touched fondly with his hand one of his favourite volumes, which his daughter had placed beside his bed. Music is, unhappily, a sealed book to me, so I quote what one of his nieces has written :

“His music was as different a thing from that of the good ‘amateur’ as a piece of red glass is from a ruby. Dr. Farmer once said that he might, if he had cared,

have been as great a performer as Rubinstein. Of one thing I am certain. Had he been born in a middle-class German family, with his bread to earn, his name would have become a household word in the world. Music was to him a thing of the mind as well as of the senses. When he played Bach one was amazed that he never lost the tiniest thread of pattern in that vast tapestry. . . . At Ockham he used to sit down at the old piano in the Red Room and play the scores of the Wagner operas, notably 'Parsival', 'Tristan' and 'The Meistersinger'. In a moment the room had faded from me, and I was back in the darkened theatre at Bayreuth listening to the great orchestra, with every instrument coming in with its theme—the vinegary sound of the oboe, the soft cooing of the wind instruments, the deep bay of the brass—it was all there. Heaven knows how he did it. On these occasions in his passionate absorption he seemed to become a living musical force, hypnotising one into hearing what he heard himself. I have heard the greatest players playing the greatest music, but I have never heard one who produced on me exactly this effect. It is a loss to the world that the circumstances of his life prevented him from bringing to its full fruition a gift which was not talent, but genius."

His father had been a Peelite, and Charles's Conservatism had always something of the Peelite cast. It was not for nothing that he had in him the blood of the Whig Grenvilles. The business of His Majesty's Government had to be carried on ; government was a practical affair, based on facts ; and he was not disposed to ally himself with any fantastic scheme, whether of progress or reaction. His sane, central mind was always close to realities, and this attitude was notable both in politics and business. But his temper was in the best sense conservative. History dwelt with him almost like a living memory, and in every fibre of his being he felt his kinship with the past. He showed his Scots descent in



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES BEILBY, LORD STUART OF WORTLEY
By permission of Messrs. Downey & Co., Ebury Street.

his peculiar tenderness for old ways and lost causes. For seventy years he lived in a world which was changing faster than it had ever changed before. He saw the confidences of his youth shaken, new manners installed, new ideas in his own class, and new classes arising of which his childhood had never heard. He did not grumble at change, but he was jealous that the memory of the older world should not be lost. Hence sprang his keen interest in genealogy and family history, of which this volume is the fruit. With the instinct of his race he clung to bygone things, and his motto was always that of Lady John Scott, "Haud fast by the Past".

Yet to the end he retained the generous and catholic spirit of youth. If one kind of ambition soon left him and he no longer wished to direct the course of things, he kept the zest of a kindly and tolerant spectator. He never ossified. Like his kinswoman, Lady Louisa Stuart, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, time mellowed but did not age him. His early portraits, where rugged strength and a fine sensitiveness are blended, are curiously like a Dacian legionary of the Roman Empire. In later life his face acquired an expression of composed and decorous gravity, which increased the piquancy when it kindled into fun or enthusiasm. For he never lost a kind of boyish ardour. Behind his reserve he bubbled with enthusiasms. A holiday was as eagerly awaited as if he had been still at Rugby. A new book or play, an antiquarian puzzle solved, a strange house or a fresh landscape kindled his liveliest interest. I remember that, whenever he came to stay with us at Elsfeld, he flung himself ardently into the exploration of the country-side, toiled in the garden, visited all his former haunts in Oxford, and was full of reminiscences of persons and places and delight in recovered memories. He was the perfect guest, for his interest seemed to make one's modest possessions more desirable.

Nor must I omit his humour. It was the most unexpected and disarming thing, liable to break out on

surprising occasions—partly a sense of the comedy of life, partly a love of pure farcical fun. He had a superb gift of bogus quotation and preposterous nomenclature. He had also a power of genial satire. Pretentious and aggressive people little realised how acutely he judged them, and with what uncanny precision he could, in a casual word, denominate their follies. Of his humour, alas ! it is impossible to give illustrations. It was like a radiance which emanated from him to warm and brighten the air.

But the most enduring memory of his friends is of his shy kindness, his sincerity and his utter goodness. That was the inner secret of his charm. He had modesty, the modesty of one who had no egotism, and who loved his fellows ; as was written of Bacon, “ he contemned no man’s observations, but would light his torch at every man’s candle ”. But his modesty was not that of the derelict, but of one whose nature was set on deep foundations and who had arrived at a true sense of values. There was a great restfulness about his company. One felt secure with him, secure in the sanity of his judgment and in the unfailing warmth of his heart. No sounder piece of English manhood was fashioned in our time. This little sketch cannot reproduce the man for those who did not know him, since he was far too rich a soul for an easy summary ; but it may revive the memories of those who loved him.

JOHN BUCHAN.

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GLOSSARY OF FAMILY WORDS

- CAYENNE. To pepper, scold, abuse.
 DISTORTION. Agitation or upset.
 GUB. Sad, touching or touched.
 MONKEY (from French, *manqué*). Failure or disappointment.
 PUFF. Offended, huffy.
 STICCO. Unpleasantness.

NICKNAMES

- BOON. Lady Wharnccliffe's maid.
 GHEE or GI. Lady Erne's maid.
 GONG
 and } Mr. John Chetwynd Talbot.
 GIRAFFE }
 GOOMA. Children's name for their grandmother, Lady Erne.
 GUOG. General William Hervey.
 LAL-LAL. The Earl-Bishop's nickname for his granddaughter
 Elizabeth Caroline Mary Creighton.
 MIA. The children's nurse.
 MISSY or PUSSKIN. The younger Caroline Stuart Wortley
 (afterwards Mrs. John C. Talbot).
 PER. Lady Louisa Percy.
 POPS. Mr. James Stuart Wortley Mackenzie—the children's
 grandfather.
 SO. Miss Sophia Upton.
 TA. Charles Stuart Wortley.
 ZAC
 THE DOG } James A. Stuart Wortley (afterwards Lord
 THE DOGE } Wharnccliffe).
 THE GOVERNOR }

CHAPTER I

(1778-1792)

Childhood of Elizabeth Caroline Mary—Her parents' relation to each other—Her grandparents—Character of Earl-Bishop—Life at Ickworth—Inoculation of little Caroline—Travels on the Continent—The Prince and Princess of Piedmont at Evian—The King's health—Question of Regency and restrictions—Lady Erne visits Princess Elizabeth in the Tuileries—The Bishop's present of a coach and pair.

ON the southern border of the West Riding of Yorkshire, separated by the narrow valley of the river Don from the great rolling moors of Derbyshire, lies Wharnccliffe Chase, a wild stretch of country, composed partly of moorland and partly of oakwood thickly strewn with rocks. Its boundaries are to-day the same as they were in Domesday Book, nor have its essential features changed much since its first enclosure. A fine breed of red deer and an innumerable multitude of rabbits are its chief inhabitants, for in all the 2000 acres of its extent there is only one human habitation, the remains of a hunting-lodge built in the reign of Richard III. by Sir Thomas Wortley. This lodge stands on a kind of natural edge or cliff, and commands a view almost unsurpassable in England for natural beauty. Speaking of it, Horace Walpole says, "The savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste. It is tumbled with fragments of mountains that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrace on which mountain ashes and huge trees spring out of the rocks."

To this remote and far from luxurious abode came in the first years of the nineteenth century a newly married pair—James Archibald Stuart Wortley, grandson of Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, and his bride, Lady Caroline Creighton

(as it was then spelt), daughter of Lord Erne, and granddaughter, on the mother's side, of the celebrated Bishop of Derry.¹

Three miles away, close to the village of Wortley, a dignified stone house of moderate size had been partly built at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Edward Wortley Montagu, husband of the famous Lady Mary. He left it, unfinished, with his large estates, to his daughter and heiress, Lady Bute. She, preferring to live in her husband's houses, left it, again unfinished, with the estates to her second son James, who had added the name of Wortley to that of Stuart. By birth and sympathy a Scotsman, he preferred, however, to live in Scotland, and it was only when, on the marriage of his son, a home had to be found for the young couple, that a Wortley returned to live at the place which bore his name.

When Mr. and Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley came to Wharncliffe Lodge in the year 1800 they must have found it very small, very uncomfortable, and, above all, very cold. But they were young and exceedingly devoted to each other, and they had the absorbing interest of watching over the completion of the house at Wortley and the making of the gardens and pleasure-grounds. In the long series of letters from Caroline Stuart Wortley (afterwards Lady Wharncliffe) we get a picture not only of the life and customs of the time, but of a singularly lovable and delightful person. So much has been written of the social life of the early nineteenth century, of the coarse immorality of the Regent and his circle, of the more elegant immorality of Devonshire House, and the lurid libertinism of Byron's life, that it comes almost as a surprise to find that wholesome and happy lives were being led by some who were in close touch with the actors in all these dramas.

Of the childhood of Caroline Creighton we know very little.

Her mother, Mary Hervey, was the eldest daughter of

¹ Frederick Augustus Hervey (1730-1803). Became Bishop of Cloyne, 1767; translated to Derry, 1768. Married, 1752, Elizabeth Davers, daughter of Sir Jermyn Davers, Bart. Succeeded his brother as 4th Earl of Bristol, 1779. Succeeded to Barony of Howard de Walden, 1799. Died at Albano, July 8, 1803.

the Bishop of Derry (afterwards Lord Bristol) and the second wife of Lord Erne.¹ From glimpses we get of the married life of this couple, and from the fact that later they lived entirely separate lives, it must be supposed that it was not a happy marriage. Writing from Rome, March 1778, to her daughter, Elizabeth Foster² (afterwards Duchess of Devonshire), Mrs. Hervey, wife of the Bishop of Derry, says :

“ Your sister [Lady Erne] . . . is ‘ *bien répandue et parfaitement bien reçue* ’, yet I don’t think her at all happy, and I fear though she does not say it, that Lord Erne keeps his usual restlessness and discontent, and though he requires society more than any body is constantly running away from it, and yet is without a fund in himself to supply its place.”

And again the Bishop writes that Lady Erne “ is exhausted, worn out, and can no more. He tires her to atoms by his silly difficulties and his endless irresolution. Great God ! How ill she is matched.”

The announcement by Lady Erne of her presently becoming a mother was received by both her parents with rapture. The Bishop, gay-hearted as usual, writes to his daughter Elizabeth on November 18, 1778 :

“ . . . Have you seen Lord Erne & Is he on tip-toe. Isn’t Mary a sweet creature to be at last multiplying herself, and providing comforts for her old age and mine ? go on, my dear Eliza, and never fear hurting your constitution by honest child-bearing. . . .”

As the time draws near for the child to be born, Mrs. Hervey’s letters to Lady Erne are full of the coming event :

¹ John Creighton (1731–1828). Became Viscount, 1781, and Earl Erne, 1789. Married (1st) Catherine, daughter of the Bishop of Elphin (Robert Howard, D.D.), by whom he had two sons and four daughters. Married (2nd) Mary Caroline, daughter of Frederick Augustus, 4th Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. The only child of this marriage was Elizabeth Caroline Mary, afterwards Lady Wharncliffe. Lady Erne died January 10, 1842.

² Elizabeth Hervey, second daughter of Bishop of Derry. Married (1st), 1776, John Thomas Foster, of Dunleer ; (2nd) William Cavendish, 5th Duke of Devonshire. She died March 1824.

“Dec. 1, 1778.

“ . . . For fear I should forget it, let me speak of christening suit which I dare say may be a customary present from Gran-ma tho’ I never thought about it for poor Bess. Yr Father however has given me leave to comply with the hint which I do with the greatest pleasure, and he desires you will bespeak such a one as proper for him and for you, & let him know the amount, for which he will send you a draught. I must once more say that I am heartily glad you stay at my M [mother’s]. . . . I suppose you will occupy my room and have the child in it and yr maid in the slip. My Mother and Sis will then visit you easily, & you will not have those steep stairs to crawl, which I think would be improper and hazardous. I think I see the whole scene—yr dear self patient, courageous & happy, in gradation—My Mother anxious but cheerful, and almost forgetting all about it—my Sister timid but notable—my A——G—— [Aunt Greene ?] grave and reserved—my dear Miss Angelic, prudent, skilful & humane—and when dear Frederick is admitted i reckon he will be wisdom & quietude in their utmost extent.”

Though the christening suit is to be “proper for him [the Bishop] and for you”, nevertheless economy has to be thought of. Eight days later, probably after some admonitions from the Bishop, Mrs. Hervey writes (Dec. 8, 1778):

“But what would I give to be with you? & how I long to see you sizeable & help you with your little rags, but take care you are not shabby and make the Bury gossips talk. Yet would have you save wherever you can do it properly. I wrote you word about the christening suit. perhaps my sister could get some intelligence from Lady Cornwallis. . . . Lady Cornwallis is prudent & will not lead you astray I think, for your father does not relish these matters of useless expense, therefore would do what was right for himself & kind to you, but nothing more. . . . When your dear little

inconnue arrives give her your second kiss in my name."

It must, however, be said that where his own pleasures and artistic tastes were concerned, the Bishop was not fond of economy. On November 7, 1778, Mrs. Hervey talks of finding him on her return to Rome from Castel Gandolfo :

"Surrounded with busts & Pictures and almost as fresh & well looking as ever. He welcom'd us with a band of music which struck up unexpectedly in ye next room whilst we were at Table : it was an Idea quite in his own style—very flattering to us."

On February 9, 1779, Mrs. Hervey, no doubt anxious to cheer her daughter, writes her a letter from Naples of more general interest, though it is obvious that her mind still runs on one subject :

". . . The Carnival was buried yesterday as usual, and today all are in *sackcloth* and *ashes* for the Sins committed in ye foregoing weeks. The King and Queen [of Naples]¹ honoured the last days amusements with their presence, tho' it is not a month since her Majesty was brought to Bed. I hope you will not be quite so frisky. It is singular that this Bourbon line shou'd have been disappointed of an heir in three branches this year. The Princess of Asturias, & the Queens of France and Naples having all had daughters. I hear the King of France [Louis XVI.] behaved very kindly to the Queen [Marie Antoinette] on this occasion : she ask'd him if he could forgive her for having done such a *sottise* ? & he replied with many polite & galant things most amiably, promising to make her & himself amends. Poor creature they say she was in fainting fits for two hours, & that the *acoucheur* having ye hardiesse to bleed her in ye foot sav'd her life. And all this was occasioned by a

¹ Caroline, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., was married, 1768, to Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies. The daughter just born was Marie Amélie, wife of King Louis Philippe.

conflict of ye passions (our great enemies) the first shouts being too much joy, & their decrease on the Sex of the child being declar'd, too great a disappointment. Your Nurses my dear love, & all your arrangements please me mightily. By the time you receive this you will, I hope, be a happy Mother, & long may you be so in the most extensive sense of ye tender word. . . ."

On March 5, 1779, the anxiously expected baby—a daughter—arrives, to the great joy and relief of Mrs. Hervey :

"I had last night the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing of your safety, & health, & happiness : what articles towards mine ? I congratulate you then my dear Child on your becoming a mother, & at so easy a rate, at your being gratified in your wish to have a daughter. . . . My Sister is delightfully particular in her account & with her usual prudence giving me first the Idea of your *absolute welfare*, & then how it was brought about. You behav'd too with a calm Heroism which is my Idol, & will I hope always be your support, for if I mistake not it derives from ye right source & one that is intarissable. . . ."

The child was in due course christened Elizabeth Caroline Mary, but whether in the Bishop's christening suit does not appear. What little we know of her childhood is through her grandparents' letters to her mother. Of Lady Erne's own letters, up till Caroline's fourteenth year, very few remain.

The Bishop's letters are chiefly about himself, his building, his travels, his art collections and his amusements. They throw light on the many-sided character of this extraordinary man, who was at once a prelate of considerable eminence yet without religion, a Tory with democratic sympathies, a patron of the arts, an enthusiastic politician, an Anglican clergyman, yet sincerely beloved alike by Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, the builder of three great palaces yet "not relishing matters of useless expense". His share in the Volunteer movement in Ireland is a matter

of history, and Lecky comments on the strange spectacle of a man who was at once a great Bishop and an English earl exerting all his energies to enroll and arm Irish Volunteers and endeavouring to bring them into collision with the Irish Parliament and with England. It was perhaps from his mother, the famous Molly Lepel,¹ distinguished by her wit and charm in a society which abounded in these qualities, that the Bishop derived his chameleon-like character and his insatiable love of life.

It was in December 1779 that the Bishop succeeded to the earldom of Bristol, and in April 1780 Lady Bristol urges her daughter to leave Ireland and to bring little Caroline to the safe haven of Ickworth, the beautiful home of the Bristols in Suffolk. At that time the present house—the largest and stateliest of the Bishop's three palaces—had not yet been built, and Lady Bristol writes from "The Lodge," a delightful Jacobean house still standing in the park at Ickworth. She tells Lady Erne that she knows all about the state of Ireland from Lord Bristol, and that if the "two points"² are not conceded by the English the worst is to be apprehended :

"This being so, I conceive that Lord Erne's part would be the same with Lord Bristol—Personal attendance but care to put his family out of such scenes of distress. . . . Come then and take shelter my dear child. . . . I have been conning over my house too, and think that I could make room for Miss Creightons,³ as well as Caroline, so let there be no bar—and they would have the advantage of french and music and Italian in the house. . . . But now the great obstacle, *this pride*

¹ Mary Lepel (1700–1768), daughter of General Nicholas Lepel, Maid of Honour to Caroline, Princess of Wales. Married John, Lord Hervey, son of 1st Earl of Bristol.

² It appears from Lecky's *History of the Eighteenth Century* that the two great matters of dispute between Great Britain and Ireland in 1778–79 were : (i.) Removal of restrictions on export of Irish manufactures, (ii.) relief of Irish Dissenters (presumably Protestant) from the Sacramental Test. Both these grievances were removed early in 1780.

³ Lord Erne's daughters by his first marriage.

of your heart : can you really think that twelve or twenty hours by sea in ye month of May can possibly do her any material harm ? of that because she is a year old She is not to sleep in a coach. Dont let the *excess of your love* mislead you and heaven forbid that the *excess of mine* should mislead me. But except there is a *new fashion* in cutting teeth since my time there shou'd be intervals of ease which is easy for you who live at the water's side to avail yourself of if you hold yourself in readiness for them. . . . Notwithstanding all you say I shall order Caroline's crib. . . . I am more than ever dearest child thy Affectionate Mother E. Bristol. My love to Lord Erne and my hatred to his volunteers."

Lady Erne's youngest sister, Louisa, afterwards the wife of Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, must have at this time been still in the schoolroom. Her mother sends an anecdote of her to Lady Erne which is very typical of those times :

"I must tell you a little History of our doings on May Day. In the morning between 5 and 6 o'clock I was woke by Louisa's little voice singing under my window. I got up and went to it. She had been running about for an hour, as wild as the winds, her face was like Aurora, and she had already planted a pole and crowned it with Flowers. It was one of the damp, cold mornings with which this Spring has abounded. . . . You may guess my feelings."

Lady Bristol then calls the child in and sends her to her room. Louisa is "pouty". Lady Bristol continues : "I died to set her right and make her happy at the same time". As soon as she is dressed, Lady Bristol scribbles eight lines of admonition in the form of a dialogue "entre le plaisir & l'alégresse". She pins these lines, with a "magnificent knot of beautiful ribband", to the maypole, and covers the whole with a napkin. She watches the child approach the maypole with the greatest agility and read the dialogue. Whereupon the child runs to her grandmother's room, and, in the prettiest

manner, thanks her for her addition to the maypole, and more especially for the paper attached to it. Louisa then retires to her room and composes a dialogue between "le plaisir & la reconnoissance", which she presents to her grandmother. Unfortunately neither of these dialogues has survived.

In 1781 little Caroline, having safely crossed the Irish Channel, is at Ickworth, and her grandmother writes to Lady Erne that "she is a lovely little creature and be it known to you, very governable". And in another letter, "I had the honour of cutting your daughter's toe nails yesterday, which I performed to admiration. She several times *forgot to cry*. She is health itself and beauty and loveliness."

There is a letter from Mrs. Dillon, the Bishop's niece, to her husband, written from Ickworth, which describes very graphically the company assembled there :

"ICKWORTH, Nov. 3, 1781.

" . . . I came down on Thursday and was received with the greatest kindness. Lady Bristol is a charming woman—I am sure you would like her. She has great good humour with a great deal of dignity and good breeding. . . . Lady Erne you know, but she has grown languissante, and really looks stepping into her grave poor creature. Lady Elizabeth Foster¹ has the most pleasing manner in the world. She is just at this moment in a most terrible situation. Her odious husband will settle so little on her that she must be dependent on her father, which is always an unpleasant thing. Her children, who are now here, are to be taken from her. All this makes her miserable. . . .

"The only happy looking creatures are the children, of which there are a heap, and my noble uncle who cares for nothing but himself, and therefore being gratified in every wish he has, could not be otherwise, unfeeling others woes. He has not taken his seat, nor will he let Lady Bristol go to Court or to town since my late uncle's

¹ See p. 3.

death. Henry told me he believed he was disappointed in something he asked for, et qu'il boude. He is vastly fond of me at this moment, but the winds are not more variable than his character. Notwithstanding all I have said on our melancholy, this is a charming pleasant place. He lives magnificently, has an excellent cook, is himself in high spirits, and we pretend to be so."

On January 25, 1782, the devoted grandmother writes :

"Your sister and I collect all the children about us, and love in them, not only themselves, but their dear Parents. We had them all this morning in ye drawing-room, where I performed the grand ceremony of cutting Madame Caroline's hair, as nurse judged it to be the proper time of the *Moon*. I shou'd send you some of these precious fragments, but that yr Sister caught them up & insisted on putting them into her letter, but I must needs tell you that she [Caroline] was very good, & made no opposition to my will, which to be sure she does obey a little better than yours my dear Mary, but I hope you will keep up a discipline when you come back that I assure you has not *cost her a tear* : it will save you much fatigue, & her many a struggle. . . .

"I have seized upon ye new edition of Gray, & read it almost through : methinks it is some consolation to me that a Man of his genius could mope, and loiter as I do. . . ."

In these days of vaccination and of conscientious objectors it is useful to be reminded what the unpleasant and hazardous operation of inoculation for smallpox meant a hundred and forty years ago. In 1717 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the great-grandmother of little Caroline's future husband, had written from Adrianople describing inoculation for smallpox and its benefits. Four years later she had her daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, publicly inoculated in England. It did not, however, become completely established until about a quarter of a century after this.

From the following letter it is obvious that Lady Erne

had thought it better to conceal from Lady Bristol that little Caroline was to be inoculated, and only wrote to tell her when she could report a satisfactory recovery :

“ST. JAMES’S SQUARE, 1782.

“ I received yesterday my dearest Mary your most welcome letter, & am not able to express my feelings upon the occasion, my full content at this dear child’s recovery, or my thankfulness for your affectionate attention to me on this event. Lady Jersey had given me a suspicion some little time ago of your intention to inoculate her : & I guess’d if it was so, yr motive for not naming it to me ; yet I hardly believ’d it, & to say ye truth encourag’d myself in rejecting ye Idea because I could not bear the thoughts of your anxiety, which well I knew how to estimate. . . .

“ By what you tell me she has had ye small-pox very favorably, & if she has had one good *pustule* it is as good as a thousand. . . . It must be a wonderful relief to your mind. . . .”

In 1784 Lady Erne went abroad with her little daughter, but apparently without her husband. She does not seem to have returned to England until 1790, and from the letters written to her by her family we derive the impression that during all this time the couple were separated, and that the relations between them were far from happy. Already in 1781 Lady Bristol wrote : “ I dare not name Lord Erne as my bile has not enough subsided”. And again, in another letter of the same year, she says :

“ Distresses of mind have come too thick upon you and have borne down your weak frame but sure kindness peace and a further éloignement would restore it, and I think your father could keep him off if it is necessary.”

Up to 1784 a good deal of Caroline’s early childhood was spent in company with her mother at Downhill, near the coast of Derry. Here the Earl-Bishop (as he was called by his contemporaries), with his passion for grandeur and for collecting works of art (not always of the best), had built

himself a stately pleasure house. In February 1785 he writes to his daughter :

“ Downhill is becoming Elegance itself. 300,000 Trees *without* Doors upon all the banks & upon all the Rocks & almost as many pictures & Statues *within* doors count very well. I have had no Gout this winter, which I attribute to Musick & Harmony of mind. Every thing is redolent of Joy & Youth, & we commonly sit down to Table from 20 to 25. We have cold suppers & a bottle of *Champaign* at each end of the table. The Songsters sing *Ketches* & I go to Bed which just now invites.”

And again, on May 30, the Bishop writes :

“ The Downhill is greater beauty than ever, the Castle getting a Surtout of Freestone with the richest Corinthian Pilasters that could be executed. But you will think your poor Father raving in a feverish delirium.”

From these same letters of the Bishop's we learn that Lady Erne had been ill, unhappy, and in want of money. The following is written to her at Nice, February 22, 1785 :

“ . . . The relief to your finances is probably some to your spirits. . . . Whenever you travel I will open another account with you : en attendant enjoy your £100 & expect more when you want it. I communicated to the Viscount [Lord Erne] a Scheme of adding to your income £100 a piece, but he answer'd me drily, when you was as good a Wife as you was a daughter he would listen to the proposal. I could have answer'd him by an *Inversion* of his Rule—but à quoi Bon.”

In August 1785 the Bishop begins to make his plans for the following winter, and writes to Lady Erne at the Villa Pitt, Lyons, France :

“ Writing”, he tells his daughter, “ is not the thing at Bath, there are so many pleasanter things to do. I feel too well,” he continues, “ and too certain that such wellness will inevitably transpire through my pen . . .

not to communicate it; yet attribute not this tardy amendment to Bath alone, Aether and vitriol contribute, Hemlock and Laudanum assist, Corelli, Bach and Abel come in as powerful allies . . . If it be practicable I wish to pick up such a little Drab as you at Lyons before the Cold shall make the transit of the Alps hazardous to your poor shatter'd frame. . . . October & Part of November are the most favorable months in the year to cross mount Cenis, and what is Equally material to Us to traverse Lombardy afterwards. . . . Adieu. When you are tir'd of kissing Caroline for her own sake give her One for mine. You have time yet to send me Commissions—the Time & my purse will both bear it."

In October we find the Bishop at Calais. He writes on October 3, 1785 :

" . . . If my horses arrive from England to-morrow, we shall proceed ' avec des bottes de Sept Lieues ', ou de Quatre Jambes, qui les vaillent bien. You must allow me one day with Madame de Blondel, which tho' a Sabbath will not *be a day of rest*. Yet no holding up of Little Fingers, Madame Mary, nous ne sommes pas sur ce pied là. Ours is all Platonism, Sentiment & Politicks—fuel more suitable for 55 & a constitution lacerated by unintelligible disorders, & unintelligent Physicians. Already however I seem to feel the dry air of the continent, my Sleeps are sounder & my nights quieter. Till within a few days I have been a Spectre. . . . My Spirit has never quitted me, & seldom my Spirits, but I want society. . . ."

A long break occurs here in the correspondence. It is to be supposed that the Bishop met Lady Erne and little Caroline (then six years old), and that they safely crossed the Alps into Italy.

When next we hear of Lady Erne she is at Évian-les-bains, near Geneva, in the spring of 1786, with her sister-in-law,

Lady Hervey.¹ Here they met, and formed a close friendship with the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, afterwards King and Queen of Sardinia. Princess Marie Clotilde was the sister of Louis XVI., and had married at the age of sixteen Charles Emanuel, Prince of Piedmont, Crown Prince of Sardinia. The marriage, unlike most Royal marriages of that day, was an extremely happy one, although terribly overshadowed later by the political events which sent Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and Princess Elizabeth, the sister of Princess Marie Clotilde, to the scaffold, and drove Marie Clotilde and her husband, then King and Queen of Sardinia, into exile.

Already, in 1786, the Princess hated the formalities of Court life, and clearly looked on her stay at Évian as a rare and delightful interlude, thanks chiefly to her friendship with her "*chères Miladys*". As life went on, Marie Clotilde became almost passionately devout, denying herself all pleasures, though always tender-hearted to others and devoted above all to her husband. After her death in March 1802, at the age of forty-two, she was beatified by the Church of Rome, which bestowed on her the title of "*venerable*".

The picture reproduced opposite is by an artist called Guttenbrünn,² and represents the party at Évian having tea in the bedroom of one of them. It was a gift from Marie Clotilde to Lady Erne.

The following extract is from one of many letters, all much in the same strain, written later by the Princess to Lady Erne, then at Naples. Both grammar and spelling are surprising :

" A TURIN, *ce 15 7bre*, 1786.

" . . . je n'ai pas passé un seul jour, depuis celui ou j'ai eue le chagrin de vous quitter, sans penser à vous, et me rappeler avec délices, les heureux moments ou j'ai eue le plaisir de vous voir, lesquels s'effaceront jamais de ma mémoire, et biens moins encore de mon cœur. Nous sommes arrivé icy hier au soir, le voyage

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Colin Drummond of Quebec. Married Lord Hervey, October 1779. (See p. 37.)

² Born at Dresden. Member of the Academy of Florence. Exhibited at Royal Academy, 1790-96.



THE TEA PARTY AT EVIAN

By Guttienbrunn. In the possession of Lady Stuart of Wortley.

m'a beaucoup fatigué. . . . J'ai passé le Mont Cenis avec le fièvre de ce rhume, mais tout cela est allé bien, et a une grande foiblesse près, je me porte passablement bien. . . . Mon Cher Piémont me charge de vous dire mille et mille choses de sa part, il se porte assez bien du voyage, mais les inquiétudes qu'il a bien voulu prendre pour sa fidelle moitié, lui ont fait perdre de l'embonpoint qu'il avoit pris à Évian ce qui comme vous pouvez croire, m'afflige beaucoup. . . ."

While Lady Erne was wandering about the Continent the Bishop was building himself a third palace, this time at a place called Ballyscullion, and consisting, like the others, of a circular centre part, with long wings spreading on each side.

After extolling the beauty of his new house, the Bishop gives some interesting side-lights on his relations with his daughters :

"Elizabeth has wrote to me for £50 to pay for two pictures of Mr. Day's ; how can two miniatures come to £50 ? Louisa¹ has sold the beautyfull gown I gave her, because the shape was not fashionable & I have redeemed it & paid her the price. I think you would not have sold My present at any era of your life for Ten times its value. . . ."

A year later, November 5, 1788, writing from France, he says he has not found a single letter from his dear Mary among ninety waiting for him at Paris :

"I should have remained much longer in Paris but for some untoward circumstances, for I never lik'd it so well, & Politicks are going forward at a great rate. . . . It is now 13 weeks since I left Downhill ; the high road is my apothecary's shop & my Horse my medecine. Adieu dear Mary, do not grudge a kiss or two extraordinary in my name to Lal Lal" [little Caroline].

¹ Lady Louisa Hervey, afterwards wife of Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister.

It is to Lady Bristol's letters that we must go for comments on the political situation. We were then at that curious crisis of our history when Pitt, the Tory Prime Minister, was defending the right of Parliament to appoint a Regent, with restrictions on his power, while Charles Fox, aided and abetted by Burke, was proclaiming that the Regency was vested by divine right in the Prince of Wales, entirely without restrictions.

Writing from Ickworth on December 29, 1788, Lady Bristol says :

“The King continues deplorably bad, but they are far from giving up hopes of his recovery. The Minister [Pitt] had carried his two first propositions. The King's present incapacity is undisputed. The power of Parliament is now agreed to by a majority, consequently the propriety of their making an assistant executive power & their being called upon to make it with some limitation, lest the King on his recovery should find he was no King. To-day they go upon what those limitations shall be. Mr. Fox is recovered & great disputes there will be. The supposed restrictions intended are to have no power of dissolving the Parliament or of creating Peers. Probably too, some guard for the King's private property, for the opposition are for throwing open all doors, & giving the Prince as much power as if he was actually on the Throne. It has been said all along by the most zealous & the most *avide* of his Party, that he would not accept the Regency otherwise, but since the Queen has consented to stop the gap, it is supposed the Prince will comply. When these points are settled Mr. Pitt will make his bow, and in come the other party. I fear it will be a great blow on the interest of the Country, & what is worse, that the Prince will be so *aigrie* by the part he has taken, that he will never be brought to call him back till ye last extremity.”

On the 20th of February, 1789, Lady Bristol writes from Albemarle Street :

“I have a great subject for my letter to day, the Chancellor¹ declared yesterday in the House of Lords that the King’s state of recovery was such that instead of going on with the clauses in the Regency bill, he thought *that* was ye subject to be weigh’d : that a few days would be necessary for it, & that therefore he mov’d to adjourn ye house till tuesday, which was accordingly done. And I hear he is to see the King *alone to-day* as the opposition impute ye *reasonable manner* in which he talk’d to him two days ago, to Willis’s² influence over him. The Duke of York spoke very properly, said that he had not been allow’d to see the King, was ignorant of his recovery, or would have been the first Person to have proposed this investigation, concurring heartily in it, *rejoicing* &c. &c., as he could answer for the Prince of Wales doing also. To-day Mr. Pitt is expected to do the same in the House of commons, & then I suppose they will re-examine the Physicians, & probably the King may be declar’d *capable of appointing* a Regent for a time till he is more equal to business. And then there will be an end of the Regency bill ; ye difficulty of ye sign manual &c. &c., & the old administration will go on. This has all been manag’d *Ably* to be sure, but Providence seems to have bless’d the endeavours of this wonderful Phoenix. It is to-day *three weeks* since the King began to recover, & by all I can hear from those about him his disorder has been more delirium than insanity, and there appears now to be very little doubt of his being as well as ever, provided he can be kept from cares and business till the organs have recover’d their tone. I think this will be a difficult point to manage, & am therefore afraid to give way to

¹ Edward Thurlow, 1st Baron Thurlow (1731–1806). Was Lord Chancellor from 1778 till 1792, with the exception of a short interval from April to December in 1783. Died unmarried.

² Francis Willis (1718–1807). Vice - Principal, Brasenose College, Oxford. Took holy orders. M.D., 1759. Physician to hospital at Lincoln. Attended George III., 1788.

the joy I shou'd feel was his recovery compleat and secure. . . .”

All this time we have no direct news of little Caroline and no letters from Lady Erne. From the addresses on her parents' letters to her, we conclude that from 1786 to 1790 Lady Erne remained on the Continent, mostly in Italy. In November 1789 Lord Bristol writes to her in Rome from Bamberg. After telling her not to wonder at hearing from him at that time of year from the centre of Germany, he says :

“ The truth is, my dear Child, I am so occupied, so amused, so ‘ *fêté par tout* ’ that I cannot get on ; & my curiosity is as insatiable as if I were five and twenty.

“ The Blessed, says the Latin proverb, never count Hours, but I count neither Days nor weeks, & whereas others lay their cares under their Pillows & resume them the next morning, I lay *my Spirits* There, & resume them at day-break, for this body of ours, my dearest Mary, is but a Fiddle, & the Soul a Tune which depends on the Rosin given to the Fiddle.

“ My House at Bally-scullion which you don't care a jot about & which I care so much about is finished. It is an Oval like the Pantheon, supported and surrounded with 22 Pilasters of the corinthian order, fluted & 28 feet high. The Portico has six columns 30 feet high of the same corinthian order. The Hall is 24 square, the Drawing and Eating room 36 by 24 & the Library 67 by 24. The stair case is a double cork-screw of Portland stone, lighted from above & the great stairs surround the back stairs so that the master & servants can not see each other, tho' going up at the same time. The offices will be join'd to the House by a semicircular colonade like That of St. Peters only closed, because of the Climate. . . . I want some beautyfull chimney peices pray tell *Cardelli* so. At the moment I am writing to you, the officer who din'd wth. me has sent his Regimental Band & they are playing under my window on the Sixth November at Eight of the night. . . ,

“ Let me know what English you have at Rome . . . adieu—give Caroline a thousand tender kisses—adieu—my dear Mary. . . .”

In July 1790 Lady Erne and little Caroline are at last on their way home. The following letter from the Princess de Piedmont has a tragic interest, for in it she speaks of Lady Erne having visited at Paris the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth,¹ then in the Tuileries. For a moment we are brought face to face with the long-drawn agony of anxiety endured by the relations of those who were victims of the French Revolution :

“A MONCALLIER, *ce 13 Juillet, 1790.*

“ . . . Sur ces entrefaites, j’ai reçue hier votre chère lettre du 5 qui m’a bien fait plaisir, premièrement par les bonnes nouvelles que vous me donnez de votre voyage et de votre santé, ensuite par tout ce-que-vous me marquez, de ma malheureuse et bien chère sœur, je vous rends mille graces, d’avoir bien voulu me détailler votre entrevue avec elle, l’assurance que vous me donnez de son bon visage et de son air de santé, est un baume pour mon, cœur triste et affligé, et l’émotion que vous a causé son malheureux sort, m’a bien vivement touché et attendri, elle m’a aussi mandé qu’elle avoit eue le plaisir de vous voir, et je vous dois bien des remerciements, de tout-ce-que vous avez bien voulu lui dire de ma part et de celle de Mon Cher Piémont. Vous avez tres bien fait, ma chere Milady, de ne me Parler d’aucunes sortes de nouvelles quelque publiques qu’elles soyent. J’aurois couru grand risque de ne point recevoir votre lettre, ce qui m’auroit vivement affligé. Je me suis aussi impose un silence total sur les nouvelles et affaires dans toutes mes lettres, ainsi je me borne a vous marquer, que je tremble dans l’attente de celles de cette semaine. . . .

MARIE CLOTILDE.”

Early in 1792 Lady Erne and her daughter, now nearly

¹ The French Royal Family went to the Tuileries in October 1789, and remained there, in virtual captivity, until 1792, when they were removed to the Temple.

thirteen, are established in London, whether in company with Lord Erne or not it is difficult to say. Luckily for her, if she had a cold and parsimonious husband, Lady Erne had a devoted and, at times, a generous father :

“PLYMOUTH 29. Jan: 92.

“dearest Mary, amid the Chaos of letters w^{ch} surround & almost confound me I have only a moment to say that if your husband will not allow you a Coach in London your Father will—& tho’ I never was more pinch’d for money, yet I beg you would do the Thing handsomely & not only have the comfort of going in y^r Coach but also The pleasure of being drawn by Pretty horses—& I will pay you either monthly or at the end of the Season as you like best—adieu my dear Child—I really have not a minute to spare, nor a Brain to resist such incessant calls upon it.

“I will write next post to dear Lady Hervey or to Dearer Lou—y^{rs} B.”

Not only does the Bishop of Derry provide his beloved daughter with a coach, but he is also willing to give her liveries for her servants. It is an amusing trait in his character that, while spending enormous sums on building, statues and pictures, he has at the same time a feeling for economy in both small and great matters, whether it be the price of a livery or the building of a spire :

“FALMOUTH 12. feb: 1792.

“don’t imagine my dearest Mary . . . that I would strain at a Gnat after swallowing a Camel : so that the Livery was only an *Act of Uniformity* for the better celebrating your Ladyship’s exercise with the Coach & horses. But I hope my dear that you are not imposed upon in the Monthly price, but unless my memory greatly fails me I paid but £12: a month for my horses in 1782. I don’t grudge you the benefit of my money, I should only grudge to others the Plunder. . . .

“In spite of your coach remember how very necessary Exercise and open air is to a Child of Caroline’s age &

sex—that movement, movement is above all things essential to the human frame, which for want of it must be loaded with Obstructions, bad secretions, redundant Bile, and the inevitable consequences of all Bad humor, discontent, pining, &c.”

In the same letter he says :

“ ‘ The Worshipful Company of Drapers ’ in the City of London have in the most obliging and flattering manner given me unanimously £100 towards building a Steeple & Spire at Ballynascreen, so that before the end of the year I hope to have 4 or even 5 Spires in the sight of Ballyscullion built chiefly at the expence of other people to beautify my prospect. À propos dear Mary if you ever write to Lady Londonderry press her to recommend my Spire at Magherafelt to her husband who has the chief property in the Parish. . . . The Church is directly in front of my best Rooms about 3 miles distant, & if the Spire is made an handsome one will greatly enliven my Prospect. Put it home to her, she is much inclin’d & will do the busyness if she can.”

Again on March 4 he writes :

“ I am delighted to find your health and your spirits so much the better for my Antidote to your husband’s poison. The having your So Reasonable convenience in spite of him gives a Zest to that good dish, a Coach well garnish’d with a pretty pair of horses. . . .

“ What books appear this year. I like ‘ The loves of the Plants ’¹ immoderately, & think Townshends travels thro’ Spain not unentertaining. Has ‘ Whitaker’s defense of Mary Queen of Scots—the beautyfull & as He says the ‘ Vertuous, the Chaste Mary ’: believe it who can—a Princess, born in Edingburg & educated in Paris—Chaste ! & vertuous—tis Hypocrisy against the Devil. . . .

“ I have still forgot to bid you not end your letters

¹ By Erasmus Darwin, father of Charles Darwin.

so formally, yet 'Ever your affectionate Child or Daughter' are words that gladden my eyes, & the space where they used to be & should no longer appear, would be an insufferable Blank to him who is truly your ever affectionate Father. Tell that sweet Pug, Lou, I will send her the draft for her Old opera, when I have despatch'd the Ninety three letters I found here at The One miraculous draught. . . ."

CHAPTER II

(1792-1797)

Life at Christchurch—Letters to Lady Louisa Harvey—The little chaise—Letters from Paris—The Duke of Orleans and Mme. de Lamballe's head—Lady Erne's depression of spirits consequent on Louis XVI.'s death—Returns to London—Letters from Mr. Jenkinson, M.P.—A "Drawing-Room" in 1793—Death of Lord Hervey—Letter from Louisa Stuart, later Lady Lovaine.

DURING the summer of 1792 Lord Bristol sends his daughter "commission on commission" connected with his picture collecting. After thanking her for her trouble, he envies Lord Camelford for having bought three Claudes at one stroke. He regrets that he has no good Raphael, and rejoices that he has a Correggio and two Claudes sold to him by "That Liberal gentlemanlike excellent Man Mr. Henry Hope of amsterdam. . . . I am delighted", he continues, "to hear that dear little or Great Lal Lal has resumed her drawing under such good auspices. . . ."

Little Caroline, or Lal-Lal, as her grandfather calls her, was evidently already showing signs of talent for drawing. She was a good amateur artist, and was later on employed by her uncle to finish the designs for the frieze at Ickworth left uncompleted by Flaxman at his death.

In August 1792 Lady Erne left Bruton Street and went to Christchurch, in Hampshire. From this time we have a long series of letters from her to Lady Louisa Harvey, wife of Admiral Harvey,¹ and daughter of that Earl Nugent²

¹ Admiral Harvey (1758-1830), afterwards Sir Eliab Harvey, G.C.B., of Rolls Park, Chigwell. Commanded the *Téméraire* at Trafalgar, was court-martialled and dismissed the service 1809, and reinstated 1810. Married Lady Louisa Nugent, daughter of Earl Nugent. Was three times M.P. for Essex.

² Robert Nugent (1702-88), first and only Earl Nugent. Politician and poet. M.P. for St. Mawes and for Bristol. Controller to Frederick,

who was almost as conspicuous a figure in the society of the day as the Earl-Bishop himself. Lady Louisa, happily married herself, showed the most unvarying kindness to Lady Erne in her rather forlorn grass widowhood.

At Christchurch Lady Erne and Caroline lived a very quiet life, their chief amusement being to drive about in a "little chaise" lent them by Lady Louisa. In some of the later letters from her daughter we find Lady Erne spoken of as a second Madame de Sévigné. This is certainly claiming too much for her. Nevertheless, the letters are pleasant reading and give much insight into the life of the time:

"CHRIST CHURCH, *Sunday ye 26th* [Aug. 1792].

"The little chaise arriv'd yesterday my dearest Lady Louly in *high preservation*, et je vous en renouvelle tous mes remercimens. Our joy was extreme yesterday on returning from our morning's drive to spy it in a waggon that was jogging on *all unconscious* of the prize it was bringing to us. We wish'd all Chigwell could have been transported in the same manner. What delight to have discover'd you in the pretty drawing-room, with all the *babies* & all the comfortable litter about you, & Farmer Harvey, with watchful earnestness overlooking his harvest! . . .

"Tho' we are grown toute accoutumée to our old jogging chaise, we long to get yours '*in ordine*'. It is curious to see how things change appearance according as points of view are chang'd. This chaise which we held so cheap & call'd so clumsy and so heavy at Chigwell, is here a *light, elegant* equipage in which we expect to make a figure, & to raise ourselves several degrees higher in the estimation of the Spectators. I wish you could have met us in our old one-horse chaise, you could not but have laugh'd. The thing itself, the horse, the

Prince of Wales, President of the Board of Trade. Married three times. By his third wife, Elizabeth Drax, widow of Augustus, 4th Earl of Berkeley, he left two daughters, the elder of whom, Mary, married the Marquis of Buckingham, thereby merging the title of Nugent in that of Buckingham. The younger, Louisa, married Admiral Harvey of Rolls Park, Chigwell, Essex. (See p. 23.)

harness, the whip even, ‘un ensemble unique’, & in the midst of it all, Caroline with a face spread out with delight; and I quite contented and comfortable, as if I was seated in the properest equipage possible. Let those who so unjustly reduce me to such shifts, blush. *My Pride* consists in being above it all, & suiting myself without meanness to the meanness of my income. . . .

“Coll: & Mrs. Stuart are at High Cliffe¹ within 3 miles of us, but He has not been well, & she never leaves Him. adieu dearest Lady Louly.

“y^{rs} ever most affect M. E.

“I hope you are delighted wth the manner of giving the cinque Ports, the King’s having the warrants made out & writing himself to Mr Pitt, to tell him what he had done, & that it was to prevent the possibility of a refusal is I think parfait. . . .”

At that time the events happening in France were of such poignant interest that all the letters are full of them:

To Lady Louisa Harvey

“August 1792.

“What horrors indeed my dear from that quarter! —I sit nervous every day at the post hour expecting the fresh ones it may bring accounts of—what they design with regard to the Royal Prisoners I cannot guess—but can scarce hope that in the frantic, & desperate Rage with which the people will be seized when the Austrians are really at their gates, they will suffer them to live to reap the benefits of that succor . . . I am glad our Ambassador² and his dear little Wife have got safe away—but I hear they got desperately frighten’d

¹ Highcliffe belonged at that time to Colonel (afterwards General Sir Charles) Stuart; after his death (1801) to his son, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, Ambassador in Paris (1815–30); after his death to his daughter, Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, and is now the property of Major-General Hon. Edward Stuart Wortley.

² George Granville, Lord Gower (1758–1833), son of 1st Marquis of Stafford. Married Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right. Was Ambassador at Paris, 1890–92.

at last—and that it is not now safe at Paris for the English . . . I wish with you that the race was extirpated . . . my father writes me word from Brussels that the Emigrés are hated by the Allies, & that their profligacy, their insolence and violence is beyond all imagination . . . pray dont include in these the Princes for I believe they behave very well . . . my father mentions in particular a french officer, having insulted Lady Jerningham at Spa, only because Arthur Dillon her brother has a command in the National Army. This is an instance of their petulance and impertinence which is so ingrain'd that no adversity can subdue it. The instance of barbarity you give shews an ingrain'd ferocity too, which nothing but Chains of Iron can restrain and therefore I heartily hope they will have them again.”

A month later, on September 15, Lady Bristol writes to her daughter :

“ What do you think of Mr. Lindsay dining with the Duke of Or[leans]¹ a few days before he left Paris, in short the day of the massacre of the Prisoners ; it seems very extraordinary if there was no political reason for it. It opened a strange scene to him that is certain, for while they were at dinner there was a great noise in the Streets, & upon some apprehension being expressed the D. of Orleans said ‘ Ah ce n’est rien. C’est la tête de Madame de Lamballe qu’on promène ’ and taking Mr. L. by the arm he carried him to the window to see it. Was there ever anything so horrible ? White-eyes seems to think that the Royal Prisoners will be preserved to treat with, and when a barrier of ribband can secure them which is drawn across the Temple with these words on it—*Respectez cette barrière*—it is plain that the populace are governable. What quantities of the

¹ Louis Philippe, known as *Égalité* (1747–93). Descended from a brother of Louis XIV. He took the side of the Revolution in 1789. Had a short reconciliation with Louis XVI. in 1792. Voted for the King’s death. Imprisoned with members of the Gironde, and executed 1793.

poor fugitives are arrived in England. I cannot imagine how we shall parry the danger of them without inhumanity. Did you hear of a Dr. Maxwell's advertisement in the public papers to all friends of the french revolution, inviting them to meet on such a day at his house in Portland Place to consider how best to help the revolutionists to withstand 'ye *impudent association of despots*'. I cannot find out who he is or what he meant, but he thought proper to go off before the day and has not been heard of since."

On November 22, 1792, Lady Erne writes to Lady Louisa Harvey that she has decided to stay at Christchurch:

"I shall now not leave this place at all. Nothing is done for me or likely to be done [by Lord Erne?]. I regret the pleasant social time I was to have spent with you, but otherwise am no wise distress'd or dejected by the necessity of remaining in my quiet retirement. Caroline is well, is cheerful, is satisfied, and like me only regrets Chigwell and its kind inhabitants. In Town without a carriage (as I should be this winter) I should see her fade like a flower and my heart would sink within me. Here she gets constant exercise, grows hardy and strong, & we find employment and amusement to pass all our days without ennui. Enfin ma chère amie il faut que cela soit ainsi. . . . We are just going out in the little chaise for the second time to day and mean to bathe for tis a heavenly day, and puts me more in mind of Nice than England. The difference of climate on this coast is quite wonderful and most lucky for us."

The next letter is to little Caroline from her grandmother, Lady Bristol:

"BRUTON STREET.

"I thank you, my dearest Caroline for your long letter and drawings which amused me extremely, and gave me besides the satisfaction of knowing that you was not quite absorbed in the pleasures of driving Stumpy or playing with puss, but sometimes thought

of your old Grandmother, who loves you very much and heartily wishes you was this moment by her side. At the same time I do not *grudge* one hour that you have passed at Christchurch, for the account which the Duke of Gloucester & Mr. George Pitt have given me of your flourishing health & good looks, reconciles me to your absence,—and the more as I know your poor *mud* [mother] thrives upon *your* fat. However that lazy brute cannot be driven much longer when wind, and rain, & snow comes on; & as I think purring puss will be a dull Companion when you are confined to ye house, & that even ye ‘*bon Curé*’ does not venture out and tell you stories, I hope your wise and prudent mother will be persuaded to get into winter quarters for the next 2 or 3 months and you would be particularly happy with me this year as I never go out, & have generally a few People every evening. . . . I thank you my dear love for recommending a book to me, but at this moment I can read nothing but upon the *present revolutions* & the Politicks of Europe.

“Your drawing of the Cabriole is excellent for there is in it all the dullness of the beast, the indolent reclined figure of the Mother, & the eager efforts of the *long arm’d* little vixen daughter.

“Poor Mrs. Stuart is still so ill that she sees nobody but her near relations. Of course I have not seen her myself tho’ I want very much to thank her for goodness to a *scrag peckety* grand daughter of mine.

“Here is Mr. Holford and Mr. Stewart from Paris who give a dismal account of it indeed. They saw the poor King carried from his Prison to the Convention through a triple line of arm’d men and Mlle Théroin en militaire riding at the head of the Pioneers. They even carried several pieces of Canon and did not allow a *window to be open* for spectators, so that they were afraid of some mark of respect or pity; it is said that many shed tears. On the other side they shewed an indecent contempt and levity; and a man who came to

the coffee house where they were stationed gave notice of the King having left the Temple by saying, 'Oiseau est sorti de sa cage'. There are some members of the Convention who, it is supposed, are inclin'd to save him, but the Jacobin party are so strong that they heard his death was inevitable either by sentence or by tumult. . . .

"My dear Caroline, you are entering into life at an awful moment, but I hope the miseries of other countries will teach you to love your own and to revere that national character which, now putting aside all animosity and private interest, makes a firm and generous unanimity the impenetrable bulwark of our happy constitution. There is a strong report that the Austrians have beat the army of Mr. Custine which perhaps we may confirm to morrow. In the mean time I send you a print & with my love to Lady Erne wish you a good morrow."

There is a note of fretfulness and despondency in the following letter from Lady Erne to Lady Louisa :

"Situated as I am in point of circumstances it really is impossible for me to attempt London again. I was worne down with the difficulty of it last year, and this would be still worse, as I should be quite a prisoner, for on my mother's coach it is impossible for me to reckon, our hours and haunts are so different. You say a coach cannot be very essential to Caroline, but as Dr. Farquhar ¹ forbid her walking except a very little at a time, it is in fact extremely so, for I cannot consider a few turns round Berkeley Square as affording such air or such a potion of exercise as to keep her in health. Your kind offer about the mare is like yourself, and I feel deeply and warmly all your kindness. But difficulties swarm in a situation like mine, I have nobody with whom to trust her, no means of accompanying her

¹ Dr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Farquhar (1738-1819). Physician ; studied medicine at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Army surgeon in Howe's expedition, 1761. Physician in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales. Created a Baronet, 1796.

myself, my Uncle never rides in Town, my dear Frederick [her brother] will not be with us.

"No, dearest Lady Louly, there is nothing for me whilst my penurious Tyrant thinks fit to keep me on this miserable pittance, but retirement and retirement in such an unfrequented spot as this, where (thanks again to your great kindness) we get constant exercise with very little cost, and where the shifts to which I am obliged are unobserved by others, and less felt by myself. . . .

"I have had several letters from—— [Lord Erne] since the accession of fortune [Lord Erne had inherited a considerable sum from an aunt who had died recently], one even so late as the 11th of this month, but not one word of assistance, nor lately of coming over. That however every post may bring me word of, and may be desir'd to meet him in London or more likely Bath, to which I infinitely prefer this place. In fact there is nothing for it but patience, of which as well as Courage, I thank God I still feel that I have some remaining store, notwithstanding the long and large draughts which have been made on both. . . .

"I have had a heartrending letter from my friend Mme de Polignac¹ and another friend of mine now at Vienna. Good God, my dear Lady Louisa, what is to become of them all? To what a situation they are reduc'd. When I compare mine with that of those I have seen in the highest, most brilliant and most prosperous ones, and even with the wretched Queen's own, I am ashamed of the lowness and despondency to which I sometimes feel inclin'd."

Nevertheless, after all her protestations, on January 10, 1793, Lady Erne is planning to go to London, and tells her dearest Lady Louly that at the latter end of next month she will have the happiness of embracing her :

¹ Yolande Martine Gabrielle (Comtesse, afterwards Duchesse) de Polignac (1749–93). Favourite of Marie Antoinette, who loaded her with gifts and made her *gouvernante* to her children. She died in exile at Vienna.

“ Besides Bruton Street, where I reckon on your often giving us a kind call, as my mother sits at home je fais mon calcul for some comfortable hours at your house, ou j’irai quelquefois toute seule vous demander de la soupe. That is the only sociable time in London, then one has two or there hours quiet enjoyment of those one likes and loves, without interruptions from *fidgetts* or constraint from indiscriminate mixture of company. . . .

“ Dont you begin to have some hopes for the poor King of France? I cannot help flattering myself a little and thinking that they are struck with the universal horror that they inspire and dare not proceed to the full accomplishment of their sanguinary wishes. The turn of politicks in this country is delightful, it makes the French mad with *dépit*, but may perhaps influence their own advantageously notwithstanding. God send we may avoid war! . . .

“ This climate is so mild that I am now sitting to write near a wide open window. You may guess how pleasant our drives are still.”

The death of the King of France seems to have so preyed on Lady Erne’s mind as to make the solitude of Christchurch unbearable. On February 1, 1793, she writes :

“ I want much the comfort of finding myself amongst my friends, for all these horrors overcome me. Je ne puis m’y accoutumer, nor clear my mind from the Image of that unfortunate Innocent Victim whom those blood thirsty Monsters have sacrificed to their Rage without even the *simulacre* of Justice. Good God, my dear, what times these are ! ”

About this time there are several letters from the Archbishop of Aix (Boisgelin)¹ to Lady Erne. They are interesting as giving a picture of the time seen through the eyes of a French ecclesiastic :

¹ Jean de D. R. de Boisgelin (1732–1804). Archbishop of Aix. Member of States-General. Voted for abolition of feudal privileges. In favour of generous sacrifices on the part of the clergy, but against entire

“ On ne dit pas beaucoup de nouvelles. Une frégate Françoise prise—quelque marches plus avancées des prussiens—des raisonnements pour ou contre l’invasion de hollande—des doutes sur l’investissement de mayence—des craintes de famine dan paris, une faction toujours violente et dominante, les succès des puissances vraisemblables, si vraisemblances n’avaient pas été toujours démenties par les événemens, la Reine et le dauphin vivans encore, monsieur régent à petersbourg, et non à Londres, les émigrés errans comme les ombres sur les bords du stix, prêts à passer dans la barque fatale, si la faveur du sort ne les ramène pas á la lumière, enfin des désirs inquiets entre les espérances et les craintes n’est ce pas là tout ce qu’on peut dire, et l’éternel résultat est d’attendre des choses qu’on n’a pas prévues.”

The Archbishop employs his capitals in an arbitrary and unusual manner, though his spelling is much less surprising than Princess Marie Clotilde’s.

From February to April there are no letters. Probably Lady Erne was in London and surrounded by her family and friends. On May 14, 1793, Mr. J. B. Jenkinson, M.P.,¹ soon after, by his marriage with Lady Louisa Hervey, to become Lady Erne’s brother-in-law, and later, as Lord Liverpool, to be for fifteen years Prime Minister, gives her advice as to where to pass the summer :

“ When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, I advised you not to pass the summer by the Sea Coast. I now desire you will alter your Opinion, as you must admit unless you mean to affront me, that the objection

confiscation of church property. The Constituent Assembly having named another Archbishop of Aix, M. de Boisgelin retired to England. He was given the Archbishopric of Tours in 1802.

¹ Robert Banks Jenkinson (1770–1827). At that time M.P. for Rye. Foreign Secretary under Addington, 1801–3. Created Baron Hawkesbury, 1803. Home Secretary in Pitt’s second ministry, 1804–6. Succeeded to earldom of Liverpool, 1808. Prime Minister, 1812–27. Opposed to Catholic Emancipation. Vigorously supported Wellington in the Peninsula. Sent Napoleon to St. Helena. Supported Canning in foreign policy.

on the Ground of Danger is entirely removed, and that all Persons that are wise enough to establish themselves on the Coast of Kent will be certain of Protection.

“The news that we have expected from West Flanders since the day before yesterday is arrived. It is not bad but it might have been better. The English were attacked by the French on the 10th Instant. The latter were completely repulsed, fifteen Hundred of them were killed, Four Hundred taken prisoners, and Thirteen Pieces of their Cannon were likewise taken. The French however are still in possession of Courtray and Menin and are posted on the Lys. Our loss was inconsiderable ; Clairfait was not engaged. I hope I shall have something further to write in a few days. . . .”

On February 7 the Convention had declared war on England. Holland, seriously menaced by the French victories in the Low Countries, had appealed to Pitt for help. All available British troops had been sent to Flanders under the Duke of York, in order to besiege Dunkirk and otherwise co-operate with the Austrians and Prussians.

On June 29, 1793, enter once more the Bishop. He writes this time from Hanover :

“We are told here that nothing could be more eloquent or more logical than Mr. Pitt’s speech¹ in confutation of that execrable Demagogue and Rebel Charles James. I beg of you to send me one or two of those papers which retail or detail the best. Fox seems to be in universal contempt both as a man & a politician all over the Continent, and his last mendicant pension has made his heart as contemptible as his mind. . . .”

The summer of 1793 was spent by Lady Erne and Caroline at Bognor, in Sussex. The following is from a letter to Lady Erne from Mr. Jenkinson :

¹ On June 17, 1793, Mr. Fox moved an address to the King, requesting him to take measures for procuring peace for France on terms consistent with the justice of the British nation. Pitt opposed this as being “impolitic and preposterous”.

“Valenciennes is taken, and by the English. The Guns are firing, the bells are ringing, the intelligence arrived this morning. Nothing could be more fortunate than the conclusion of the Siege. The stone work and covered way were stormed and the Town then capitulated; Ensign Tollemache was killed. Two officers wounded, no Rank and File killed and only fifteen wounded. I hope this good news will satisfy you for some time. . . .”

The following letter from the Bishop to his Beloved Mary is too amusing to be omitted :

“If ever the fancy should take you to visit me at Pyrmont, I think I could venture to protect you from all Sea-sickness—at least it always succeeds with me, tho’ tis true I have not weakened my Stomach with Tea as you have, and with good reason, for the smallest cup of it will shrivel up my fingers as if I were ninety, will give me cramps in my legs and Soles of my feet, and bereave me of sleep during half the night.

“But to the Ship—lash your carriage to the mast, and in the center you know is little or no motion, then let down the Glass on the Windward as if it were winter, and keep yourself in a perpetual Sweat. I have been twenty two hours at Sea and felt no inconvenience but a little mawkishness at times. And this I first learned in crossing from Leghorn to Corsica in the middle of summer. Tis the stoppage of perspiration is one of the chief causes of our Sickness—keep up that and we are safe. As soon as Valenciennes is taken, away I gallop to Mentz [Mayence] to see a Bombardment, a Breach and a Storming.”

On the 30th of September Lady Bristol writes a description of the Drawing-Room held a few days before—to our modern ideas a curious time of year to hold a Drawing-Room :

“I was at the drawing-room on Thursday, which was the pleasantest that could be; full enough; and every body one knew with nobody one did not know.

The Duke of Gloucester¹ told me at Court that you was very much in the *dumps*, but that he had try'd to cheer you. They all seem in good spirits that is certain, but *seeming* is the Mode at Court. Our two new Princes² made their first appearance, and were much liked. Prince Augustus as you know is charming; good figure, good address, rather handsome, and ne se possedant pas de joye to find himself there. prince Adolphus is like the Duke of York, but so fresh and healthy that the *black patch* over his eye lost its effect. The Duke of Clarence³ came in with them. The P [Prince Regent] was not there, perhaps he did not like to appear with a new edition of himself, but he might venture for he would still 'primer.' There was Mrs. Hobart, become Countess of Buckinghamshire, filling up half the room, & d'un bel contento tho' they have got nothing with the title, but I suppose they will get a pension to help to support it."

In October 1793 Lady Erne hears of the execution of Marie Antoinette.

"I am", she says, "stunned and overpowered by the deplorable End of that most Unfortunate of Women. Her whom I have seen at the very Summit of Power of happiness and Glory, surrounded by adoring Crowds to whom her smile was fortune, joy, and too secure delight. And dearest Louisa how can one think on the reverse. God bless you once more—for why dwell on a subject so dreadful, exciting feelings so painful and so fruitless."

Mr. Jenkinson writes to Lady Erne on November 23, 1793 :

"This morning several pieces of information have been received which I am sure will give you the greatest

¹ William Henry (1743–1805), brother of George III. Married Maria, Countess Waldegrave.

² Prince Augustus, Duke of Sussex, sixth son of George III. ; d.s.p. 1843. Prince Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of George III., married Augusta of Hesse Cassel.

³ Third son of George III., later King William IV.

satisfaction. In the first place, Fort Louis with a garrison of Four thousand Five hundred French has surrendered to General Wurmser. This event is of the greatest importance as it secures the winter quarters of the Austrians in Alsace. In the second place, Lord Howe has got between the French coast and six French ships of the Line, and there are very few doubts of their being under the necessity of surrendering themselves to him. In addition to this good news, there are accounts of the Royalists to the amount of Sixty thousand men being arrived in the neighbourhood of St. Maloes, and that the greatest terror and dismay reigns in that place. These different pieces of intelligence will, I hope, afford you some consolation. . . .

“I had the Pleasure of seeing Lady Bristol and Lady Louisa yesterday in Cleveland Row. I have not said a single word to any person of your intention of coming to town, but as December is now approaching you will allow me to hope that it will not be long before I shall have the Pleasure of seeing you.”

On December 8, 1793, Mr. Jenkinson, wishing evidently to ingratiate himself with his future sister-in-law, says :

“I am very happy to hear from Lady Bristol a few days ago that you propose certainly being in town about the end of Month. I regret excessively the removal from Bruton Street [he writes himself from Conduit Street] as it will deprive me of the Pleasure of seeing as much of you this winter as I expected. I only wish you liked London better, for in that case I should hope that you would be able to hit on some expedient for remaining longer than you intend at present. For News, there is Bad and Good. I will begin with the Bad. Lord Howe is come in to Torbay without a single French Ship. This enrages me I confess. Fred North says he hopes How ? will remain only a mark of interrogation for the future, and that it never will be made use of for any other purpose.

“The Good News is—first—that the Royalists have gained a considerable advantage in Brittany. The account of this is in the French papers. Secondly, that the Prussians have gained a very decided Victory in Alsace. Of this there is no official intelligence, but it comes from several different Quarters, and I am therefore inclined to believe it.

“The last and Best news is that we are in possession of the French Settlement of St. Domingo, or at least of the greatest part of it. The English troops which were sent from Jamaica took possession of Jeremie, on the 20th of September, and of Cape Nicola Mola on the 12th of October. There will be an Extraordinary Gazette this Evening, containing this last piece of intelligence. Nothing can be more fortunate than this last event. It is worth forty Ships of the Line at least. I have nothing more to add at present. Remember me to Lady Caroline.”

In 1794 we find Lady Erne at Christchurch once more. She writes to Lady Louisa Harvey:

“I am indeed grieved at the War and infinitely so on your account. But I do not see how consistently with the honor of the King and the feelings of the nation it could be avoided. It cannot be a long one,¹ that is a great comfort,—nor to us, I don’t see how it can be a dangerous one, for where is *their* Fleet? Their invasion I do not believe in. They will never dare, and then how are they to get over their troops?”

In 1796 Lady Erne suffered a very severe blow in the death of her brother, Lord Hervey.² There are many of his letters to his sister, Lady Erne, to whom he was, evidently, tenderly attached, but as they deal almost entirely with

¹ The war, begun in 1793, lasted, with a break of one year, 1802, until 1815.

² Lord Hervey (1757–95), son of Frederick Augustus, 4th Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. Married, 1779, Elizabeth, daughter of Colin Drummond of Quebec. Entered Royal Navy, and later became Minister at Florence.

naval operations we have not thought it advisable to include them.

The following letter announcing Lord Hervey's death is from Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, son of George III. It is addressed to the Rev. Trefusis Lovel, Chaplain to the Earl Bishop :

“ half after eleven.

“ROME, *Jy 16th*, 1796.

“MY DEAR LOVEL,

“The bearer of this is the Secretary of General Udny's Who brings me the melancholy news of the Death of my ever truly loved and esteemed friend, Lord Hervey. It is a blow which is the severest I have ever had in my life, for he was the Person I was most attached to in the world, and who I can truly say was most disinterestedly attached to me. In order that Lord Bristol should not know it too precipitately I have enclosed the letters to you. Having some things which I lent Hervey, you will oblige me by letting me know whom I may apply to,

“Ever yours

“AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.”

Only one letter of the year 1797 has been preserved. It is of interest as being the first from a member of the family to which Caroline was soon to belong. The writer, Louisa Stuart, the sister of Caroline's future husband, had evidently not yet accustomed herself to using the surname of Wortley. She was at this time a girl of about eighteen. She married in 1801 Lord Lovaine, eldest son of the Earl of Beverley.¹ The courtship was in the romantic spirit of those days. For many years one of the wooden seats in Grosvenor Square, where lived Louisa's parents, bore carved on it the inscription “Louisa Wortley I love. Lovaine”.

The letter, written from Wharncliffe Lodge, and dated August 16, 1797, is addressed to Lady Caroline Creighton :

“ . . . I never could give an account to be understood of anything, or place, in my life, and therefor can-

¹ He eventually succeeded his cousin as 5th Duke of Northumberland.

not attempt to describe Wharncliffe. Yes, I will try a little, and I leave you to understand it as you can. You love anticaglie Houses, and therefore would be delighted with this but perhaps you do not approve of *shabby* Anticaglias, and I am sorry to say Wharncliffe Lodge is *rather* so; being extremely little and the *furniture* (as you have seen by my patterns) having no other recommendation but its antiquity. we have but one room for breakfast dinner and supper, hung with the lovely tapestry of which you have a piece in your possession, one couch and such a one! the poor thing is an hundred year old I do believe, and carved, and twisted about, till the legs resemble a corkscrew, more than anything else—we can however boast of *four* modern chairs. The Bed rooms are hung with blue and green Harrateen, and one with what has once been red damask—there are a pair of most curious Jack Boots which I have routed out, and which I would give something for you to see as you are worthy of them, indeed I never laugh or do anything pleasant that I do not wish for my dearest Lady Caroline. I have begun my account of Wharncliffe rather à l'Irlandoise, by describing the inside of the house before the outside. It is built of stone on a very rocky high woody cragg, overlooking a well cultivated rich valley, over which rises on one side black drear moors, and on the other a beautiful Hill covered with wood; there are fine nooks and corners to *nestle* in among the rocks, which Mary¹ and I resort to almost every day after dinner, and lay and stretch our limbs in the most perfect state of 'dolce far niente', while I *groan* out 'Oh how I wish poor dear old Creighton was here'. In short to conclude this *clear entertaining intelligible* description, Mama desires me to tell you that the country around is really very beautiful and puts her very much in mind of Spa, she wishes you and Lady Erne were

¹ Sister of Louisa Stuart Wortley, the writer of this letter, and of Mr. Wortley, the husband of Lady Caroline. She married, 1813, the Right Hon. William Dundas, M.P.

here ; among other reasons because she says you would have taste enough to admire the country. So much for Wharncliffe.

“ Last night I drew a very striking likeness of the *angelic* Charlotte, so like that Mama and Mary knew it immediately, 'tis a whole length portrait and she is represented as she used to *bless our* sight at Tunbridge with her long stick and parasol, Bonnet &c. When the work was perfected I sent it in a blank cover, with *Son quà o mio Tesoro* written under it to the Hon^{ble} and Rev^d Gerald Wesley.¹ I hope he may receive it safe, and open it in the company of some other young men, it would be good fun, would it not. Pray try to draw Camilla, and then I think we shall make a very fine collection of portraits between us, and be able to boast of having the likeness of three of the greatest *beauties* England ever saw. I think you and Miss Hervey will be great treats riding about the Common on your *Palfreys* ; I begin to think that *Assmanship* will be the rage among the English *fair*, but do not trust too much to your steeds as I heard of a Lady here, whose ass started took fright and threw her ; she was eight months gone with child, but as you are not in that situation, at least I hope not, I trust no fatal consequences will ensue—it is really seeing Mary in a new light when she is mounted on a *twaddling broken winded* Butcher's pony, which can only go a little niggling pace. . . .

“ your very aff^{te} faithful

“ LOUISA STUART.”

¹ Rev. Gerald Wesley (Wellesley) (1770–1848), D.D., prebendary of Durham, chaplain to the Queen. Married Emily Mary, daughter of 1st Earl Cadogan.

CHAPTER III

(1799–1800)

Marriage, 1799—Public affairs—Life at Warfield Grove—Egmont-aan-Zee—The Guards are ordered to Holland—But do not go—Life at Egham Hill—A dangerous Review at Aldershot—The marriage of Lord Hervey.

FOR nearly two years, from August 1797 till July 1799, we have no letters. Then we are introduced to Lady Caroline's married life. On March 30, 1799, she had married, in her twenty-first year, Colonel James Archibald Stuart Wortley, aged 22, grandson of the Minister Lord Bute. Among the letters that follow, those of Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley (who in 1826 became Lady Wharncliffe) form an almost unbroken series for upwards of forty years. Most of them are written to her mother, Lady Erne, who, till her death in 1842, preserved them with the most loving care.

At the time of Caroline Creighton's marriage public affairs all over the world were in a state of the utmost disturbance. The war between England and France, which had begun in 1793, was then at its height, and continued, with a break of one year only, after the Peace of Amiens in 1802, till 1815. William Pitt, the Younger, by nature and by inclination a reformer and a peace Minister, was forced by the irony of circumstances into conducting the longest war in our history and into becoming the "Paymaster of Europe". By his great victory at the Battle of the Nile in 1798, Nelson had frustrated Napoleon's dream of conquest in the East, while the formation of the second coalition of the Powers in 1799 checked him in Europe. At home the industrial revolution was bringing with it the most far-reaching changes in the life of the people, and while adding enormously to the wealth and prosperity of the country

as a whole, had in many places accentuated poverty and overcrowding. Particularly was this so in large centres of industry such as Sheffield, the nearest large town to Wortley.

The first of the letters following are written by Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, then newly married, to Lady Erne, from Warfield Grove, which was at that time the residence of her father-in-law, Mr. James Stuart Wortley Mackenzie (known in these memoirs as "Mr. Pops"). He was the second son of Lord Bute, the Prime Minister. It gives a revealing picture of the leisured lives led by many of the upper classes in those days :

"WARFIELD GROVE, *July 19th* [1799].

" . . . You want to know how I spend my time, and I will accordingly inform you, but first for fear I should forget, let me ask you if you have got at Ickworth, Park's travels in Africa, or whether you or G'mama have ever read them—we have here, & I am quite delighted with them. Pray tell me in your next, & if you have, if you dont like them. I am sorry to say that from nine o'clock, which was the breakfast hour, we are now come to ten, for tho' we are called a little after eight, that villain Zac¹ frustrates all my efforts by it being impossible to wake him. However to proceed, having breakfasted we come into the Library & I begin by writing, because the morning is so short that if I put it off I never find another moment, as was the case yesterday. When the courier is finished, we all work & Zac reads to us, after which or sometimes before it, Louisa & I sing together, & this with a little chatting brings us to dinner at 3 o'clock, by which hour we are all famished. At about 5 or a little after, we go out in the open carriages, & come in to tea & bread & butter between seven & eight. Between that hour and ten o'clock when we sup we talk & laugh not a little. sometimes sing, or take up a book & read to ourselves, and very often *nothing do*, but *talk*. By eleven we generally feel all enclined to go to our beds—in short it is a life

¹ See List of Nicknames, p. xxix.

that suits me in every respect, & seems to agree most perfectly with us all. . . .

“I am ashamed of this dirty letter, but I have *besmeir’d* it since it was began. I am almost at the end of my letter without having thanked you for yours of yesterday, which is beastly. Pray give my love & duty to Grandmama, & tell her I long for her letter which she so kindly promises me. I don’t know what you call summer like weather at Ickworth, but here we have not had any appearance of it, & indeed very little else than constant rain, & a continual demand for fire, which however we never obtain. . . .”

The following letter is from the young James Stuart Wortley to his mother-in-law :

“WARFIELD GROVE,
“Monday [July 30, 1799].

“To make up for that most blackguard epistle which I sent you from London while I was waiting for the stage to come down here, and which however was not I hope very unwelcome to you, you see, my dear Countess, I have begun again to give you some of my bright thoughts. Caroline is, I can assure you, better than any body ever was in her situation, and your mind may be on that subject perfectly at ease. The Queen, who has been informed of every thing by Mrs. Harcourt, has been very kind about her, and yesterday I went to the terrace [at Windsor] to save our credits, and she told Louisa that Caroline did perfectly right in not coming there. To-day I am going to the Duke of York’s at Swinley as we were both asked, while she stays at home with no other companion than Tom Jones, and indeed it is lucky that she has so good a one.

“We have just been settling this morning a great variety of plans to take place at the peace, which will be this winter of course. First we are to go abroad for two years in the spring, after which we shall come home and settle ourselves *en campagne*. Don’t you think it good? God grant that the peace part of it

may succeed at least, and indeed I think there is a very good chance of it, particularly if this cursed fleet of the French is met with and licked. Sandes breakfasted here the other morning, and told us that they had a letter from Lord St. Vincent from Gibraltar saying that he was in great hopes that they would be brought to action by Lord Keith. He told us too that the combined fleets had only left Carthagine because they could not get provisions there sufficient to feed them, and that they were only going to Cadiz for the purpose of living upon the Spaniards. He is in great spirits about this expedition (to Holland), which is to consist of altogether near thirty thousand English, 15000 Russians and 8000 Swedes commanded by the Duke of York. The object is to get possession of Holland and Flanders, and in case of their full success another expedition is proposed to the¹

that the *march to Paris* may really take place at last. Upon the last I believe I shall go, but God knows whether it ever will be. There is a heap of news for you, and as it is getting late I must go to dress, and therefore give my best love and duty to your Mother, and believe me

“Your most affectionate son,

“J. A. STUART WORTLEY.”

The hopes for peace expressed in the above letter were not destined to be realised, nor was the expedition to Holland a success. Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was sent out in charge of it, and superseded later by the Duke of York, did not dissemble his disapproval. Pitt had set his heart on making a powerful diversion, with the help of the Russians, in favour of the Austrian Archduke Charles. The Russians, ill-trained and ill-equipped, turned out more of a hindrance than a help, while our own transport and commissariat left much to be desired. After a complete but quite useless victory at Egmont-aan-Zee on October 2, followed by a stubborn but indecisive fight on the 6th, a Convention was signed at Alkmar by the Duke of York on October 14, which,

¹ Illegible.

while it relinquished all for which we had fought so hard, yet saved the remains of our army from starvation. By October 20 the British had not three days' bread left. By the terms of the Convention the British and their allies, though not required to restore the Dutch fleet which had surrendered to Adm. Mitchell six or seven weeks before, were to give up 8000 French and Dutch prisoners, and to evacuate Holland before November 30. By December 1 the British force had come home.

The following letter is from Lady Caroline :

“GROSVENOR SQUARE, *Tuesday*.

“ . . . I cannot talk or think of anything but the great news that arrived yesterday. It is far from being *good* news for me, as the chances are now a thousand to one that my dearest husband will be ordered over almost immediately. All that I have to comfort me is that this victory, though so bloody, is so complete that should he go he will in all probability find the worst over. We have been reading the Gazette together, I studying the map of Holland, & it is a great comfort to see how very far they have driven the French. But one dreads I think seeing details & knowing the extent of our loss. Col. Wortley is just gone down to the orderly room to try & learn some particulars, especially concerning the officers who have fallen. How thankful I am that he should have at least escaped the dangers of these two severe actions—surely they can never have a third like them ! I will not close my letter till the last instant in case I should hear any thing, tho' I dont expect to be able to tell you any more than what you will find in the Sun. . . .

“ I am very well, all but a little nervousness occasioned by extreme anxiety & alarm. . . . Lady Macartney¹ called here this morning, she is in great anxiety about Lord Portarlington.² It is a dreadful state

¹ Jane, second daughter of 3rd Earl of Bute. Married George, Earl Macartney.

² 1st Earl of Portarlington. Married Caroline, fifth daughter of 3rd Earl of Bute.

of suspense for his poor mother. I am rejoiced at being obliged to be in town just now as one gets all news so fresh—besides the comfort for him [Colonel Wortley] of being able to run to a Coffee house as many times a day as he pleases ; & hearing every thing that is to be heard. To-morrow I shall go out in the Curricie, but to day I thought it best to keep quite quiet.

“ $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5. I have nothing to add except that we had nine hundred killed & wounded. Names not yet known. The bell is passing, so God Bless you dearest mama. There are only three officers of the Guards wounded, but a great number in other regiments.”

Colonel Wortley was evidently “ordered over” as she had feared, but was stopped before he had sailed, owing no doubt to the Convention of Alkmar which so greatly disgusted Abercromby that he would not accept the peerage offered him for his very successful engagement at Egmont-aan-Zee.

In the following letter we can almost hear the heart-beats of the young wife in the agony of separation, and in the rapture of reunion :

“GROSVENOR SQUARE,
“Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1799.

“Thank God the spell is broken, & I have seen him once again ! Last night when we were preparing to eat our little bit of supper, a carriage drove suddenly to the door, with a loud knock. I felt sure it could be nobody *but* him, yet I still doubted my happiness. However I was not long in suspense, for I believe he took but one step from the chaise into the room. I will *now* own what I should otherwise have kept to myself, that I was convinced when he left me that I should never see him again. It was so much so that after being quite relieved & satisfied with hearing that he was stopp’d, I was as much depress’d yesterday when I heard it was only ‘for the *present*’, & that there was a report of another victory on our side ; & so convinced was I upon hearing this, that my presentiment would

come right, & that he would go & be killed after all, that I was on the point of owning all my weakness to Mrs. Wortley, & entreating her to go with me to the Nore, that I might see him were it but for *five* minutes, merely to break the spell. But I was asham'd of it, & tho' St. Preux came into my mind & tormented me most cruelly, I resolv'd not to give way. I am now reliev'd, & should he even go away again to-morrow, the satisfaction of knowing how little my presentiments are to be depended upon would be sufficient to make me bear his absence twenty times as well. He is this morning gone to meet his men a little way out of town that he may march in with them, for he came last night only upon leave. He will be back here to dine with us between five & six.

"It is melancholy to a degree to think of the quantity of blood that has been shed for nothing. It would make you quite dismal if you were in London just now; I think I never remember seeing so much mourning in the streets—in all ranks of people. I flatter myself we have done with expeditions for some time.

"Oh I must tell you that I ask'd him what the men said when they found they were not to go, & he said tho' many seem'd indifferent, most of them appear'd sorry not to go, & that some said, 'Well, d— me, I wish I'd had a brush at them'; and others, 'd— me, I should have liked to have killed a frenchman'. Don't you like the expression of a brush at them. It is pleasant to see how much they hate the french. Addio cara madre.

"Yours ever

C. S. W."

The next letter refers to the French Army which was shut up in Egypt after the Battle of the Nile:

"WARFIELD GROVE, Oct. 21st, 1799.

"Here we are returned to peace & quiet, which I trust will be allowed to last. We had a very pleasant

dinner & evening at Wimbledon on Sunday. Mr. & Mrs. Huskison, Mr. Canning & Frere dined and slept there. I thought Mr. Dundas¹ very low, he was silent & absent, & in short very unlike himself when he is in good spirits—poor man, I pity him most heartily. Don't be surprised if you hear of *me* going to Egypt. Mr. Dundas, in talking about Buonaparte (as Zac told me, but don't say much about it), said if before long we did not hear of his being destroyed, General Stuart might go to that part of the World with about ten thousand men, & crush the serpent. If such a thing was to happen, Zac says that he is sure his uncle would press him to accompany him, & that he thinks he should certainly accept the invitation, for two reasons; first because he would feel real pleasure & curiosity to be present at the destruction of such a celebrated Army, & so extraordinary & great a man; & 2ndly, because it would keep him out of the way of any more expeditions of *any kind* on nearer shores, which would be attended with more danger. Supposing him really to go on such an expedition, he proposes returning by Naples & thro' Italy, &c., in which case I should certainly invite you to go with me, & meet him either at Rome or Naples. But these are vague plans indeed, & I hope will trouble you at present as little as they do me, who am the person *most* concerned—tho' in these times & after what *has* happened I am prepared for any thing—tho' Egypt is so distant, I declare I think his going there, w^d not make me suffer *half* so much as I have done, or as I sh^d do, in the case of another expedition to Holland. I sh^d enjoy going *with* him, for the sake of dating a letter to you from Aboukir or Alexandria— . . .

¹ Henry Dundas, 1st Viscount Melville (1742–1811). M.P. for Midlothian. Home Secretary, 1791–94. Secretary for War, 1794–1801; planned and carried out the Egyptian campaign of 1801 against opinion of the King and Pitt. Created Viscount Melville, 1802. First Lord of the Admiralty, 1804–5. Impeached, 1806, for malversation, guilty of negligence but acquitted. Restored to Privy Council, 1807. Married; 1793, Jane, daughter of John, 2nd Earl of Hopetoun.

“Col. W. is gone to our house to day to be notable about getting in his workmen &c.—we stopped there some time yesterday—I like the house amazingly, & think we shall make it very comf.— . . .

“God bless you d^{est} mama—

“Y^{rs} Dutifully & affec^{ly}

“C. S. W.”

From the above letter it is evident that Lady Caroline did not know that the “great Man” was already back in France, having abandoned the army in Egypt to its fate. The destruction of that army, spoken of so lightly by her, did not take place till 1801, and was one of the most hazardous and difficult operations ever entrusted to a British Commander.

“WARFIELD GROVE, Oct. 29, —99.

“ . . . You will see by the *paper* that the Guards are going to Ireland—but believe nothing of that kind till you hear it from me—we have been long in expectation of it, & I fear it is but too likely, but the Sun *cannot* know it—it w^d be very provoking, just as we were so comf. furnishing our house—but every thing appears so light and trifling compared to the expedition in Holland, that I trouble myself very little about it—especially as in this case I sh^d accompany him—I assure you I am quite another creature, and instead of setting my heart on things, and allowing myself to be disappointed & discomposed, I keep myself constantly prepared for any thing that may happen—& even the furnishing of my house, w^{ch} at another time I sh^d have been wild about, I do with great coolness merely as an occupation, till I am removed somewhere else, & never allow myself to look forward to any thing, or trouble myself with making plans for comfort—in short as long as I am allow’d to accompany my husband wherever he goes, I shall make an excellent soldiers wife—but I dont pretend to being a Spartan lady when he is sent away from me. You w^d be quite edified with what is

passing in this house now—Louisa¹ & I have begun di bel nuovo our education & Zac² is schoolmaster—he is going thro' a regular course of history with me, & we are now reading Stangan's Grecian history—he reads it out to me & makes me make extracts as we go along—in the even^g he gives Louisa & me, a long lesson of Arithmetic—w^{ch} occasions the greatest mirth, to the whole society, tho' sometimes it try's *his* exemplary patience; for à force d'être *witty* & of laughing, Louisa & I get into the most complete and unconquerable giggles—you w^d die, to see poor dear Mrs. W. trying to put on a grave manner, & scolding us, *forced* to laugh whether she will or no. . . .”

The house which the young couple were preparing for themselves was at Egham Hill. Whether or no it is still in existence we know not. One of their first visits there is described in the following letter:

“WARFIELD GROVE, Oct. 31st, —99.

“MY DEAREST MAMA,

“ . . . we were at Egham again yesterday, & called in our way at Sunning hill, & sent in to George Ellis, who is there with his Mother—he was just going out to take his ride, so we invited him to go with us to see our Chatteau w^{ch} he did, & having order'd a little fire to be made in *my dressing room* & a couple of chairs to be brought in, we sat down very comf. after he had been over the house, & chatted whilst Zac was fidgetting about with his Carpenter, painter, &c. &c. He [G. Ellis] was obliged to ride home long before us, as his mother dines at 4—Zac & I stayed *till* four, & then went round by Windsor to speak to the Upholsterer, it was 5, before we got there & pretty dark, with a mizzling rain, & then we had to get out & look at things, & to drive home *six miles*—I love a little adventure of that sort, but I c^d not help feeling it a complete Monkey;³ for we had 3 or 4 miles to go, out of the six in *total* darkness,

¹ See p. xxix.

² See Glossary, p. xxix.

³ See Glossary, p. xxix.

& sh^d I believe have been overturn'd in any carriage but a Curricie, for we once got off the road, & I conclude ran with one wheel on a *bank* for three or four yards, expecting every instant to be *over*, however we roll'd into the road again *somehow*, for it was impossible to see, & arriv'd safely at home, at $\frac{3}{4}$ past six—once a great Cart with three horses came strait up to us, & we must I suppose have been *destroyed*, but for the sense of the dear animals in the cart, and Curricie, who saw each other, and got out of the way, so that we knew nothing of the cart being near, till it was alongside of us. . . .”

On December 5 she writes for the first time from her own house. “I am,” she says, “in the midst of the most interesting and amusing part of my furnishing, and on this day attended at the putting up of my own bed, which I assure you looks beautiful.”

At Christmas we find them once more at Warfield Grove.

“Many thanks d^{est} Mama for your letter this morn^g this is a most worthy Xmas day—as cold as cold can be—think of my forgetting that the sacrament was administer'd in all churches—I really felt quite vex'd; as from wandering from place to place for some time past, I have been so seldom to church, & thought so little on such subjects, that I *could* not bring myself to take it wthout preparation, when I heard of it for the first time this morning—I am the more vex'd, because my dear Zac w^d not take it wthout me, the first time after our marriage—he God knows needs no preparation for if there is an Angel upon earth certainly it is him—I often repeat what I said to Mary this time last year, that he is too good for me—& a truer thing was never said. I wish you may succeed in your soup shops, but the poor are so provoking that one never knows what will please them, we go to Egham to-morrow for a night & friday we go on to town. . . .”

The pride of the young housewife in her new home, as well as her zeal for self-improvement, are shown in the next letter :

“EGHAM HILL, *friday*, 1800.

“ . . . I got a letter this morn^g from L^y-Lou¹ asking if she might come in a day or two—so I shall write to day to tell her that I shall be delighted to have her on monday till friday, when she as well as us must go up to town for the vile birthday—but we have not got a *profusion* of beds, & I am in a constant agony for fear the bedding sh^d not be thoroughly air’d. I have been just now *binding six y^{ds}* of white calico, for one of the beds—there’s notability for you—we spend our time delightfully here, & my dear Zac does not allow me to be idle—we breakfast at ten (& shall grow earlier) immediately after we either go to the stable for a minute, or fuss about some thing in the house, whilst my dressing room is doing out—when it is ready for us, we come up stairs, & Zac reads the grecian history to me for 2 hours whilst I work, & from time to time write down an extract—then he takes his walk, & leaves me to write or do any little thing I like—at five we dine & after dinner he reads to me again, some entertaining book whilst I draw—when I get my pianoforte up stairs & that our groom is got well again, Musick & exercise, will fill the rest of my day— . . . ”

A letter of February 3 relates how the day for Colonel Wortley to mount guard in London having been unexpectedly changed, the young couple drove from Warfield to Egham at night so that Colonel Wortley might start the next morning at 6 o’clock from Egham :

“EGHAM HILL, *Sunday*.

“ . . . so guess how we contrived—we dined very quietly at Warfield, order’d the Curricule to be ready at *nine* o’clock, at w^{ch} hour we set out, one of the finest moon and star light nights I ever saw—we arriv’d here about ten & went to bed directly, & Zac got up this morn^g at six o’clock, to mount his Guard, & is at this instant parading in St James’s street. . . . As we came thro’ the Forrest last night, he said, ‘ I wonder what

¹ Lady Louisa Harvey, wife of Admiral Harvey. (See p. 23.)

your mother & grandmother will say, when they hear of this journey by night in the Curricie, they will think I have kill'd you '—I assure you it is a sight worth seeing once—you can conceive nothing more grand & romantick than the appearance of that beautiful Forrest by moon light, & the deer flitting past you like sprights, & losing themselves in the dark shades of the oaks—I dont think 8 miles ever appeared so short to me. . . .”

In the same letter she gives a description of her father-in-law, whom she calls sometimes the Lion, sometimes Mr. Pops :

“ but I have got a great way wthout having named the poor d^r Lion—he receiv'd me as I expected very cordially—& I never spent a pleasanter time with any body. His temper is quite *divine*, & he was very talkative & entertaining, & put me entirely at my ease. Only think of his good-nature, he has order'd us a complete set, of Irish table linen, the very finest that is made—and will save his son also all expence about Claret, as he has promised to furnish him with it—in short nothing can be more amiable & generous than he is on our subject—he looks very well, tho' at present he has got a very bad cold, & is grown quite fat. . . .”

On May 15, 1800, an attempt was made on the life of George III. at Drury Lane by one James Hadfield. Some idea of the affection which was felt for the King can be gleaned from the following letter :

“GROS^s. SQUARE, *Monday*.

“ . . . I wish you had been at the Opera Saturday—When the curtain drew up for the Ballet, God save the King was play'd, & received with a *thundering* applause it was repeated *so* often, that I thought we never were to sit down again—poor Bolla¹ was call'd for, & dragg'd on to the stage in her wrapper & cloak,

¹ “A very pretty woman and ‘a pleasing, genteel actress’, who with a better voice would have been an excellent singer” (*Dict. Mus.*). Singing in London, 1794 ; Paris, 1802.

looking more dead than alive, & not having an Idea what they wanted with her, till Uganoni came forward & told her. Then she sang it [God save the King] with him, & really as well & with as much spirit as ever Banti did—she knew but one verse, w^{ch} she sang *over & over*—Zac & I dine & go to the Play to night with M^{rs} Campbell; where I suppose they will be very Loyal also—I hear *many* more people have been taken up, & the plot is thought deeper than was at first imagined, w^{ch} terrifies one I think—we are all going to Court Thursday; *every* soul is going, & I expect to be crush'd. . . .”

The next letter is evidently written a week later :

“EGHAM HILL, *Monday*.

“ . . . here we are thank God once more, in our peaceful little habitation, & falling fast into our *comfortable* way of spending the day—I will however give you a little account of my proceedings in the vile town of London. In the first place contrary to the usual ill luck, attending ones cloaths for Court, *all* mine came home friday even^g & not only fitted exactly, but had just the effect I intended—Jaymond had embroider'd my petticoat entirely from a little pen drawing that I sent her from hence; & Spilman whom I had sent to town two or three days before I went myself bought my gown and made it up here—you have no idea how many compliments I received upon my dress—the drawing room was very full & insufferably hot—we went between two & three, & had the good luck to be spoke to immediately by the Queen, who was very gracious, but in her odd way after speaking to Zac, pass'd me by, & spoke to Louisa, & then came *back* to me. It was I suspect to make me feel that tho' she was not angry with me, she shew'd some distinction between those who had obey'd her commands, & those who had not—I made three attempts to get to the King, but all in vain, for after fighting up half the room, I found myself so tired & the heat so great, that I was forced to come back &

sit down, & that, wthout even having *seen* the King. . . . In the even^g I took Louisa to the Opera—I am delighted with Mad^{me} Bolla ; she has a pleasing toned voice, a perfect knowledge of musick, & the truest Italian taste—L^y Clarges who is wild about her, says she sings very much in Marchese's stile. . . . Mr Deshayes, dances exactly in Labori's stile, with a better figure, but not *near* his steadiness—& Parriot is much improved—in short the Corps de Ballet is *superb*, & the Opera altogether very good—but the house is entirely spoilt. Taylor to get more money into his pocket, has added 4 boxes to every row, but not by advancing them further upon the stage, but by reducing the size of every box in the Theatre—so that it is now *impossible* for three women to sit in front, nor can any body that is sitting behind you, see any thing on the stage, except from the direct front boxes, they are now, a plain coarse red, & all the front, new painted, & instead of my poor Nereids & Tritons, it is all blue & white antique borders, not unlike the general effect of Drury Lane—in short I am furious & outrageous, & Taylor ought to be destroyed. . . .

“ Pray tell dear Fred with my love to him, that Zac & I are reading Paley's evidence of Christianity together, w^{ch} he gave me, & that Zac is as much delighted with it, as I was, when first I read it—we read 4 chapters in the bible every sunday evening & began Paley after it yesterday even^g—he is trying to make me like Ossian, but I am still a goth upon that subject—tho' I like it rather better than I did, & shall go thro' it for the sake, of good subjects for drawing.”

In July 1800 a grand review took place before the King on Bagshot Heath, during which, owing to the carelessness of some Riflemen, Lady Caroline was actually under fire for a few minutes :

“ EGHAM HILL, *Tuesday*.

“ . . . [the review] began at *nine* o'clock & having above four miles to ride to Sunning hill, I set off from

here a little after *eight* (*che ne pensi* ?) . . . the *dog*¹ had set out an hour earlier to prepare his men—when we got upon the heath, it was just begun, it was a most magnificent sight, & such as one does not see above once or twice in ones life, for there were 15000 men in the field—after a good deal of marching, firing & *distorting* the troops were to be supposed to quarrel, & divided into two armies, one of w^{ch} took possession of a heighth, whilst the other was to attack, & attempt to drive them from it ; in w^{ch} however, they were not to succeed—the guards & I believe some other troops lined the top of the hill, with their artillery, a little below them were posted cavalry, & at the bottom were the *disgusting riflemen* sometimes advancing & crouching upon the ground like cats, & firing from time to time—the other army took up its ground in the plain ; after w^{ch} they advanced by degrees till within musket shot of the *enemy* when a brisk fire began of *artillery* as well as *musketry*—this lasted about half an hour. I was at that time, standing with G. Ellis & Capⁿ Bunbury, on a little rising ground, to the left of, & rather forwarder, than *our army*, & opposite the enemy ; consequently *perfectly* within shot, to my no small annoyance as you shall hear ;—for all at once, I heard in the midst of the thunder of the cannon &c., some thing sing or whistle thro’ the air not far from me, & before I had time to consider what it was, Capⁿ Bunbury turn’d to G. Ellis, with a *pale-ish* face, & said ‘ by G—d thats a *ball* ’—I dont know how I *look’d* but I know I *felt* very uncomfortable, & not the less for hearing two or three more soon after—Bunbury then thought it foolish to remain, & said ‘ I really think we had better move further to the left, for it w^d be a very foolish thing to be knock’d on the head at a review, & as the riflemen are used to practice with ball, it is not safe being just opposite to them ’ you may imagine I was not the *last* to turn my horse’s head from the *field of battle*—however, I must say a little word in praise

¹ Dog or Doge, see Glossary, p. xxix.

of myself, for considering what a coward I am, I think I behaved very well, & do not despair of making a good *soldier*. . . . I hope that as Capⁿ Bunbury is aid de Camp to the D. of York, that he will tell *him* for it really deserves great attention if not punishment, & it must be owing to unpardonable negligence either in the men or officers—if you remem^r there was a man shot in Hyde park this year. . . .”

After the death of Lady Erne's brother (Lord Hervey, the sailor) in 1796, her other brother, Frederick, had become Lord Hervey and had married a daughter of the 1st Lord Templetown. His father, the Bishop of Derry, had done his utmost to induce him to marry instead the Comtesse de la Marche, the illegitimate daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia, whom he describes in a letter to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Foster, as one of the “prettiest and sweetest, most delicate and innocent as well as accomplished little women I ever saw, endowed with £100,000 down, besides the reversion of a landed property in Germany with the promise of a Dukedom to him or me, as the King of Prussia can obtain it from our King.” . . . “It would,” he says in another letter, “half break my heart to see *his* fixed on any other than the beautiful, elegant, important and interesting object I have proposed to him . . . indeed dearest Elizabeth, the examples he has before his eyes, in and within his own family, ought fully to determine him against a love-match, 'tis so ruinous a lottery, so pregnant with blanks, so improbable a success.”

Lord Hervey nevertheless married the lady of his choice, and in July 1800 a son was born to him. On this occasion James Stuart Wortley, writing to his mother-in law, Lady Erne, says: “I am fully aware of the consequence it may be to the whole family and trust you will not be disappointed in your expectations of its making a change in his father's disposition towards him.”

He goes on to describe a little place near Albury in Surrey. “But,” he says, “you know Yorkshire is my first and favourite plan and till I have been there and found out whether I can make myself comfortable there I shall do

nothing about it. . . . However if I find that dearest Car really wishes me to follow that and give up the other and that it will add much to her comfort the thing will be very soon decided with me."

CHAPTER IV

(1800–1801)

James Stuart Wortley's first sight of Wharnccliffe and Wortley—Death of Lady Bristol—Letters from Lady Hawkesbury—Mr. Pitt's resignation—The Army in Egypt—Lady Caroline's first child, a son—Travels with him to Wharnccliffe—First impressions—John's first bath—A visit to Sheffield.

IT was in September 1800, that Lady Caroline's husband first visited the home of his Wortley ancestors. On April 6 of that year his great-uncle (the Rt. Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland and brother of Lord Bute, the Prime Minister) had died. He was the owner of broad lands in the counties of Perth and Forfar, inherited from his ancestor, Sir George Mackenzie, the famous "bluidie Mackenzie", Lord Advocate of Scotland under the later Stuart kings, whose daughter had married the 1st Earl of Bute. On adjoining land bought by him for the purpose he built himself the house known as Belmont Castle (sold in 1886 by his descendants to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman). After some litigation carried to the House of Lords, Lady Caroline's father-in-law, the "Mr. Pops"¹ of her letters, came into possession of the house and estates in Scotland of his uncle (the late Lord Privy Seal), while he made over to his son, James Archibald, the English properties in Yorkshire and Cornwall which had come to him from his mother, Lady Bute (Mary Wortley Montagu).

Father and son accordingly made their pilgrimage together to the son's future home in South Yorkshire in the district known as Hallamshire. The house at Wortley

¹ "Mr. Pops" (1747–1818), second son of Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, and Mary Wortley Montagu. He married, 1767, Margaret, daughter of Sir David Conynghame, Bart., of Livingstone.

not being habitable owing to the rather strange omission by its builders of a staircase, the pair took up their abode at Wharncliffe Lodge, in the middle of Wharncliffe Chase. Here Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the great-grandmother of our young couple, had spent much of the first part of her married life, looking out over the prospect which later she described as second only to that from her belvedere at Avignon. Hither, too, came Horace Walpole, whose description we have already quoted. Here, too, was recorded in black letter English cut in the living rock on which the Lodge stands, "how in 1510 Sir Thomas Wortley 'knyght for the kingys bode to Edward the forthe, Rychard therd, Hare the vii and Hare viii hows faults God pardon . . . cawsyd a loge to be made hon this crag ne mydys of Wanclife for his plesor to hear the hartes bel'".

Small wonder that, in describing what he has seen, James Stuart Wortley should write with scorn of any idea of "getting a villa for the summer months near London".

"WHARNCLIFFE, Thursday 11 Sept.

"7 o'clock evening, 1800.

"Well my Dearest Dear Car here I am actually upon the land of my inheritance and am perfectly in raptures with this lodge. My father and all the family are not at all worthy of possessing such a romantick and beautiful place, to think of *getting a villa for the summer months* near London. It really surpasses all my idea of it and certainly all description so that I shall say no more but keep it till I can give the account by word of mouth. In the mean time I send you a copy of the inscription upon the stone here as it is kept here on a dirty piece of old paper. The stone lies as flooring to a small scullery of the kitchen and the inscription is written in the distinct black letter characters. The old housekeeper here is the finest old creature you ever saw she has been in this family since my great great grandfather's time and calls herself 87 but must be more as she perfectly recollects Lady Mary Wortley's being married which was in the year 16. My father and I went to pay her a

visit in her room last night and she gave us all the anecdotes of my forefathers with great spirit. The two plans are I am afraid totally unintelligible. However try to make them out and keep them till we meet and then I will explain them to you. I am now looking from the window down the Precipice clothed with all variety of wood upon the finest view you almost ever saw. No country can possibly be wilder or more beautiful. We left Grantham from whence I sent you a few lines yesterday at 7 and got here to dinner at five. Mr. Pops all good humour and I all eagerness. From Worksop here this county is all beautiful, in short the sum of all I am surprised and delighted. Today we go to see what can be done about Wortley which we passed yesterday about two miles from here. It looks like a good gentleman's house from the road but today we are to ride down to see it. I am so completely en air and agog that I find it quite impossible to write or sit still for a moment you know me so well as not to be surprised at it. So I shall leave off for today. God in heaven bless you my sweetest own dear love take care of yourself and love me as heartily and sincerely as you are adored by your most affect^e but most agog

J A S W.

"The post is the worst part of the story as we are obliged to send to Sheffield 7 miles off for the letters at which time we also send ours to go. However it is only 3 days from here to Ickworth."

Lady Caroline did not see Wharncliffe and Wortley till nearly a year later. She was expecting her first-born in April 1801, and a journey to Yorkshire was not to be thought of. In December 1800 Lady Bristol, the beloved grandmother to whom in her childhood she had owed so much, died. Lady Caroline wrote many letters of tender sympathy to her mother.

" . . . I now look forward as I hope you do, to seeing you settled in a little home of your own *close* to us, wherever we are—the first words your dear son utter'd

last night when I was composed enough to listen to him, was to assure me that as long as he had a house to cover him, *you* w^d find the heartiest welcome in it, & that he sh^d, as soon as there was any prospect of *our* being settled (as we trust & hope) at Wortley make it his first care to look out for something w^{ch} w^d suit you—in the mean time he tells me he wishes you to come to Colchester, & has proposed it to you—I trust you will not disappoint us so much as not to agree. . . .

“believe me my d^{est} mama still & for ever

“y^r most truly affect^{ed} & dutiful

“C. S. W.

“I now rejoice more than ever at being with child ; as it will be so new & interesting an object to you——”

The next letters in chronological order are from Caroline's aunt, Lady Hawkesbury, the little Louisa Hervey¹ who in 1780 had transgressed all the rules of health by going out before breakfast and “with a face like Aurora”, crowning the Maypole with flowers. Her husband, afterwards to become Prime Minister, was then Member for Rye and a subordinate member of Pitt's Ministry. These letters deal with Pitt's resignation following the rejection by George III. and his Cabinet of Pitt's Bill for Catholic Emancipation—a measure which the Minister considered to be a debt of honour owed to the Catholics for their support of the Union—a measure, too, so statesmanlike and moderate and so essential to the peace of the country that, at this distance of time, the opposition to it seems wellnigh incomprehensible.

The situation was further complicated by a recurrence of the King's malady. In a misplaced spirit of devotion and chivalry, Pitt promised the King that during his lifetime he would never move the Catholic question.

After telling Lady Erne that she has passed some days of “extreme nervousness”, Lady Hawkesbury continues :

“It is but too true that Mr. Pitt has resigned, and the Government of the country is changed. The crisis is an awful one, the event wholly unexpected, but we must not

¹ See p. 8.

be dismayed. Let it reassure you to know that the door is still shut against opposition and jacobinism. . . .

“Mr. Pitt, having resolved on resigning (along with Mr. Dundas, Lord Grenville, and all those who felt themselves pledged to this Catholic question), he sent for Lord Hawkesbury and those of his friends who were not engaged in the business, and told them how matters stood ; that the King would not consent to the measure ; that he [Mr. Pitt] would not give it up, and therefore must retire, but that he made it his earnest request to those of his friends who were at liberty to remain in office, and that he considered it as their duty to the Country to do so. The first inclination of all was to go out with Mr. Pitt, but on considering the matter with him and with themselves, they finally agreed it was their duty to stand firm and brave the storm, and not to forsake the King at such a crisis and drive him into the Hands of Opposition. I will not dwell on all the painful struggle that intervened, nor the many efforts made by Ld. H. to shake Mr. Pitt’s resolution and to find some middle line by which Government might be kept unbroken. I will only say that failing in all, He [Lord Hawkesbury] at length with the rest of the sett fairly promised to stand forward and enlist under the Leader Mr. Pitt named.”

On March 21, 1801, the battle of Alexandria was fought, in which Bonaparte’s old army, imprisoned in Egypt, was signally defeated by Sir Ralph Abercromby, who died in the moment of victory. Abercromby had succeeded Sir Charles Stuart¹ in June 1800 in the Mediterranean command. Sir Charles, who was the brother of “Mr. Pops”, died at home on March 25, two days before Abercromby’s death, at the early age of forty-eight. Lord Hawkesbury was now Foreign Minister under Addington.

¹ Sir Charles Stuart (1753–1801), fourth son of 3rd Earl of Bute. Served with distinction during the American War. Employed in the Mediterranean, 1794–95, and in Portugal, 1796. Captured Minorca in 1798 from the Spanish, and became Governor of Minorca. Died at Richmond Lodge, March 25, 1801.

From Lady Hawkesbury to Lady Erne

"SACKVILLE STREET,

"Friday [April 1801].

"Accounts are come from Egypt but as yet I know but few particulars. Poor Sir Ralph Abercromby died of his wounds the 28th of March on board the *Foudroyant*. The French had seven of their Generals killed or wounded in the action of the 21st. Sir Sydney Smith's wound did not prevent his acting. This is all I know at present. I have been writing in haste to reassure Lady Camelford, and sending the news to Fred through Lady Hervey, as he has a good deal of fever with his cold. I have now to go to the Office for further details, and to Portland Place and perhaps Roehampton, I am tired d'avance. Did I tell you that Lord Hawkesbury has had an opportunity of doing something pleasant by poor Lady Stuart? The eldest son¹ wished to go into the Diplomatic line and Lord H. sends him to Vienna with Mr Paget² which in all ways will be a most desirable situation. I am quite glad about it. Lord Robert applied but no interest was needed beyond the name he bears, both generally as to his Family and particularly as to his Father.

"Captain Davers went off to Portsmouth and could not dine with me. Lord Erne had soda water in plenty."

This last cryptic remark admits of various interpretations.

"5 o'clock.—I can only tell you that the loss of the French is *immense*, ours very small in killed. The

¹ Charles Stuart (1779–1845), eldest son of Sir Charles Stuart. Created Baron Stuart de Rothesay, 1828. Ambassador to Paris, 1815–1830, and to St. Petersburg, 1841–45. First cousin of James Archibald Stuart Wortley.

² Afterwards Sir Arthur Paget (1771–1840), brother of Henry William Paget, 1st Marquis of Anglesey. Represented England at Berlin, 1794. Envoy extraordinary to Vienna, 1801–6, where he assisted in forming the third coalition against France. Ambassador to Turkey, 1807–9. Father of Sir Augustus Paget, ambassador to Vienna, etc.

wounded are about 1000. Colonel Drummond is quite safe so Lady Hervey is easy. We have not got Alexandria but all seems en bon train and the troops are healthy and well supplied with fresh meat, Addio non posso piu."

"LONDON, May 18, 1801.

"There are stories of the army in Egypt, of their bravery and intrepidity that make one very proud but very Gub.¹ One officer on feeling himself shot just kissed his hand to his comrades and died. Young Warren said 'Remember I die on the field of battle'. The conduct of the soldiers as fine both living and dying. I never heard such details. More troops are going but I trust not Zack, so dont be alarmed."

On April 23, 1801, Lady Caroline's first child—a son—was born; there are no letters relating to the event. The first mention of little John is in a letter from Lady Caroline dated August 15, 1801, from Grosvenor Square on the eve of her first journey to Wortley. In those days a journey to Yorkshire was still something of an undertaking. Not only did it consume a great deal of time, but, except by stage-coach, it was sometimes very difficult to fix an exact moment either for departure or arrival. Doubtless the stage-coach was both the quickest and most punctual mode of travelling, but for a woman of Lady Caroline's social standing, particularly when encumbered with a young baby and all its paraphernalia, this was not to be contemplated, and if her own carriage was not available a post-chaise had to be hired.

"Since dinner Mr Wortley & I have walk'd into Bond Street where we have ruined ourselves in french china and old teapots. Pray tell Nurse that I also went into a toyshop, & bought a little crimping board for John's caps. Every time I leave that child I feel more lost without him, he really grows too amiable & agreeable to be parted from him at all. You will be sorry to hear that we cannot get away before Wednesday next, but on that day Barker promises *faithfully & certainly* that

¹ See Glossary, p. xxix.

we shall have the carriage but of course we shall not get it early and therefore it is now nearly decided that we should set out as soon as we can in the day & go thirty or forty miles and so divide the rest in two days. London feels very close but is not noisy at least, for there does not seem to be a *cat* left in it."

How unlike London in August as we know it !

The next day, Lady Erne having apparently brought the child up to London, her daughter writes her a farewell letter before starting on her long journey :

"I am in hopes we shall get off pretty clear to morrow morning. . . . It appears to me to be like parting from you for the first time, my drst Mama, going to such a distance ! & I was glad when you was gone to run upstairs, and look at my little angel asleep, to make me feel contented and happy again. Adieu Adieu, it is near eleven and I want sleep & rest very badly."

They started next morning a little after eight and did nearly seventy miles before seven in the evening. They were three days on the road, and Lady Caroline wrote to her mother every day. The first stop was at Alconbury, "a dear little clean, quiet inn, standing alone on the side of the road". Here they arrived "neither tired, hot, cold, dusty or dirty. As to little John, he seemed to be the better for his journey." The second part of this letter was written from Grantham.

"We are," she says, "a good part of the way on our second day's journey, and proceed as prosperously as we began. As to John, he is in greater health and spirits than I ever saw him. The weather is cloudy and pleasant, neither hot nor cold, and there was rain enough to lay the dust again. The Barouche is in high favour with every body, and we have room to make the child a bed between Colonel Wortley and me which is very comfortable.

"I like travelling very much dear G.mama,

"JOHN.

“ With infinite risk and difficulty I made him write this, but though he did not scold he was in too perpetual a motion to accomplish signing both names.”

On the morning of the third day, Monday the 18th, Lady Caroline writes from Scarthing Moor,

“ another quiet clean little inn, comfortable beds and eating. . . . Today we dine at Wharncliffe, and I hope to be able to tell you we are safely arrived this evening. The Dog of Dogs [her husband] is beside himself in eagerness, but can just remember that you exist and sends you his best love.”

The great journey ended safely and happily, and the next letter is from Wharncliffe Lodge. Like her husband and sister-in-law, Lady Caroline was enraptured with the beauty of the place. In the last fifty years an extraordinary change had come over the attitude of men and women of the world towards scenery in general and mountains in particular. In 1768 the young Lord Carlisle had crossed the Alps in a chair carried by six men, shuddering at every step, the scenery of a fine pass inspiring him with no idea except those of horror and melancholy. Wilkes spoke of the Apennines “ as not so high and horrid as the Alps. On the Alps you see very few tolerable spots.” The writings of Sir Walter Scott had probably played a great part in awakening the love of natural beauty—a love which had surely always been latent in both Scotsmen and Englishmen.

Lady Caroline’s first letter (August 1801) contains an attempt at a sketch which, she tells us, she has endeavoured to make whilst Mr. Wortley is trying the horses in the barouche. You must, she says, first understand that it is a bird’s-eye view of a mile high, taken from the highest point of the precipice on the right-hand side of the house.

After describing how the “ high mountain ” opposite the windows falls gradually into the valley, and then rises again to another mountain, she tells us that at the end of the valley rises a third mountain, which is wild moor.

“ In short, though everything looks near and distinct, it is impossible to distinguish between a man and a cow.

Only imagine Spilman who tells us that she has seen a glow-worm, and it happened to be a cottage light. This will give you an idea of the sort of scale that the view is upon. The precipice the house stands upon and all below, as well as to your right and left, is wood, nearly six miles in length, the river running at the bottom; so that we must be a much finer object to the villages opposite than they are to us."

At this point she is interrupted by the Dog, as she calls her husband, who wishes to drive her down to Wortley in the barouche (to our ideas a strange choice of vehicle for the rough steep roads of the West Riding). She tells us that the house at Wortley, she is convinced, can be made very comfortable, but that they must give up all thoughts of seeing it finished this year, though they are in hopes of getting into a corner of it.

"I have never said anything to you about the poor old housekeeper, but really I have so much to think and write about that I lose my senses. You never saw anything like her delight at seeing the child, and indeed she seems overjoyed at having us all. She has got your name even quite pat, and told me that she understood that Lady Erne was coming here too. Here is the sweet boy, so I must finish soon. . . . I never saw him with such a colour, and his little flesh is as firm as the rocks here."

"WHARNCLIFFE LODGE,

"*Monday* [Aug. 25, 1801].

"Since I sent off my scrap of a letter I have had a long visit from Lady Effingham,¹ and a Mrs. Phillips and two daughters, who are all upon a visit with them. The vile dog was just come back from the moors: and had the shabbiness and ill nature to run up stairs, and leave me to entertain them all alone. I took them out and walked them all along the Cliff, and to the Dragon's Cave, which was all new to Lady Effingham's friends,

¹ Richard, 4th Earl of Effingham (1747-1816), married Harriet, daughter and co-heir of John March. They had no children.

they were delighted ; and it served delightfully to pass the time. Lady E. seems to be a very good natured pleasing person and very gentlewomanlike. If I like Lady Fitzwilliam as well, I shall think myself lucky in my neighbours. We were at Church yesterday ; and I was quite pleased with its country look, the singing is really much better than it generally is in country Churches, and I rather like it. We walked down to Wortley afterwards, which is about half a mile ; and settled with the gardener the place for a greenhouse. To-morrow we shall go there early, to mark out the situation of the shrubbery—inshort I shall be very busy, and very much amused now, for a month or two, en attendant our getting into the house. . . .”

The young couple seem to have stayed at Wharncliffe Lodge till December 1801. Since then the greater part of the Lodge has been pulled down. But Lady Caroline tells us in a letter of August 27, 1801, that it was “ much better house than she expected to find ”. She says :

“ We have in the little drawing-room our two great armchairs, the poor Egham drawing-room chairs, and a blue leather table, besides the pianoforte, which nobody can find the key of, and the poor harp, which stands in a corner in its case because I dare not attempt stringing it on account of the extreme damp, but when we have more constant and larger fires perhaps I may venture.”

She tells us, too, much about the house at Wortley, and how they are promising themselves great delight in seeing the first “ coup de spade ” towards clearing heaps of rubbish which is to produce the terrace. She tells us how the ground falls from the terrace to the skirts of the wood, so that from the lower rooms you only see the tops of the nearest trees. Also that she has been out once or twice on Nimble’s back, and two or three times in the cool of the evening upon Poney’s, who is better suited to the sort of riding about here.

But the principal event since her last letter is :

“The first experiment of putting sweet little John into a tub of water. Nurse dip’d him and I received him in flannel. He bore it much better than I expected, that is, he set up a shrill cry the instant he was out, as he does when he hurts himself. But it lasted only a minute, and he was as warm as a little toast after it. I feel quite relieved at its being over, for I was as nervous about it as if I had been going in myself.” (John was now four months old.)

The first sentences of the following letter throw a momentary flash of fierce light on the conditions existing in some of the larger manufacturing towns of England in 1801:

“We were in Sheffield today ourselves and in my life I never was in so stinking, dirty, and savage a place. We did not meet a single carriage of any sort or kind in that great town so that we were an object of no small admiration and wonder to the inhabitants and collected a perfect mob round us at every shop we shop’d at, of creatures principally children, without the least degree of color in their cheeks, all ragged and looking all like blacksmiths. Altogether I never witnessed a scene of more idleness and filth in my life.”

That one so gentle and tender-hearted as Lady Caroline should speak thus, shows the strong repulsion, not unmixed with fear, which she must have felt. Probably she was not making allowance enough for the coal smoke and dust, the general griminess of conditions in a place like Sheffield. But there were other and deeper causes for her disgust.

In his *History of the Nineteenth Century*, Mr. George Trevelyan speaks of the degraded sediment to be found at the bottom of English town life in the last years of the eighteenth century :

“In every town, besides the prosperous masters, journeymen and apprentices, lived a mass of beings, physically and morally corrupt, for whose bodies no one, and for whose souls only the Methodists, had a thought to spare. With no police, save watchmen

whose proceedings were a constant theme of mockery, with criminal laws that by their careless ferocity and irregular execution fostered crime, the mob of that period was a fearful thing."

Sheffield, famous already in the days of Chaucer for its cutlery, and later for every other species of hardware, had done well since the revival of trade after the American War. In 1784 the first steam engine had been introduced in a grinding mill on the banks of the Don. The great silver-plating industry for which Sheffield was, and is, so justly celebrated, while increasing the prosperity of the town, had brought into it workmen from London, York, Newcastle and Birmingham. The new-comers were "generally indifferent characters, many of them very bad ones. . . . The journeymen platers were as a body the most unsteady, depraved and idle of all the other workmen, they were, in fact, in many respects a pest to the town" (Dr. Gatty's *Sheffield*).

Nevertheless the extreme contrasts of wealth and poverty were not so marked as they are at present. Writing of Sheffield at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Dr. Gatty says :

"The modesty of simple life was still maintained as shown in the recorded facts that at the beginning of the present century no actual resident in the town ventured to own a private carriage, and that the Master Cutler in 1806 was the first who was ever driven in his own carriage to the Cutlers' Annual Feast."

No doubt this accounts for the mobbing of Lady Caroline's carriage.

Meanwhile life went on pleasantly and regularly, the business of getting into Wortley Hall taking up much of the young couple's time and thoughts.

"You will be delighted to hear," writes Lady Caroline to her mother, "that we have got to really good hours, this morning we were up at a little after seven. Ever

since we came here we have breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and go to bed at half past ten.

"Yesterday 'the Dog' was out from five in the morning till nearly ten at night shooting on the moors. By the bye, he sent Lord Hawkesbury a couple of wild fowl by this day's coach, but could not announce them as there was no post. . . .

"I am going to take the young squire with me to Wortley that he and his nurse may give me their opinion of the place, and above all of the nursery.

"I have begun my visits to the poor, and have already given away blankets, sheets and several things for clothing. There are not a great number, but what I have seen are worthy, deserving creatures who do all they can to support themselves. I shall like to visit them with you when you come."

The next letter is still from Wharncliffe Lodge on some date in September 1801:

"I am sola sola this evening for my sposo and his cousin set out this morning in his chaise and four, and are gone above 20 miles off to shoot, and sleep tonight at a Mr. Mills's, and do not return till late tomorrow to dinner. I feel quite odd and solitary. I took my little love in the Barouche to Wortley this morning and on my return at six o'clock found that Ld. and Ly. Fitzwilliam,¹ Ld. Milton, and Ld. and Ly. William Beauclerc, besides another gentleman, had been here. I could not but rejoice at having escaped being obliged to entertain so formidable a party quite by myself; I met an open carriage and four, near Wortley, and immediately suspected it was them. So now I can no longer escape a visit to Wentworth, and I shall be still more annoyed with shyness, never having seen or spoke to any of the party. . . ."

The following letter from Lady Hawkesbury to her sister, Lady Erne, is written about the anniversary of their

¹ William, 4th Earl (1748-1833), married Charlotte, second daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Bessborough.

mother's death. It is an extraordinary medley of hypochondria, piety, sisterly affection and frivolity :

" ROEHAMPTON,
" *Sunday night, Dec. 20, 1801.*

" I received your letter my dearest sister at Addiscombe yesterday where we dined and slept. I sett off with a wretched cold and just out of my bed, but I was anxious to go. I could not bear the idea of remaining alone yesterday and it was pleasing to me to visit my dearest Lord Hawkesbury's Father with all the ideas which were then rising in my breast. I felt it as a satisfactory way of passing this first mournful anniversary. I am sure you will enter into it all exactly. It is singular enough that the preceding night I woke just about the dreadful time, in spite of poppies, and apparently without a cause ; but you will be relieved to hear that I had less selfish agony than on more common recollections of that dreadful event, and that after a few silent Tears, my mind felt elevated beyond my own loss, and an awful sensation took possession of it which I cannot describe but which enables me after a short mental prayer to sink into a calm sleep which was as soothing as it was unexpected. . . .

" I can well understand Mrs Davers being the better for your society. I wonder who is not ! You are provokingly blind to your own Value. How do you avoid seeing that you are more *recherché* than any body, and more exactly what is delightful in society both to Friends and mere acquaintances. What you have been to me since last January cannot be expressed ! But I firmly believe that without you I should have had some severe illness, for my nerves were much more shook than appeared outwardly.

" Poor Ld. Liverpool ¹ is wonderfully better, and still

¹ Sir Charles Jenkinson, 7th Bart., 1st Earl of Liverpool (1729-1808). Raised to the peerage as Baron Hawkesbury, 1786, and advanced to the earldom of Liverpool, 1796. He was the father-in-law of the writer of this letter.

thinks He is to be quite well, which prevents his making the most of his amendment. I was really ill all evening but contrived to conceal it, dosed myself with saline draughts and poppies, and to my great surprise got up nearly well this morning. I have latterly had strange sorts of colds Violent either in my head or on my breast for a day, and gone the next. However I fear my lungs will not bear Farquhar's pills—patience !

“ You ask about my dress on Thursday, it was very pretty and Brigg's to excess—a new white sattin body to a last Birthday train. The petticoat, Col. Orr's muslin of flies wings embroidery ; my head white sattin, diamond star, and Bandeau and comb and white feathers, my old diamond necklace tied tite round a collar handkerchief (very old English), my new necklace and medallion quite low down on the gown. It was altogether very brilliant yet very simple. I hope you approve, and see me. It was very much liked, and Ly. Chatham thanked me for giving her the hint of the collar handkerchief which she had on.”

CHAPTER V

(1802–1803)

Life at Wortley Hall—Alterations and improvements—James Stuart Wortley returned for Bossinney—Lady Elizabeth Foster—Her impressions of Paris—Letters from Lady Hawkesbury—Lady Erne is given apartments in Hampton Court—Raptures about Betty, “the young Roscius”—Fine speech of Mr. Pitt’s—Irish disturbances—Country neighbours—Death of Earl-Bishop—Death of Elizabeth Rose Ellis—Hours of meals—Doncaster Races—Birth of a daughter.

IN JUNE 1802 Lady Caroline’s second child, Charles, was born. After this important event she returns in August to Wortley. They are now living in the Hall.

“WORTLEY HALL,
“*Saturday [Aug. 8th, 1802].*

“Here we are once more dearest mama at home & it feels so natural to me, to find myself in the little Library again, that I can hardly believe I have been away, much less that I have *two* children in the nursery—they have both borne their journey perfectly, & are in high good looks. . . .

“Our meal was soon ended, for we were dying to get out before dark & look about us—you cannot conceive how altered & improved everything is—the terrace all green, with a great many flowers, the round before the house quite smooth & the circle in the middle quite green also—the greenhouse all glazed and my little room ready plaister’d for papering. The country looks beyond measure beautiful—in short we are surprised & delighted with all the improvements we have found.”

In the spring of 1802 the Treaty of Amiens had been signed, bringing with it, however, very little real sense of

security. In May, Bonaparte was elected Consul for life, displaying in his Court as much magnificence as the former kings of France, while he continued to make extensive preparations for war in the ports of France and Holland. It is probably to these preparations that the following extract from Lady Caroline's letter refers :

“WORTLEY HALL, *August 12th.*

“ . . . As I never look at the paper, & that the dog does not deign to communicate any thing out of them to me, I did not know of this new Isaac-sy of Bonaparte's—it is very curious, & shews him to be indeed a *sly viper*, as you say. . . .”

In the same letter she tells us that they cannot tear themselves away from Wortley.

“I am too busy with all that is going on to wish to stir. The plantation looks surprisingly well, & very few of the trees are dead ; & since the rain they have almost all made little shoots. The stair case and sky light are finish'd all but the iron railing & the white-washing of the walls. No plan of any sort will take place this year for the alteration of the rooms ; my vile husband will not let me have the Library, or do any thing to it, or the dining room ; so I must comfort myself till next year at *least*. He slept last night upon the moors & was to be up by the first peep of light this morning being the first day of moor game shooting. I dont expect him back till evening, but Betty¹ has promised to come and dine with me at three o'clock. . . . I like Mr. Corbett better every time & feel quite glad to have his wife so comfortable a neighbour—it would have been dreadful if she had been a *talking gorgon*.”

¹ The Rev. Stuart Corbet (1777–1845), called Betty or Bet in these letters, was the son of Captain Andrew Corbet and Lady Augusta Stuart, daughter of John, 3rd Earl of Bute, and was therefore first cousin of Lady Caroline's husband. In 1802 he became incumbent of Wortley, after which he held other livings, and in 1837 became Arch-deacon of York. He was the father of Vincent Corbet (born 1804), for many years agent to the Wortley estates.

In July 1802 Colonel Stuart Wortley had been returned for the second time M.P. for Bossinney, a village near Tintagel, on the wild northern coast of Cornwall, where he owned a large estate given him by his father. Bossinney was a typical instance of the need for reform of the suffrage. It contained nine electors, and returned two members. There are no references in the letters of 1802 to any political activities, but this may be accounted for by the fact that Lady Caroline was in London for several months, during which she frequently saw Lady Erne and therefore did not write to her.

In a letter of August 15, 1802, Lady Caroline says that they certainly do not mean to go to London next year if they can help it. No doubt the long journey and the expense and trouble of moving a young family must have weighed heavily in the balance against political claims.

“WORTLEY HALL, *August 17, 1802.*

“. . . I am rather convulsed to day, for we are going to meet at Wharncliffe, Ld. & Ly. Effingham & a party of their friends who have never seen it, & they all dine here afterwards. We shall be ten, which agonises me, but I have told Betty he must be *Chaplain* en règle, & come to do the honours for me, at the head of the table. Our bargain is that he may be *silent* if he will carve; & that *I* will make the agreeable. I have never yet had courage to go & call upon Ly. Fitzwilliam, but Ly. Effingham has *announced* my intention to her, of dining there on one of the public days, as soon as they return from York Races, so I am *in for that*. . . .

“Charles is to be christened when all the hay is got in, as the Squire means to give his men a fête on the occasion. . . .”

On October 6 there is a joint letter from Caroline and her husband which is eloquent of the happiness of their relations with each other.

“Many thanks for your comfortable letter by to day’s post, my dearest mama—

“ Caroline is so sleepy and so stupid that I have been obliged to snatch this out of her hand to tell you so. Now I am neither very much awake nor uncommonly witty tonight, so that you are not likely to have a very brilliant specimen of our abilities in this epistle. However there is one old stupid remark that we are sure you will like at any rate which is that John and Charles (but particularly the first as you know) are the ugliest and least entertaining of all children. She desires me to say too that I am gone quite distracted about farming that I have kept her waiting for her dinner today till $\frac{1}{2}$ past six having been out to look over a famous farm in the neighbourhood, that I do nothing but admire two certain models of a South Down Ram and Ewe which are arrived this evening and talk of a living specimen of this same species now in one of the fields, interspersed with little episodes on patent harrows, ploughs, chaff cutting machines &c. &c. &c.; very entertaining don't you think so. Give my kindest love to the General.

“ ever your affectionate son

“ J. A. S. W.”

“ I think you are very lucky that I should have had a stupid fit upon me, since it has procured you so *witty* an epistle from that most impertinent reptile. I certainly never in my life felt so little able to answer a *long* letter as I do to night & am absolutely *forced* to send this as it is, having barely strength sufficient to hold my pen as you may see—so good night.

“ The Dog is six & twenty this day! how old!!!!!! ”

The next letter is even more domestic :

“ WORTLEY HALL, *October 19th.*

“ I was to have dined with the two Mr. Wortley's at Mr. Cockshutt's to day but it has never ceased raining, & as I thought the party would be an inconceivable *bore*, I made an excuse of the wetness of the weather & let them go without me. I was really *edified* with

Pop's¹ good nature in going ; & routing himself out of his arm chair in all the wind & rain, to oblige poor Cockshutt & meet a parcel of gorgons and *gorgonas*, but he did it with the greatest good humour, confessing at the same time that it was a very great effort. . . .

"the boys² were christen'd on sunday, & Charles *sat up* all the time & never took his eyes off *Betty* who's reading amused him extremely, & he began laughing & crowing at him in the middle of the ceremony. It was quite ridiculous to see him taking so much notice of every thing *at his own* christening. I am sorry it is decided that Lady Stuart is his godmother [instead of Lady Erne] *ma rimedia non c'e*. He was as much improved as John was disfigured by the christening suit—you never saw anything so *immense* and noble as he looked, & so much better than in his common frock. After all he is Charles James Stuart, as we thought *four* names too many, & that he could not have more illustrious ones than these. The servants have a ball to night upon the occasion. You say it quite worries you not to have the least idea of Charles's appearance, but if you remember what you last saw him, & fancy him grown & much fatter, you will have a very good one of him. He is not *handsome yet I believe*, tho' *I* think there is something in him *very* near it, & he certainly is a very engaging child, from his extreme good humour. . . .

"I have not begun to bathe yet because I have now no cap, but they have promised to send me one from Sheffield. How can you fancy that it *could* be more convenient to have the tub in that little room, where every drop of water must be carried in pails ; rather than in the wash house, where by turning a cock, I have both hot & cold ? & how can it be either uncomfortable or inconvenient to me, & the Laundry people, since they wash but two days in the week, & that nothing can be more easy than for me to bathe the *other* days ? I

¹ See p. xxix.

² Probably Charles and one of the Corbet boys.

shall do *better* too, than have a *short* dress, for I shall have *none* at *all*, as I never intend to have any body with me at the time. . . .

“ Did I tell you how delighted all our poor people are with their little gardens ? Ezekiel & his wife *live* in a *grin*, & she looks *quite* healthy. . . .

“ I believe Zac has no idea of going up for the meeting of Par^t. ”

The year 1803 opens with a letter from Lady Elizabeth Foster,¹ at that time in Paris with her friend the Duchess of Devonshire. The peace of Amiens was still running its short course and the fashionable world of London, so long exiled from its beloved Paris, was amusing itself with all the sights and gaieties of the first Consul's Court. Lady Elizabeth, inheriting much of her father's intelligence and high spirits, appreciated fully the intellectual life which was dawning again after the long period of revolution and war.

Elizabeth Herve, the second daughter of the Bishop of Derry, had married in 1776, before she was eighteen, John Thomas Foster, of Dunlear, by whom she had two sons. The marriage was unhappy ; in 1780 they parted for ever. We hear of her in 1781 living on a pittance, and soon after of her undertaking the care of the illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. Horace Walpole's comment is severe on her father's treatment of her : “ You may add that though the daughter of an Earl in lawn sleeves, who has an income of four or five and twenty thousand a year, he suffers her from indigence to accept £300 a year as governess to a natural child ”.

Lady Elizabeth travelled for eighteen months on the Continent with her charge,² after which the child disappears altogether from history. The affection of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Elizabeth for each other seems to have increased, and in 1785 the latter took up her permanent residence at Devonshire House. In 1786 a daughter was

¹ See p. 3.

² This was the natural child of the Duke of Devonshire and Miss Charlotte Spencer, the daughter of a country curate. She kept a milliner's shop.

born to Lady Elizabeth by the Duke of Devonshire ; to be followed in 1788 by a son. The Duchess's eldest child, a girl, had been born in 1783 ; the second, also a girl, in 1785 ; while her son was born five years later, in 1790. There seems to have been no concealment about the paternity of Lady Elizabeth's children, nor was there the faintest coolness between the two ladies. In due time Augustus Clifford, as Lady Elizabeth's son was called, and young Lord Hartington were sent to Harrow together, where no secret was made of their relationship.

Lady Elizabeth must have been exceedingly attractive. In the opinion of Gibbon, the historian, "no man could withstand her, and if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his Woolsack in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience". The Duchess, herself one of the greatest beauties of her time, had the most intense affection for her : "All my possible hopes of friendship are concentrated in you," she writes to Lady Elizabeth. "Without you the world is nothing to me. If you would forsake me I would not bear to live, or living, should never think of any other creature." No doubt we must make some allowance for Duchess Georgiana's effusiveness of style, but the fact remains that there was never any break in the cordiality of their relations to each other. Surely one of the strangest friendships the world has ever seen !

"PARIS, *January 7th*, 1803.

"I have written to you twice dearest Sister, and have not heard once from you or Car [Caroline Stuart Wortley]. La Canai however gives me excellent accounts of Wortley Hall, and raves about her, as well he may.

"As to Paris, it is impossible to have more amusement, if amusement is the object, more objects of curiosity, or better society—At home we are proverbial for uniting all the best society there is [at Devonshire House], and we have all the pleasantest Houses open to us. Denon, the author, is our constant visitor and with his book open it is delightful to talk to and question him. Camille Jordan, Monsieur de Narbonne and the two Ségurs as Men of letters, and C. J. also as a true

Patriot ; the Montmorenceys, Noailles, with many (and some very pleasant) Women, Russians and Poles and french. The Parade, which I have seen twice, is magnificent, and the last time there were 10 Arabian Horses presented to Bonaparte, led by a Mamelouk and a servant. And then the Ambassador came up, and in Eastern magnificence offered tributes. It had the character of a conquest in every part of it. The Horses were beautiful.

“ The finest dinner we have been at was at Monsieur Talleyrands. A large suite of rooms, and the dinner in a gallery lighted by about 500 lamps and candles. When you sat down a large Pier glass at the further end moves as by magick, and a band of musick plays all the time. At General Berthier’s are fine rooms, but more of a General’s dinner. But there you see famous and celebrated persons of all kinds—Moreau, Macdonald, Marmon, Menoix, etc.—Berthier himself, Bonaparte’s favourite General. He was most particularly civil to me which offended a fair friend of his, an Italian, and I was told, ‘ gar le poison Miladi ’. In the midst of these grandeurs, Lord Whitworth¹ and the Duchess of Dorset live the life of private people—no dinners, no Balls, no invitation to their House but as they would in London, and we have never met any body but the chaplain and the secretaries. Every body is complaining—and we who like Ld. Whitworth lament his losing all the popularity he had acquir’d at Petersburg.

“ You will believe this is going by a private hand or I should not say all this. Bonaparte is supposed to have made a great step in the mourning worn for his Brother in Law—it is worn not only by all le *gouvernement*, but by the foreign Ministers, and by all who [go] to the Ministers Houses—There is a little infant opposition which is very entertaining, what it may encrease to I know not.

¹ Charles, Earl Whitworth (1752–1825), Ambassador at Paris after Peace of Amiens, 1802, till May 1803. Married Arabella (*née* Cope), widow of 3rd Duke of Dorset.

“Were I more at ease about our dearest Eliza,¹ I should amuse myself excessively at Paris. There are however symptoms so essentially good, and I have been so ill myself, that I feel sanguine of some speedy turn in her cruel disorder—and then the climate will I think do wonders. Oh heaven bless and preserve her!”

The next letters from Lady Hawkesbury to her sister, Lady Erne, are very characteristic. Her worldliness has none of Lady Elizabeth’s robust frankness. She seems always to be apologising for it, and she mixes it with a strong vein of “other-worldliness”. Also she is greatly preoccupied with her own and her friends’ bad health. Both sisters are alike in their deep affection for Lady Erne, who seems to have combined the best qualities of the family.

“COOMBE WOOD,

“February 20th, 1803.

“You see what good reason you had to be alarm’d for *your ships*. The accounts from Walmer & Deal are most frightful! I think I should have been almost distracted had I been at the Castle. There is a sort of agitation in the fury & noise of high winds & dashing waves which even without *evident* danger gets the better of my composure. What would it have been with all those wrecks *in sight*!

“I dont like your being so long alone at Wortley—do you see the Corbetts often? . . .

“The Bathursts come to Town after all—on her account this last attack has been a dreadful one. I think ye Dss. of Richmond *is dangerously* tried by her prosperity. Alas! how far from her is that amiable christian Humility which we are told is so important to us! I hope poor woman She will see the Vanity of

¹ Elizabeth Catherine Caroline (1781–1803), only child of John Augustus, Lord Hervey (see p. 37 (note)), and granddaughter of 4th Earl of Bristol (Bishop of Derry). Married 1796, Charles Rose Ellis. She died at Nice of consumption at the age of twenty-two, leaving three children, two sons and a daughter. The elder son inherited, five months later, the barony of Howard de Walden from his great-grandfather, the Earl-Bishop.

‘four footmen & tassells &c. &c. &c.’ in time. It is all sad nonsense after thirty. . . . Do you remember my once mentioning to you a Family of Ottleys, Relations to the Jenkinsons & who had held out the prospect of leaving their property to Lord Hawkesbury or Cecil. After some communication it seem’d that Lord H. was ye person & we sometimes talk’d over the old place in Shropshire. Within the last Month the old Father has died at 90, & yesterday brought ye news of the son being also Dead. The particulars of the Will are not known but I believe Cecil is certainly *the Heir*—and I own I am glad of it. It is of much more importance to *him*, & all circumstances considered is a better arrangement. Lord Hawkesbury feels just the same about it, & we have talk’d it over well. We feel *quite glad* we have not a third country House which we should have felt bound to live at, & which would have made our life something very like a *wandering Arab’s*. The estate is rather above £2000, a very nice provision for Cecil, & what we shall not want; *just now* it would to be sure have set us free from little difficulties—but on the *whole* it will do much more good where it goes. So dont grieve at this apparent disappointment for us, we are really *quite satisfied*. I am particularly pleased at Cecil being call’d Home, & to *settle at Home*, before his *true English feelings* are spoilt on that *Vile continent*.

“God bless you for the present. I will add a line by & bye. Have you read *Julietta* by Mr. Parnell? it is odd & interesting. Get ye Visit to the House of Mourning, it is *excellent*.”

About this time Lady Erne was given an apartment in Hampton Court, probably through the influence of Lord Hawkesbury, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. In those days such influence was freely used.

“COOMBE WOOD, *April 11th*.

“indeed my dearest Sister you are too good to me & certainly *over* pay ten thousand times ye little exer-

tions I have made with success in ye business of Hampton Court. But you do Gratify me, & procure me inexpressible pleasure by every word you say which proves that it has pleas'd you, & introduced a little feeling of comfort into yr poor dear harrass'd Mind & most fervently do I thank God for having made me in any degree an instrument on this occasion; & heartily do I thank you my dear kind Sister for yr most amiable manner throughout it.

"be at rest about my Spasm I did not get it in yr rooms. To my comfort I found them free from damp or chill, & I think ye aspect *must* be *south* (I think too I make it out to be so from *recollection*) & that Mrs. Beare is a careful person.

"& now let me ease my mind of ye weight of many *yards of fringe* which have been on it for long. What a brute I have been! I never have thank'd you yet for what you *announced*, tho' much delighted with ye prospect of my *blue bed* being made *perfect*. When in *it* I thought of ye fringe & my thanks, but when at my writing table forty other things [put] ye poor fringe into a corner till my letter was gone.

"*April 12th.*

"I am intending to go over to Hampton Court to day to see ye Ground Floor *rooms*. I can not quite give up ye idea of *one* being yr. breakfast room. I am twisting too in my own mind how you can have a spare bed for Caroline or any one else for a night or two.

"As to *painting* I conclude you may do *as you please* as they do so at St. James's. Ye block tin is just ye thing for you. Addio.

"Yrs. L. T. H."

". . . I am going to work a footstool for you, you will not object to *this* present I hope, Seriously we will conform to yr wishes & not attempt any *essential* helps. But a very few *tiny* things you must indulge me in *picking* up for you, & some little table or screen must

represent Hawkes in his absence. But we will be *very stingy* I assure you."

The letter and fragment of a letter which follow are not dated, but must obviously have been written about May 1803, when the short-lived Peace of Amiens came to an end.

"Friday evening.

"Our Dear & excellent Friend [Lady Camelford] is no more, her sufferings ended yesterday evening. Long, very long shall I feel her loss with hundreds of Others! But she is happy I trust, & I will not repine. Yet ye loss of Friends is surely ye affliction that sinks deepest into ye heart & most changes ye habitual colour of ye mind. My dearest Sister I am not well. I have a sad languor over me mixed with much irritation & a quick pulse. Ye truth is my mind is rather over work'd. *War* is now apparently inevitable. Ye French Ambassador¹ is coming here this evening for ye last time. He applied for his passport this morning & sets off tomorrow. There was an interesting and odd debate to day & a *good division*. I waited Dinner till between 7 & 8 o'clock & then Lord Hawkesbury came home with Lord Castlereagh & Frederick with him, & I have now hasten'd upstairs to receive Gen^l Andreossi. No wonder you will say that in ye midst of all this I should feel ill. I still hope to get to Coombe at least for a few hours, I feel I *must* be quiet & have ye fresh air blowing upon me.

"The F. Ambassador has been here. Nothing can be more proper than his whole manner, his sorrow at going is very evident. I really have a regard for him, I think him an open, sincere & unaffected Man, who never would have done (of his own accord) an offensive thing in ye country. Good night dear Sister. I am going to Bed & to take a draught Chilver has sent &

¹ Count Antoine François Andréossy (1761-1828), Ambassador to England during the short peace which followed the Treaties of Amiens and Lunéville.

which is to make me sleep well, & wake equal to my daily work.

“Saturday.

“Andréossi is still here, & Lord Whitworth still at Paris. We must bear suspense a few days longer. I believe it will enable col: W. to go to you for a week tomorrow I fear this may delay yr. coming.

“I am better in health a great deal—but my mind is in a fever.

“Heaven bless you

“Yrs. L. T. H.

“Dear Lady Camelford did not suffer much at last.”

Fragment of Letter from Lady Hawkesbury

“The integrity of the whole world seems to have center’d in this little Darling Island.

“—— Shaw is come, & Lord Whitworth *has positively left* Paris. Will ye French people allow of War, or is ye *tyrant’s Hour come*? As for us I trust and believe we are all ready to engage in what must appear to all *so inevitable*, & I have no *fears*, but one cannot but grieve to see this generous people again oblig’d to take War with all its horrors & *burthens* upon their shoulders. Tomorrow night we expect Lord Whitworth here!”

In another fragment of a letter from Lady Hawkesbury, which is undated, we find a rapturous description of the actor, Mr. H. Betty, known as the young Roscius, who was playing at Drury Lane in the years 1803 and 1804.

“Now I am as wild as you & here’s Lady Chatham as wild as either of us. No, there never was such a wonderful creature as this Boy! If you could but have seen Lord Hawkesbury last night *illuminating* ye whole theatre, & clapping his Hands till they could not move. Mr. Wallace was of our Party & was *as much pleased in his way*. Fanny, Mr. Boothby & Rob^t were ye rest of our party, as they were going out of Town I made a point of taking *them first*. They were all *comfortably*

enthusiastick. It is a bad Play, but ye part of Roderick certainly suits him & He makes it all that is interesting. Murray's Baron is also *capital* & the scenes between these two were really beyond what I thought possible. . . ."

After all, Lady Caroline's husband went to London in 1803, and writes a very graphic account of the debate on May 23. A message from George III. to Parliament in March 1803, reminding it of the necessity of being prepared, had excited the indignation of Bonaparte. As a result he publicly insulted our Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, who was recalled on May 12, 1803, and war was once more declared. In retaliation for the seizure of some Dutch and French vessels, Bonaparte ordered all English residents or travellers to be seized and detained. About ten thousand British subjects of every class and condition were put in prison.

From James Stuart Wortley

"HOUSE OF COMMONS,
"Tuesday, May 1803.

"I am provoked to the highest degree for you but more particularly for your mother, who is the greatest politician of the two, that by some mismanagement the paper will contain no report of the debates of last night. I however, My dearest angel, will give you some idea of them as well as I can and defer my answering yours of Sunday which I got this morning till tomorrow. Lord Hawkesbury began the debate & spoke for two hours at the end of which he moved an address to the King to say we would support him in the prosecution of the war by all possible means and so forth. His speech was a very good one, and had he not been quite exhausted, would have been very eloquent and fine towards the end of it, but poor fellow he was so tired as almost to have totally lost his voice. He ended it however by the quotation from I think the last speech of Shakespear's King John. 'If England to Herself prove true' and so forth. Your mother will remember

it and show it to you. Erskine then got up and spoke for more than an hour, but literally at the end of that hour no one knew, any more than they did at the beginning, what he meant to say. Then Mr. Pitt got up and delivered what even those who have heard him often say was the finest speech he ever delivered. It lasted an hour and a half and certainly did not appear like $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour. He supported the war and the sufficiency of the causes of it without however giving any pledge of his opinion in respect to the conduct of ministers which as he said would be the subject of future debates but not this. Of Course the house was all attention to him and when he sat down and after he had finished his speech the house almost unanimously cried out Hear him, Hear him three times the same thing in short as three distinct claps in a theatre. If such then was the effect of his speech on those who had heard him so often before what must it have been upon me who heard him for the first time. It is quite impossible to tell you the astonishment and pleasure it gave me or to conceive anything so magnificent so commanding as his eloquence. The words came from him as easily as if he was reading instead of speaking and every word in its right place and the best that can be chosen to convey the sense and to make the phrases harmonious. It really surpassed all that I had an idea of. After him Grey¹ spoke and, considering the effect of what had gone before wonderfully well, but as he said himself at the beginning of his speech, he fully felt how difficult it was after such eloquence to call back the feelings of the house to common speaking or to common reasoning. He however said that he did not think there was any sufficient cause of war but that as we were at war he was as ready as anybody to give his Majesty every means of support towards carrying it on. He moved an amendment at the end of his speech which however was not very materially different from the

¹ Afterwards the 2nd Earl Grey (of the Reform Bill).

original address. Upon his saying that he was sorry to find himself forced to disappoint the hope of unanimity that Mr. Pitt had expressed, almost the whole house groaned. Lord Castlereagh got up & in a sensible but not very striking speech answered Grey, and after him Wilberforce got up and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 when he had done some member moved that the house should adjourn the debate till today—which was done. I have given you, My angel as good an account as so short a one will admit of. My mother's assembly went off very well I believe, but it was all over when we had returned from the house. I expect that we shall be up this morning till 5 or 6 o'clock. However the reporters will be able to give you the report of tonight's debate. God ever bless you My dearest wife. Tomorrow you shall hear again.

“yours unalterably

“J. A. S. W.”

The following is from Hansard's report of the proceedings on May 23, 1803 :

“Public curiosity was so great that the Strangers' Gallery was filled at an early hour, by persons admitted in an unusual manner ; in consequence of which none of the gentlemen accustomed to report the Parliamentary proceedings could gain admission ; and a very imperfect sketch is all therefore that has been preserved of the very interesting discussion which took place on the first day's debate.”

In the summer of 1803 occurred in Ireland one of those storms of passion and bloodshed which have so often visited that unhappy island. Robert Emmet, the son of a physician at Cork, an enthusiast for the principles of the French Revolution, had supported the insurrectionary movement, become a member of the Secret Directory of the United Irishmen, was arrested, found guilty of treason, and executed in September.

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley to Lady Erne

“WORTLEY HALL, July 30th, 1803.

“I, too, shall write but a few lines to you my dearest mama, but really I can think of *nothing* but the horrors in Ireland. Hounsfield¹ brought it to us yesterday, saying that the news had reach'd Sheffield from Liverpool, but we could not believe it possible, that it would not have been known soon enough in London to be in yesterday's paper. But your letter, & the paper of this morning confirm but too well his news. . . . The check they have received gives little or no comfort. I think it is so much too mild & imperfect a one, that I feel as if they were only *reculé pour mieux sauter*, and such I fear will prove the case. I cannot bear to look at my babs, so far am I from thinking they will see better times, that I fancy the troubles of the world increasing. I am very superstitious if you chuse to call it so, & have for some time past felt almost persuaded that we are several hundred years nearer the end of the world than is imagined, & as the principal sign of those times is to [be] troubles all over the face of the earth, I think we cannot have a more striking resemblance to the description than at the present time, & I look forward to no more peace on earth. They are, or *pretend* to be, behaving *very* Loyally at Sheffield, they expect to raise in the town 1000 men cavalry and infantry, but at Rotherham & Barnsley they are more behind hand. *Betty*² who return'd yesterday, intends giving a most fulminating sermon to-morrow, & after church they are to have a meeting, to take down the names of those who chuse to come forward. He tells us that his curate at Luton preached so impressive & good a sermon lately, that the congregation begged he would preach it again in the evening which he did. The church was over flowing, & people of all *sects* attended, & when call'd upon afterwards to come forward, all the parish (as I understood)

¹ The doctor at Wortley.

² See p. 76.

unanimously offer'd their services. If such is the spirit all over the Island, need we fear any thing? My *superstition* is in this instance a comfort to me for I feel a sort of inward confidence that Providence will never allow that *monster* & his *crew* to vanquish or even hurt *this* country which however imperfect, is certainly the best of the nations now existing. Odious Russia!—& how mad! What does poor Warry¹ say, and how is he behaving? Adieu dearest mama. I will go to my husband who is laying out the poultry yard, & turn my thoughts from publick affairs to private if I can.

“Yrs. ever

“C. S. W.”

Country neighbours were rather a formidable element in Lady Caroline's life. On July 31 she writes: “I heard today that the Effinghams have been come a week! So now I must prepare. The Stanhopes also are arrived, but I mean to be stout as to the length of my visits.” The extreme happiness of her married life no doubt made all interruptions irksome. In the same letter, commenting on the engagements of Miss Legge and Lady A. Stanhope, she says: “I never hear of any marriage without comparing the woman's lot with my own. And I know of none which altogether I think equal to it. Most grateful do I feel for the happiness I enjoy.”

“WORTLEY HALL, *August 3rd.*

“. . . What do you say to Sir Francis Burdett's² speech at the Crown & Anchor? I hope you have seen to days Courier & the paragraph concerning it. How can any man be so wicked & so absurd. There was a report in Sheffield yesterday that a regiment of Militia in Ireland had joined the rebels; but as neither you nor the Courier say any such thing I trust it is untrue. I had a letter to day from the little D^{sse} of Leeds, to

¹ Count Isimen Woronzow (1744–1832). For twenty years Minister in London. After retirement lived in London, and died there.

² Sir Francis Burdett, 5th Bart. Married, 1793, Sophia Coutts. Strongly advocated parliamentary reform, and denounced the war with France.

enquire after me & mine; & she tells me that she & her family are particularly shock'd by the horrid murder of Lord Kilwarden, for that they had been used to live upon terms of great intimacy with him; & that she is trembling for her numerous relations in Ireland. My poor *dog* is gone to Barnsley to day—indeed his business multiplies so fast that he is never at home. To-morrow he goes to Leeds, Friday to a great dinner at Sheffield, (at which he is to be *President* & means to give many *Loyal* toasts) & saturday somewhere else. *Next* week also I believe he is engaged for every day—in short he is tossed about as Betty says, like a *foot ball*. He is one of those people, who from a strong sense of duty, & extreme goodnature is imposed upon, & made to do *every* thing that his neighbours *ought* to do, also, & *wont*. It quite provokes me; & I think it often worries & fatigues him. . . .”

On July 3, 1803, the Earl-Bishop had died at Albano, in Italy. The man who had built himself three splendid palaces, and who had so greatly loved all the good things of this world, died in a stable. The Roman Catholic inn-keeper would not allow a heretic Bishop to die in his house. For some years before Lady Bristol's death the couple had not lived together, and from many allusions in letters to and from Lady Erne, it is evident that his children had been outraged by his conduct. Nevertheless, we are sorry to hear no more of one who took life so gallantly and relished it so much. From the letter that follows we see that his granddaughter had little or no affection for him.

“WORTLEY HALL, *August 6th*.

“I have seen Mrs. Kelly dearest mama, & she says you have *no* bombazeen gown, she says you finish'd your *best here* last year. All your mourning things are together, but she thinks there is a black silk handkerchief & a crape veil in a small drawer of the Wardrobe, with other small things which she says you must have in constant use. Perhaps they lay at the bottom, & that you have

overlook'd them. I intended wearing the *short* mourning, as I wished to make *some* distinction between *this* & the *last*,¹ but if you or my Uncle wish it, I will certainly morn the same time. . . .

“ Cardinal Erskine's behaviour appears to have been both sensible & goodnatured, but what distresses me is the idea that *no* person of any confidence was probably with my poor G.father, & to whom he would have said anything if he wish'd it, supposing him to have been aware of his danger before he became insensible. What will be done about his affairs in Italy? and who is to have the charge of them? I suppose poor Fred² will be obliged to [go] over to Ireland before long. I feel very anxious to know every particular concerning his present & his future plans. But I suppose he hardly knows yet, himself. . . .”

About this time Lady Caroline's letters are full of allusions to her coming confinement, due in November 1803. She had been greatly affected by the loss of her young cousin, Mrs. Charles Rose Ellis, the daughter of her uncle, Lord Hervey, the sailor, who himself had died young. The two cousins, Elizabeth Hervey and Caroline Creighton, spent much of their childhood together, and Caroline felt her loss much as she would a very dear sister's. Several of her letters show the conflict in her mind between the longing to show sympathy and affection and the extreme dread she feels of her own emotion on seeing the bereaved husband.

“ WORTLEY HALL, *Aug. 13th.*

“ . . . With respect to my seeing Charles, I think I feel more afraid of having the meeting hanging over me, than of getting it over now. Indeed I should not hesitate, but that I am so little used to misfortune, that I do not feel sure how such a circumstance might affect me, tho' in the present case I think I have *no* doubt of getting very well thro' it, if *he* can pretty well command

¹ The last mourning had been for her grandmother, Lady Bristol.

² Now Lord Bristol.



FREDERICK, FOURTH EARL OF BRISTOL (BISHOP OF DERRY)
From a picture at Ickworth. The property of the Marquess of Bristol.

himself. I think therefore I shall wait till I hear from you that you have seen him, & what state of mind & health he is in. I do not like the idea of seeing him so near the time of my confinement, as my spirits will be naturally lower then & that I should besides have it to look forward to so long. . . .”

The rest of the letter is concerned with a description of the first day's grouse shooting on the moors as seen by her under her special circumstances at the moment.

“I sent the paper and letters to the Moors yesterday morning as I was desired & received in return a note from Betty saying that *his honour* had been out by $\frac{1}{2}$ *past four*, & at nine, brought home three brace of birds.

“Mrs. Corbett came down here yesterday after dinner, & we went together over to ‘*old Nae*’ who told us that from the top of the field (where the gate is, going to the Rotherham road) we might see to the right *their tents* on the farthest moors. This was delightful intelligence, & we sent home for the spying glass & my folding stool, & set off. We could not find them with the naked eye, as the sun was getting behind them, & only served to light up a sort of mist which hung over the hills. But after much difficulty, having placed the glass as steady as I could on the wall, I discover'd the little encampment half way up the *farthest* mountain. We spied and spied till our eyes were almost out. It was *too* funny, but the distance was so great, & the atmosphere so hazy we could not distinguish any thing but the doors of the tents, & a person now & then come out & go in again. They have three tents pitched thus, on the wide moors, not a tree or a hut near them, it look'd quite curious & like a primitive village. I have invited Mrs. Corbett to come down by eleven o'clock this morning that we may go & have another look at them, for the morning sun will strike directly upon them and shew them to us as plain as possible, & we want of all things to be able to see something that is going on there, that we may be able

to astonish them by being acquainted with their operations. We expect them home to night. . . .

“Y^r ever dutiful & most affec^e

“C. S. W.”

In a letter of August 25, 1803, Lady Caroline refers again to the subject of seeing Mr. Rose Ellis and his mother-in-law, Lady Hervey.

“ . . . All the details you give me concerning our poor friends, however melancholy are very very interesting & gratifying. . . . I am almost determin’d to ask them to come as soon as they like. But still I will wait a little longer & hear more. I think too, that if they command themselves so well in seeing you all at *Claremont*,¹ they will after quite the *first* moments, be still more composed here, where every thing is new to them, & where so many subjects of conversation will present themselves, entirely foreign to the one which it will be all our interests to avoid as much as possible. The dear children too, & *my* children will make a constant diversion for our thoughts, & I am inexpressibly anxious to see them. Pray is little Charles² to be call’d Howard now? I rather hope *not*. I don’t like any more than *him* to change the one I am used to call him by, and I think people very seldom do it, when a child is not born with a title. . . .”

In the same two letters she speaks also of the enrolling of Volunteers mentioned already in a former letter, partly as the result of Emmet’s insurrection in Ireland, and partly of the renewal of war with France.

“August 25th.

“ . . . The business of the Volunteers goes on very unpleasantly, owing to the many changes which have been made since the first orders came out. Every body seems puzzled how to proceed, and all agree in accusing

¹ At that time the property of Charles Rose Ellis.

² Little Charles had inherited the Barony of Howard de Walden from the “Earl-Bishop.”

Lord Hobart,¹ whom they say does not understand his business. In short I will say more next time & if possible persuade 'that disgust' to assist me in explaining the principal causes of discontent. . . ."

"August 27th.

" . . . In my last letter you know I said I meant when next I wrote *to lay before you* the grievances & complaints of the neighbourhood, but I am so very stupid about such things, & have so little chance of any help from that vile dog, that I cannot attempt it. All I know is that the alterations that have been made since the beginning of the Volunteer business, has created great confusion & awkwardness to the country gentlemen, & still greater confusion & discontent amongst the common people. After the activity requir'd by government to get people to inrol, & which has succeeded so well by the spirit & exertions of the gentlemen, hundreds, I might I believe say thousands in the country are now told that they are not wanted, & cannot be *accepted*. You cannot think how it *damps* their ardour, & how reluctant the gentlemen are to go & *unsay* all they have been exhorting them to for so long. I cannot explain the matter better but you will readily understand that something has been done *wrong* or rather that it is done too late. I wish'd very much that Zac should have written it clearly to Lord Hawkesbury—as perhaps proper information in little particulars, & a change in the *manner* of proceeding, might be of great advantage. . . ."

On September 1 we hear once more of the Volunteers, and their mismanagement by the Government.

"WORTLEY HALL.

" . . . I shall tell him [her husband] what Lord Hawkesbury says about the Volunteers, & trust the letter which he promises to come out soon, *will* satisfy

¹ Lord Hobart (1760–1816). Robert, eldest son of 3rd Earl of Buckinghamshire. Secretary for War and the Colonies, 1801–4. Succeeded to the earldom, 1804.

people a little & make things clear. I cannot help thinking that a little management, & considerations of people's feelings, was all that was required. As it is, they feel their ardour damp'd, & their loyal feelings & exertions disregarded. It is as if I said to John when he brings me in some flowers as a treat, 'you may take them back again, I don't want them, I have got more than enough already'—at least *that* is exactly the way *they* feel it, & one knows so well how unpleasant a feeling it is. To carry on my *expressive simile*; you can easily imagine that the poor gentlemen feel as awkward & unwilling to be the bearer of such a refusal to those who they had so eagerly encouraged to Volunteer, as *Gi*¹ would be at having to repeat mine to John; after having too, assisted in gathering the flowers. . . ."

In the same letter she finally decides to give up all idea of seeing Charles Rose Ellis for the present. She says that she has received a letter from her Aunt Elizabeth immediately after her visit to Claremount "giving a most dismal account indeed. It would", she continues, "be much better for those poor souls if they would resolve not to indulge in talking over that sad subject. It is unfortunate that it is a taste of both of them to sit up late at night."

Later on in the letter she writes :

" . . . What is this cabinet council ? and what is all this stir in France ? and what mean all these reports ? You make no remarks upon any thing, & you might as well be living in a *desert* as in a Minister's house. *I* believe you know less than any body just now, *because* there *is* something in the wind, which makes Hawkes impenetrable. Upon the subjects in which Ministers are well inform'd, of course they will not give their opinions, or talk indifferently. You say nothing lately about Russia—perhaps that is one of the subjects which to Ministers is made clear, tho' so mysterious & puzzling to the rest of the world, & therefore one which *you* hear very little commented upon."

¹ See List of Nicknames, p. xxix.

After telling us that she expects "the Dog whom I literally hardly ever see" to return from shooting in time to eat a dinner-supper with her at 8 o'clock, she says :

"It being two o'clock I am going to devour a roast pigeon, that I may not faint before eight o'clock. After my little meal I shall finish my letter. I think at last I am pretty well broke into being alone & really am grown not to mind it, except that I see so little of the *vile Dog*.

"3 o'clock—now to proceed & conclude. I enclose you two of the patterns Miss Byng chose for me. I *think* I like the lightest of the two best. There is something rich & handsome in the brown & black mixture which I think beats the Olive & black. If you think it looks pretty in the piece, pray decide for it. If you could send it soon, I should still have time to make it up for Doncaster. And of course over bombazeen, & with black crape & black gloves, there can be no impropriety in wearing one's color'd pelisse, as one cannot be expected to make up such ruinous articles for every mourning. . . .

"I am glad to find I am still in favour at Court, as I mean to present myself there next spring if we go to town. I daresay the Queen attributes *all* my children to the effects of *her plaister*. . . ."

She was (it will be remembered) expecting another baby in November.

The hours of meals, as shown in these letters, seem to our present ideas both erratic and inconvenient. In July 1799 Lady Caroline tells us that breakfast was at ten, dinner at three, tea and bread and butter between seven and eight, and supper at ten. In 1800, writing from Egham, she tells us that they dine at five; while at Wortley, in 1801, they breakfast at nine and dine at four. In September 1803 once more all is changed.

". . . The *Vile dog* is gone again early this morning to Carleton, & I dont expect him home till eight o'clock this evening, so this time I have settled to dine alone at two, (upon a neck of *Venison* & a roast *Partridge*) &

eat a light supper with him when he comes home. We now seldom dine before six o'clock, so that I make a comfortable meal at the servant's dinner. Our weather is very fine, but quite Autumnal, & we have now fires in all the rooms, with the windows open. . . ."

Probably this was due to some passing irregularity, for once more, on September 8, she tells us she goes for her drive in the barouche with the babes, and comes in to dinner at five. The impression left on us is that meals were more elastic as regards time, and that the intervals between them were often very long.

September 24 is the date of the last letter preserved to us in 1803. Doncaster Races were then, as now, a very important feature of Yorkshire life, and though going to them must have been a considerable effort for the young wife, so near the birth of her child, it is evident that she cannot make up her mind to let her husband go without her.

" . . . I am now writing to you in my bedgown, Zac & I are going to gobble up our breakfast here in my dressing room, & endeavour to be off by half past nine. Of course I cannot write much. We are taken from home a day earlier than the races would have obliged us, because he has military business at Doncaster to day. . . . I confess I am rather distorted¹ at the thoughts of the gaieties I am going to dash into, now the time is so near, yet I dare say after the first day I shall be very well amused, & dont feel afraid of being at all the worse for it.

" Here is breakfast, so Adieu dearest mama. It is a *cruel* monkey² leaving the children, & the old twaddling Papa has been labouring to persuade me that it would be very easy to take *John* with us, & for Root to take care of him. Of course I quiz him plentifully. . . ."

In the *Annual Register* of October 22, 1803, we find an announcement of the birth of a daughter to Lady Caroline. The child, who was called after her mother, only lived till February 1806.

¹ See Glossary, p. xxix.

² See Glossary, p. xxix.

CHAPTER VI

(1804–1806)

Return of George III.'s illness—Concern of Lady Hawkesbury—James Stuart Wortley goes to Belmont, Perthshire—King's health improves—Reconciliation of Addington and Pitt—The Hawkesburys at Coombe Wood—The death of Nelson—Nelson's funeral—Pitt's last illness and death—Death of little Caroline Stuart Wortley—Domestic life at Wortley—"A terrible fright"—Death of Fox—Doncaster Races—The Royal brothers—Kiveton—The Princes' visit—Journey to Cornwall—The Bristol Election—James Stuart Wortley re-elected—Lady Hawkesbury winters at Coombe Wood—The Opera subscription.

IN February 1804 the King's mind once more gave way. Lady Hawkesbury, whose extreme veneration for George III. is, at this distance of time, a little difficult to understand, is almost beside herself. The letters of this time are mostly written in so incoherent a fashion, and are so full of abbreviations, dashes, initial letters and capitals used in and out of season, that it was thought better to give them in a manner more convenient to the modern reader. It may, however, be of interest, as examples of the manners and customs of the time, to give two letters of Lady Hawkesbury's as nearly as possible in the form in which she wrote them :

"APSLEY HOUSE, *Feby* 15, 1804.

"I have no longer a right to laugh at y^r Cowardice—I am at this moment as trembling and terrified a creature as ever you was.— Our d^r King is ill, & when that is y^e case my courage always fails me— He is our sheet anchor, & without him how could we weather ye storms w^{ch} belong to these awful times?— I could not write to you yesterd^y I was too miserable— I was

oblig'd to go to ye Opera in ye evening & never do I remember suffering more—y^e total inability to be amus'd—y^e distress occasion'd by questioners—in short it was three hours of real pain—& now am I easier?—a very little— I have one circumstance of comfort—y^e only advice I trust in—is at last call'd in— I can write no more— I wish you was here— I was not in Bed till 2 this morn^g— L^d H. not till 3.— something more I will add bye & bye— I do hope it will be words of comfort.

“ 5 o'clock

“all I can say is that the King is not worse & that He had some sleep last night w^{ch} is a great point—y^e person I aluded to, has not yet been w^t him— I have not time for more— Poor L^y Warren has burnt herself so shockingly that her life is despair'd of L^y Liverpool set off for Brighton at 4 o'clock yester^y morn^g where L^y W. is— think of our having all y^e Bruces Barnards & Holfords in y^e World to dinner to day !—quel contretemps ! . . .”

Lady Hawkesbury to Lady Erne

“ APSLEY HOUSE, Feb^y 16. 1804.

“one line & one only my d^{rst} Sister— I am less wretched than I was yester^y—our d^r King is something better tho' his fever is still high— I have just been to S^t James's to enquire— they found y^e Bustle before y^e Queen's house¹ was better avoided I dare say 'tis wise but as it reminds one of y^e first great illness, it makes one's heart sick— L^d Somerville was in Waiting— I quite love him for his anxiety— but indeed I hope & trust our attachment to this belov'd sovereign will shortly be of a less painful nature—

“poor L^d H. was out again late last Night & early this morn^g—but his cold is better—God preserve him !

¹ Buckingham Palace was always spoken of at that time as “ the Queen's House ”.



ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF BRISTOL, AND LADY LOUISA HERVEY
(AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF LIVERPOOL)

The property of the Marquess of Bristol.

we want such as Him! L^d St. Helen's was here twice yester^y all his apathy has forsaken him on this occasion—

“God bless you— I am more comfortable than I was I assure you tho' I must not enter into particulars— L^y Melville was here last night— she is better

“y^{rs} ever affect^y

“L. T. H.”

There are very few letters from Lady Caroline in 1804, and such as there are are not of special interest. In the end of August, James Stuart Wortley accompanied his father to Belmont Castle, Perthshire, his father's home in Scotland. He writes first from Newcastle. After telling his wife that everything is prospering with him and his father on their journey, he says :

“I want nothing but you and *sweet Babs* to make everything delightful to me. But I find it more and more uncomfortable to me every day to leave you all. . . . My farming faculties have been all awakened by the country I have come through, which from Borough-bridge to Durham is the finest for that purpose I almost ever saw and scarce any farm house that is not good enough for a gentleman to live. . . . Durham Cathedral is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. . . . God bless you, Dearest dear Love, kiss the babes for me with all your might and strength, and give my kindest love to your mother. . . .”

The next letter is from Edinburgh :

“We got here, my ever dearest wife, last night about eight o'clock having travelled from Morpeth near a hundred miles in little more than 12 hours. The country on the banks of the Tweed, which you *must* know divides Scotland from England, is some of the finest I have ever seen since I left Wortley and is in the highest possible state of cultivation, but in about ten miles afterwards you come upon barren heath and continue to go over it till you get within fifteen miles of Edinburgh, not many houses and scarce a tree to be seen in it. The first view

of Edinburgh, the firth of Forth, &c. &c. is very fine certainly and the country for the last fifteen miles pretty enough. Nothing however struck me so much as the dirtiness of the people and their cottages, indeed everything puts me in mind of Ireland except indeed that the cottages here have chimneys whereas in Ireland the windows and doors serve the same purpose. The two post boys that drove us the last stage were so like those that one sees in Ireland in their dress and even in their way of doing things that I thought I should have died of laughing. Neither of them had any boots on, and both of them were as dirty as need to be. But of all that class of people the old women are the most disgusting, there is a something more dirty and more ugly about them than ever I saw anywhere. However, I have not seen enough of them to judge fairly, perhaps when I see more of them I shall not think so much of their filth. This town as far [as] I could judge of it last night in coming through it, is a very fine one, and indeed the square into which this hotel looks, St. Andrew's Square, is good enough, but I shall put off my account of Edinburgh till I have seen it more. I forgot to tell you that after I wrote to you from Newcastle we went to see the collierys belonging to my brothers and sisters, or rather one of them that they were opening. The steam engine and works are the finest that are to be seen about Newcastle and are certainly magnificent. I shall give you a very good idea of the Magnitude of the undertaking when I tell you that the pit they are sinking when finished will be more than 800 feet deep, which is 270 feet more than the perpendicular height of Wharncliffe, that the work was begun in 1801 and is only now half down, and that it has already cost 23000£ and will certainly cost from 7 to 10 thousand more. Is it not a great undertaking? If it had been finished I should certainly have gone down it. So much for my travels of which I think I have given you an account that, unless I knew your taste for reading voyages and

travels, I should be afraid would bore you. I am now writing before my father and Corbett get up, and intend to take the whole of the day to seeing what is to be seen here. . . . Indeed my dearest dear Angel, though my body may be at Edinburgh my soul is always at Wortley where all my happiness and all my joys centre, and I think I must be but a poor creature as a companion to Mr. Pops who sits and drinks after dinner at an inn exactly as he would do at his own house. Luckily Corbett is with us who sits with him when I go to bed. The first night at Ferrybridge they sat till half past 12 and he took to his old way of finishing the white wine when he had drunk all the port. What a man it is, and what a way of *existing* his is ! God bless you, My most beloved wife, give my darling children each a kiss for me, and a hearty one. By the bye I must not forget to tell you *but quite between ourselves* that I now never see a child in arms without being tempted to go and kiss it as a sort of type of pretty dear *Miss Wortley*. . . .”

From Belmont Castle Colonel Wortley writes that he is just off for a shooting expedition into the Highlands. He goes on to say, “ I kiss you tenderly for all the details of my farming concerns, which make me long more and more to be back. If you count the days of my absence, be sure I don’t do so less. But why don’t you say something of the poor dear babs ? ” It is sad to think that this girl baby to whom her father was so passionately attached was only destined to live till she was two and a half years old.

On his return journey Mr. Wortley writes again from Newcastle.

“ . . . I dined and slept last night at Lord Strathmore’s at a place called Gibside, about 8 miles from hence. The road to it is horrible but the place is very beautiful and the house a very fine old one with gothic bow to it like Levens. In the drawing room there is a chimney, the sides of which are supported like that at Levens by Sampson with his jaw bone and Hercules, so

that I suppose that was the favourite chimney piece of that day, and I must say that if they wanted supporters they could not have two better than these gentlemen. They are not of oak carved but done in Plaister, and above are the arms of the family coloured as they are in the hall at Levens. Lord Strathmore¹ gave us a most capital dinner, and we sat very late after it. . . .”

Meanwhile the King's health gradually recovered. Addington, who had succeeded Pitt, was completely under the King's sway. He had been for three years Prime Minister, practically on sufferance, for Pitt was not only the idol of the country, he was by far the strongest influence in the House of Commons. Already in the spring of 1803 the situation had become extremely difficult. In April Addington himself advised the Sovereign to commission Eldon to see Pitt with the view of forming a new Government. Pitt included Lord Hawkesbury² in his new Administration, but not Addington. Late, however, in 1804 he resolved, in the words of Lord Rosebery, “to gratify the King and increase his parliamentary support by the admission of Addington. Their mutual feelings were softened, and they returned to their usual intimacy.” It is doubtless this reconciliation which Lady Hawkesbury describes in the following letter of December 24, 1804;

“COOMBE WOOD.

“I have real & great pleasure in telling you that Mr. Pitt & Mr. Addington met here yesterday, that ye meeting went off most satisfactorily, & that there is every reason to hope that they will once again be cordial Friends in Public & in private Matters. It is with pride & heartfelt satisfaction that I feel that Lord Hawkesbury has brought this about. You are at liberty to mention this reconciliation. . . .

“God bless you. I have not another minute. Mr. Pitt & Lord Castlereagh who slept here are just gone. Mr. Addington came again this morning & I was quite *Gub-bly*³ pleas'd at seeing ye perfect ease & comfort of

¹ See p. 156.

³ See Glossary, p. xxix.

² See p. 32.

him & Mr. Pitt. The dear King is most pleas'd with this Peace & with the peace-maker. . . ."

1805 opens with a letter from Lady Hawkesbury to her sister in which she says :

"The dear King wrote Lord Hawkesbury word that though he was always glad to see him, yet he would not have him come to Windsor in this cold weather, especially as he should see him in Town on Wednesday. The accounts of his health & comfort on the reunion are most pleasing."

On March 19 we have a typical letter from Lady Caroline to her mother. It gives so vivid a picture of the life at Wortley that it seems worth while quoting it at full length.

"After all my dearest mama you will come off with a poor scrap to day, for I could not hold my pen last night, although I had actually moved out of the yellow chair, open'd the blotting book, & folded my paper—but after all this preparation I fell fast asleep with my face upon the book, (his honour in the same state opposite to me in the green chair), & was awoke by the entrance of my Cocoa. I was then unfit for anything but going to bed, & therefore hurried thro' my supper & went upstairs. *Now* I am writing whilst the tea is drawing & waiting for the *Doge* whom I expect in every moment, as he is going to Sheffield at ten o'clock, so you see I have not much time. But when he is gone I shall sit down again, & open your two last letters to answer them comfortably & so prepare a letter for to-morrow. It is glorious weather for the season, & if the lambs would come *now* it would be perfection for them. The nights however are very cold, but he says that dont hurt them when there is no wet with it. We set a fourth hen two days ago, & to-morrow or thursday I expect a nice brood of chickens—there will be an event !

"I have made a grand reform in the morning nursery hours, & only hope they will keep to it. What do you

think of my having found them just as I was going out, when the eight o'clock bell rang, taking *off* their things, being just come in, & with *six rosy cheeks*, going to breakfast. They are now out again.

"Adieu dearest mama till to-morrow. Let me know what hours the Ickworth children keep.

"Yrs. ever affect^{ly} & dutifully

"C. S. W."

Two letters follow from Lady Hawkesbury, undated, but evidently written in the spring of 1805 :

"COOMBE WOOD.

". . . You will I am sure be Glad to know that we succeeded in getting here & that we feel refreshed by it in spite of a spiteful East wind. We got here before two, took a walk & made our observations, gather'd Violets, & let *cesar* loose & then din'd at three—after which we took another walk, saw Smith, gave some orders & came in to Tea. Lord H. & I agreeing that for this *short life* a Villa certainly was ye best calculation as giving ye most frequent pleasure."

The second letter throws further sidelights on the life of a Minister's wife at that time.

Lady Hawkesbury to Lady Erne

"I sent you a miserable scrap this morning dearest Sister but it was my utmost I assure you. From ye moment I return'd to Town I had people to see & things to do & am so very tir'd to night that I could cry. This is a sad way of going on & where's ye remedy? To-morrow I go to Court & dine at ye Wickhams & shall be tir'd again I suppose. Yet at Coombe this morning I trotted about my Garden & poultry yard with a sort of strength I had not felt for long. But my nerves are still weak, & ye overstretch, ye *daily* overstretch of ye life I lead *Here*, is ruin to me.

"Yesterday Lord H. & I both pin'd for ye country. 'Have we no chance of Coombe Wood,' I said at Break-

fast & got a shake of ye head in answer. ‘Must you go to ye House of Commons?’ Yes. ‘And shall you be *kept*?’ No. ‘Then after all why not have ye carriage at ye door at 7 or 8 & drive quietly down, & at least have an uninterrupted evening, a night in good air, & a walk, & ye drive to Town next morning.’ Ye proposal was much liked. At 5 he sent me word that no difficulty had occurred. I sent off Mary in ye Phaeton to order fires. At six he came Home. We din’d & got into ye chaise between 7 & 8 (with some cold meat for supper *bodkin*), & by nine we were out of ye *clatter* of this Town, & with a feel of comfort not to be express’d, & this morning we had above an Hour’s walk & potter in ye midst of workmen, pigs & Turkeys. One front of ye House is clean’d, & looks nice & yellow. But ye dirt & confusion of ye job is intolerable. . . .

“Think of Bonaparte having been nearly kill’d with a fall from his phaeton only think!!! He was roughly thrown out & so much hurt as to spit blood, so it may be his death at last.

“Addio. I must be quite quiet till dinner time. I am in better spirits on *all* subjects, & of course feel better in health.”

In a letter from Ickworth on April 15, Lady Caroline says :

“ . . . I went up last night with Lady Bristol whilst her children were going to bed ; & was much pleased with the whole scene—the health of them all, & the good humour that reign’d, & lastly, the seeing little Georgiana, & then Hervey, kneel down before their mother in their little night shifts to say their prayers. It was quite a pretty picture. . . . Their tempers & behaviour to each other is very amiable & they seem really fond of each other & not such little tigers as my boys. Mine are all delighted at playing with so many children, & have got over their shyness. . . .”

On July 3, 1805, Lady Caroline’s third son, James

Archibald,¹ was born at his uncle Lord Bristol's house in St. James's Square.

On August 25, 1805, George III.'s brother, the Duke of Gloucester, had died.

"The dear King," Lady Hawkesbury writes, "went an airing yesterday for ye first time since ye poor Duke of Gloucester's ² death & all Weymouth rejoiced to see him out again. We look however very dismal with such numbers all in black."

She goes on to revel in the piety of the Duke's end:

"He has left the Duchess sole Executrix & just before he died He called Her to his Bedside & thank's her for her care of him & asked her forgiveness for any pain he had given her. In short his Death has been exemplary & has shewn him in the most amiable light. . . . There is *no* saying what the importance of such a Death may be & how many may be the better for it."

"Poor Lord Jersey's ³ death," she adds, "though there are no edifying details, may also have its use, for I hear it has shock'd his Wife excessively, & it *may* make her reflect poor creature while she has time."

Not content with these two aristocratic deaths, Lady Hawkesbury also describes the funeral of an artillery man:

"We yesterday Visited the Camp or rather George Jenkinson. While we were in his tent the funeral of a young Artillery man pass'd by who had been kill'd on

¹ James Stuart Wortley, third son of Lord Wharncliffe. Was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, January 21, 1831. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Became Attorney-General, Recorder of London, and Solicitor-General, and would probably have risen higher still in his profession had not an accident caused him to be paralysed for the rest of his life. He was the father of the two collaborators in this book.

² William Henry, 1st Duke of Gloucester (1743-1805), brother of King George III. He married Maria, widow of James, 2nd Earl Waldegrave, 1766.

³ George Bussy, 4th Earl of Jersey (1735-1805). Sometime Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Buckhounds. His wife was Frances Twysden, daughter of the Bishop of Raphoe.

ye spot ye day before by the kick of a Viscious Horse. Ye dead March, ye Helmet on ye coffin, ye slow attendance of the Men, ye whole in short added to ye awful suddenness of the event was truly affecting."

The letter ends with a personal touch which will appeal to many of us :

"I rather hope we shall go tomorrow. I have not been comfortable since we have been here owing to ye want of *shutters* which makes me wake at five o'clock in ye morning with an unfinish'd sleep which of course brings on headache & a heated feel, & no slight longing for the Blue room at Coombe Wood. . . ."

On November 6 Lady Caroline tells Lady Erne, who is at Wortley, the news of Trafalgar.

"Let me," she says, "congratulate and condole with you upon to days great news. I hardly hope to give you the first information, as I suppose Hounsfield¹ will have *found an opportunity* of sending it to you a day sooner, but in case you should be in ignorance, I will tell you that Lord Nelson with 27 sail of the line was attacked by the combined fleets out of Cadiz, consisting of 33, which he completely defeated, took 19, & the Santissima Trinidad of 140 guns *sunk*—but! . . . your Gallant Admiral is kill'd. It really damps the delight occasioned by the victory, which is the greatest ever known, but only think of his exposing himself in his full uniform & all his orders on as if determin'd to be shot! There is a report to day besides, which I hear Ministers believe, that the King of Prussia has taken possession of Hanover in the name of the King of England. If *this* is *as* true, it will be great news. . . ."

In the same letter Lady Caroline relates an excursion to the play in a dense fog:

"Our excursion to the play last night was like *insanity*. What do you think of going in a fog so thick

¹ See p. 91.

that the Doge was obliged to walk along the flags, together with the footman and the groom with flambeau's before the horses, who followed at a snails gallop, & even with all this assistance we were frequently obliged to stop to find out where we were. It was tremendous ! Yet we arrived safe & the fog was gone by nine o'clock. But if we had not had the stage box, we could not have distinguished the faces on the stage. Think of So's¹ & my fun, in seeing *Lady Macbeth*² sorely put to it to keep her countenance we were *so* near her, & stared at her so unmercifully ! . . . It has been *true London* November weather, *thick* dark yellow fogs, when at Putney it was as clear as at Wortley ! ”

“ GROSVENOR SQUARE, Nov. 8, 1805.

“ . . . I hope you was pleased with Collingwood's letter & order for general thanksgiving ? The illuminations were very pretty, but they gave one a sensation of melancholly rather than joy, for really the general & *predominant* feeling is that of grief for the fallen conqueror. There is no news in town to day. By the by how happy poor dear Lady Lou will be, with Mr. Harvey's³ distinguished conduct in this affair—you see he engaged & defeated two ships at once.”

Lady Hawkesbury, too, comments on the great event :

“ COOMBE WOOD.

“ I am quite in a hurry to tell you of Mr. Harvey's brilliant conduct. He fought like a Lion, engag'd two 74's & took them both. Think of Lady Lou's joy & of her crimson cheeks & how her shoulders will work ! I am quite glad for her. The Gazette is just come, & we all here devouring ye details, the state we are in is not to be described, the heartrending mixture of joy & grief is quite over coming. Mr. Pitt, Lord Mulgrave & Mr.

¹ Sophia Upton, daughter of Lord Templetown, and sister of Lady Caroline's aunt by marriage, Lady Bristol.

² Almost certainly Mrs. Siddons.

³ Admiral (afterwards Sir) Eliab Harvey. (See p. 23.)

Sturges din'd here. Mr. Pitt is *Gub*¹ to your heart's content. What a Victory it is! Yet how awefully are ones feelings of exultation suppress'd by the Death of Nelson & the extraordinary storm of ye 22^d! I think it is impossible to read Collingwood's letters without tears, & a sensation of Horror, yet when read & thought over, joy and gratitude to Heaven are triumphant. Collingwood's pious thankfulness is very striking & Mr. Pitt spoke of it in a manner that gave me real pleasure. We are to have a Public thanksgiving day. Collingwood has behav'd I hear in a manner truly worthy of the Friend He laments & whom he now succeeds. He is to be a Peer. Nelson's Brother will be an Earl. But alas *He* is not worthy, perhaps *his* son will be—at least he is *Horatio*."

On January 9, 1806, Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's. It was an occasion that would have wrung emotion from the hardest heart. Lady Hawkesbury, revelling in emotion for its own sake, could hardly contain herself.

"ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

"After all I have seen everything except ye ceremony in St. Paul's. I yesterday went to Mrs. Cornwall's & from her window saw not only ye procession by water & the landing, but by going to ye other side of ye House I saw the land procession as far as White Hall Gate. The whole was strikingly fine & the effect much encreased by the extraordinary Hail storm which came on at ye very instant of the Body being Landed & lasted little more than ten minutes. I can not at all describe to you ye impression it made & the awful appearance which was produced from ye sudden change from Bright Sun to lowering clouds—& the peculiar troubled look of the air and the water. It was such as I never saw before.

"About five o'clock I went to ye Admiralty to see ye coffin. I had taken a strange Fancy to do so & ask'd

¹ See Glossary, p. xxix.

Sir Evan Nepean to indulge me. I at last persuaded Lord Hawkesbury & my Brother [Lord Bristol] to go with me & they thank'd me for it afterwards. Here again words fail me. But you can easily imagine our feelings as we look'd at that *little* coffin & thought of what it contain'd. The dead silence too of the room—hung with Black—the funeral Torches—the melancholy chaplain in his mourning cloak at ye head of the bier—altogether spoke more *directly* to the heart than all the pageantry of the morning. And now before I tell you of what I have just now seen I must add a few words on ye subject of the Chaplain. Lord Nelson died in his Arms, & Mr. Scott ¹ has never left his remains for a moment. Even at Greenwich he slept in the room where the Body lay in state, & last night was resolv'd to sleep in ye same room tho' ye heat was so excessive that we could scarce stay a quarter of an Hour. It most singularly happen'd that Lord Hawkesbury found him to be an old school fellow of his & Frederick found they had been at Cambridge together. And now one word of to Day's sight & only one for I am *almost Dead* having got up by *Candle light* & having been staring for above *six hours*. I was at Mrs. Fordyce's which just faces ye Admiralty so that I saw all. The military part was very fine. The procession of carriages not good because many were shabby ones; but the *Funeral Car* & the mourning coaches with Banners &c. &c. was as fine as possible. The Papers will of course give details better than I can do, so I will only say that ye moving off of the Car with ye Coffin amidst the immense concourse of *Mob* & military was very grand & very Gub. The Dear 48 Victory men & ye 48 pensioners were also Gub to a degree.

“ Lord H. & Fred are still I fear at St. Paul's tho'

¹ Rev. Alexander John Scott (1768–1840). Chaplain to the *Victory*, October 1805, at the time of Nelson's death. Father of Margaret Scott (Mrs. Alfred Gatty, author of *Parables from Nature*, etc.) Presented to living of Catterick by Lord Liverpool, 1816.

'tis near four. God bless you. Lord H. made two bow street officers take care of me this morning. Excellent Beaus were they not? Addio."

A more deadly blow even than the death of Nelson was to fall on England in January 1806. Pitt returned from Bath sick unto death, with the Austerlitz look on his face. So weak was he that it took him three days to travel to the Bowling Green House at Putney where he was to die. He arrived there on January 12. In Lady Hawkesbury's letters we seem to hear echoes of the deep grief and consternation which swept over the country.

"It is too true that Mr. Pitt is far from well. He is leaving Bath & we partly expect him at Coombe Wood we have offer'd him to be there both with & without us. He is too weak for the bustle of Downing street & He thinks his Putney House damp & cold. He is better than he was a few days ago. God grant this better may soon be much better.

"I mean to visit Charles & James [Lady C. S. W.'s two boys] before I leave Town tomorrow."

On January 13 she writes to Lady Erne from Coombe Wood:

"... Lord Hawkesbury has seen our poor sick neighbour Mr. Pitt, & tho' he found him sadly weak & thin & certainly in a state to make one very anxious yet still the account Lord Hawkesbury gives me, & what He heard of the result of the *consultation*, gives me comfort, & I feel less *alarm'd* than I was. Dr. Reynolds & Doct: Baillie were call'd in, & their opinion is that He is only weaken'd by too much Gout. a month's absence & tolerable quiet may do much. In the mean time it will be a gloomy meeting of Parliament—the Dear King too blind to open ye Session in person & Mr. Pitt too ill to attend. But we must bear up & hope the best, & above all make ye best of what is before us. 'Everything,' as Epectitus (*sic*) says, 'has two handles, & the great art of life is to take ye one by which we can ease the Weight.'

did you ever read *les Pensées de Pascal*, To my shame I own I never did till this Day, & I have been struck & pleas'd beyond what I can describe. . . ."

"Lord Hawkesbury has been to Putney. There is no hope but it may last some days. The interval is terrible, and still more terrible will be ye end. I went over to Lady Chatham to offer her & Lord Chatham my Brothers House at Putney from him. She thought I came to tell her all was over & the state she was in was really dreadful. At ye door I met Lord Sidmouth [Addington] who thought ye same. It is impossible to describe what this day is. Mr. Pitt is quite composed & says he dies at peace with every one. . . . I feel a sort of terror I never felt before. God be with us ! . . ."

The next letter is from Lord Hawkesbury's house in St. James's Square, evidently the gathering-place for all Pitt's followers. Deep and genuine as is Lady Hawkesbury's concern, one cannot help wondering if she did not revel a little in what she calls "the gloomy aspect of things", and in all the commotion that so great an event was causing.

"*January 22, 1806.*

"We are more uneasy about Mr. Pitt than ever. I now fear the worst, and that soon. . . . Fred came in and we talked over the gloomy aspect of things. Lady Hervey soon came in, also Lady Castlereagh. . . . I took Lady Hervey into the next room knowing Lord Hawkesbury and Lord Castlereagh had secret matters to discuss. Soon after Mr. King came in, having just seen Dr. Reynolds, and gave us the most wretched account ; weakness, inability to move even in bed, thrush in the mouth, everything that is most like what we most fear. Poor Lord Castlereagh, who had been more sanguine than either Lord Hawkesbury or me, was absolutely atterré. He soon left us, unable to bear up. A note just then from the Bishop of Lincoln with a repetition of all we had just heard ; and whilst Lord

Hawkesbury was writing to the King, and making me write to Lord Liverpool, Lord Essex and Lord Carrington were announced. They came to enquire, and the truly melancholy manner in which they made their enquiries, were answered by Lord Hawkesbury, and left the room without one word of anything *beyond* being said on either part, not even sitting down, asking for their carriage, or any of the little common forms of common occasions, is what I never can forget. Lord Hawkesbury when they left him went over to Lord Chatham.

“ Our night was such as you can imagine—very little sleep & thoughts most bewildering. This moment Lord Hawkesbury is gone to Putney—here is Lord Castlereagh—all is even worse—very near the sad moment which is to rob us of what we have so long & greatly valued. God’s will be done! And may his power protect us! Mr. Pitt is sensible of his danger, has written down what is to be considered as his will, and the Bishop has been praying by his bed. For this I am thankful to my heart, it was what I was most anxious for. Lord Liverpool has sent for me. God bless you.”

The next letter is written on January 23, the day of Pitt’s death:

“ All is over. We were woke with ye sad tidings. The event took place at half past 4 this morning. I can say no more. I am not at all well & it is all I can do to keep up; it is cold & worry join’d, but as it has now fallen on my bowells I dare say it will carry itself off. Mr. Wallace, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Essex, Mr. King, Mr. Smyth—the Duke of York have all been here. There is no describing the scene it is. At one Lord Hawkesbury must see ye King. What a conversation! I really am too nervous to write. I will add a line to say how the King bears it all. God be with us! To lose Nelson & Pitt in one year is too great Misery! Are we really without Mr. Pitt? I can scarce credit it! God

bless you. In ye midst of all this Public Calamity believe me I feel to my heart the sad state of your poor little girl & ye anguish you & Caroline must endure. I begin to fear ye worst. God bless you

“Yours affectionately

“L. T. H.

“Lord Hawkesbury is come Home. The poor Dear King feels acutely *all* the bad consequences of this sad Event.”

Two days after Pitt's death Lady Hawkesbury writes that she hears a good account of the “Dear & Valuable King”.

“... The Duke of York came here at 11 o'clock last Night on his Way from Windsor where He had pass'd the Day & indeed his account of the King was beyond my hopes. May the Almighty protect & support him ! He [the King] is in Town to Day & Lord Hawkesbury is with him. All future arrangements will soon be made & the King will probably decide to Day what is best to do. What He thinks best I am sure He will do whatever it may cost him. God grant ye effort may not be beyond his strength !

“Count Woronzow has been here *crying like a child*. F. Foster cam in & he [Woronzow] flew off. He said he could not see anything from Devonshire House at this moment. Elizabeth & Fred Foster have however really here said all that was proper on ye subject from ye first. . . .

“Here is Lord Hawkesbury *quite Gub* with Gratitude & admiration towards our belov'd King, whose conduct is all that is noble & excellent. He will part with all He likes & take all he hates because He thinks it right. May He be rewarded even Here ! . . .

“He has in ye kindest manner given ye Wardenship of the Cinque ports to Lord Hawkesbury. It is a great & a pleasant Gift in all ways & if his Father is half as liberal Lord Hawkesbury will be well off in point of

income. But his separation from His Royal Master will be really a bitter pang to Both. God bless you. This is all for you & Fred jointly & solely."

In the Ministry of all the Talents, which included such widely different elements as Grenville and Fox, Lord Hawkesbury was not included. The parting between him and George III. was evidently a grief to both. In the following letter to her "Dearest Sister", Lady Hawkesbury gives vent to her mixed feelings of regret and relief. She finds "on her toilette a precious letter" from Princess Mary¹ which, though it has made her shed tears, has given her pleasure. Princess Mary tells her that the King mentions with tears in his eyes the real comfort he felt in giving the Cinque Ports to Lord Hawkesbury as a testimony of his entire approbation.

"Lord Hawkesbury will see him [the King] to day after ye interview with Lord Grenville & I hope & trust as Lord Grenville really is affected & *soften'd* by the Death of his once dear Friend, that he will be gentle in his manner, & not overbearing in his intentions. As far as privately & selfishly speaking I think that we are better *out* than *in*. Thanks to the Dear King's Gift, & Lord Liverpools liberality we shall be perfectly well off in circumstances. Our income will remain precisely ye same. The Cinque Ports are £3000 & Lord Liverpool is to give Lord Hawkesbury £4000, these two make just ye amount of ye Secretary of State office & Lord Liverpool's present allowance of £1000. Ye interest [of] my Fortune is equal in both cases & therefore whatever difference there is, will be in *favour* of our future income as our necessary expences will be less. As to Walmer Castle it is a valuable acquisition & one which I trust will have ye Peculiar merit of being of use to Lord Hawkesbury's health. . . ."

Once more Lady Hawkesbury mentions the poor little girl, "how she struggles for her existence in this world, may it be a blessing to her if she obtains it!"

¹ Third daughter of George III. Married, 1816, her cousin, William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester.

Between January and June 1806 there are no letters. We know from the *Annual Register* that in February little Caroline Stuart Wortley died at the age of two and a half years.

The letters after Lady Caroline's arrival at Wortley are full of domestic incidents. On June 21 she says that she is writing before breakfast, "which comes in at nine o'clock, and have already fed my bantam chickens", that the children spend most of their days out of doors, and that "James grows very impertinent, and will", she fears, "prove himself to be a Stuart like the rest." On July 2 she says, "I have sung a good deal since I came and drawn a little, besides practising the guitar and putting my spinning wheel in order. So you see I do not want either in or out door employment."

Later on she says that the Doge is lamenting over Mr. Fox's health; "indeed I fear he wont live, and who are we to turn to next?" On July 5 Lady Caroline writes: ". . . We had a dance on Thursday in honour of dear little James. He open'd the Ball in Cawdrey's arms, & John danced *four* dances with Kitty, and a *reel*!"

On August 2 Lady Caroline describes a terrible fright she has had—how the Doge went out one morning to see a ram, two miles beyond Bawtrey and about twenty-eight miles from home. She expected him back at seven or eight o'clock. At ten he had not come. At eleven she thought it was cruel to keep her guests up any longer, so she made as if she was going to bed.

"But nothing was further from my thoughts. . . . After sitting for what *I* fancied was *several* hours, & that I felt *sure* that nothing could any longer account for his absence but some accident, I had the Coachman call'd up, & desired him to get the Buggy directly, intending to set out with Boon [her maid] to Rotherham, where if I heard nothing I should have taken a chaise on to Bawtrey. To cut short however, at half past *one* the *wretch* arrived safe and sound, just in time to stop the Buggy which he found to his *utter* astonishment the Coachman was just drawing out. No wonder he was so

late, for instead of looking at *one* ram, he had been seeing *flocks & eating* and *bargaining* with the man till *eight* o'clock in the evening. You may imagine how agreeable the sound of his voice in the passage was, having perfectly prepar'd myself for hearing the most horrible news. Poor Boon was almost as glad as me, & had become quite pale with fright. I think I never felt so complete a panic ! ”

In all the letters of this time there are constant allusions to her giving the children their lessons regularly. She is also learning how to imitate Japan, “ for the purpose of repairing my beautiful old skreen. It will ”, she says, “ be nice winter work.”

Writing from Nun Appleton on August 14 she says that they are going to dine at the Archbishop of York's.¹

“ What do you think of the good old Archbishop having 47 grand children. Di told me this morning that a very little while ago he made each of them a present of £1000 a piece. What a love he must be ! ”

On September 1 Lady Caroline refers once more to public events :

“ I cannot bear to think of vile Jerome's² success. At all times it makes one sick to hear of their taking any of our ships, but that he should have captur'd them is much too irritating. I fear we shall never have the gratification of catching him. Poor Mr. Fox, I fear there is now no prospect of his life being even prolonged. I am not a *Foxite* but I confess I feel quite a coward at the thoughts of his dying, because I hear of nobody to look up to after he is gone, & great abilities are required in such times as these. Are we going to have peace ? . . . ”

¹ Edward Harcourt (1757-1847), third son of 1st Baron Vernon. Took the name of Harcourt on succeeding to the Harcourt estates. Archbishop of York, 1807-47.

² Brother of Napoleon (1784-1860). Served in French navy. Made King of Westphalia, 1807.

Fox was a sick man when he joined the Ministry of all the Talents. His efforts for the Abolition of the Slave Trade had exhausted him still more, and he was now dying. Even his political enemies felt that since Pitt's death he was by far the greatest living statesman, and that after he was gone the country would be governed by mediocrities. He died on September 13, 1806.

Once more the week of Doncaster Races is approaching. On September 3 Lady Caroline says, "Lord Fitzwilliam told us that the Prince was certainly coming to Doncaster, & that the Duke of Clarence is with him. What a bore!" She goes straight on to say, "I am hunting old Titus's *baths* for borders. By the by I have learnt a *beautiful* new stitch, which I long to teach you—it makes a great effect & is very easy & quickly done. . . ." Clearly for Lady Caroline, music, drawing and needlework have greater interest than society. On September 7 she relates, "I have strung my harp & began practising again, & have actually written down a list of new harp music which I am going to send for from town."

A letter of September 10 gives Lady Caroline's views on bathing :

"I really did not think it possible for any body to be worse than me about *bathing*! Pray tell Fanny so, & that I think I have acquired a right to say that I am ashamed of her, for certainly I now behave *very pretty* as you can vouch for me, *hating* it nevertheless as much as ever. In the midst of my *indignation* at her weakness however, I feel sincerely for her sufferings, which I know full well are great, & by no means momentary, as some people imagine. Tell her the way I succeeded was by not allowing myself one instant's deliberation between standing on the step & taking hold of the guide's hand. All depends upon *that* moment, & *all* is *lost* if one reflects or thinks to wait for *greater* courage! . . .

"It is perfectly true that the Prince is coming to Wentworth after Doncaster Races. . . . I hope *we* shall be able to take that time to make two or three days visit to dear little John Sneyd, at Elford."

Owners of country houses will sympathise with the following :

“ I am very much amused by your being in the same state of distortion ¹ about company at your immense Castle [Walmer] as I have been here. There is nothing more fatiguing, & to me who am not used to have loads of people in the house it was particularly annoying. But thank heaven the apprehension of those heaps of people is over, tho’ the Jerseys *may* possibly still come here whilst the Templetowns & Brodricks are with us. My Spouse is just gone over to Kiveton [the Duke of Leeds] to buy *sheep*, but of course to visit the good people there at the same time. He will probably find the Jerseys there. . . .”

On September 15 she says: “ I suppose Wednesday’s paper will bring the account of Mr. Fox’s death. How singular Lord Thurlow ² dying also at this moment. Really this year has been a most uncommon & awful one ! ”

“ *September 17.*

“ So poor Mr. Fox *is* dead ! Well I could not help feeling shocked when the Doge brought the account back from Sheffield. To-day’s papers will I suppose give many conjectures, but no certain information, with regard to who is to succeed him. How short poor *Mrs. Fox’s* reign has been—one ball, & then an end to the whole thing ! for who will ever think of her, or remember that she exists now, except our Devonshire House friends. . . . If he [Mr. Fox] had had any religion the account of his death would be really fine, but I fear poor man he had not the comfort of being supported by any such sentiments in his last moments ! Yet how can one understand such calmness without piety & resignation to the will of God ! I feel as if I ought to write a line to my Aunt [Lady Elizabeth Foster], but I really don’t feel as if I knew what to say to her. I suppose she is now consoling Mrs. Fox ! . . .”

¹ See Glossary, p. xxix.

² See p. 17.

On September 18, 1806, she writes : " I am in hopes poor Mr. Fox's death will prevent the Prince of Wales from coming to Doncaster ". This hope was not realised, as we see from the next two letters, dated September 22 and 24, from Doncaster :

" Here is the old story over again dearest mama ; come home from the race just in time to dress & *tell you so*. We are now going to dine at the Leeds'¹ Lodging. We slept at Kiveton last night, & the Jerseys arrived there in the middle of the night, from Knoseley [*sic*] having been eighteen hours in the carriage & *she* never *got out once*. We all came together to day. The Prince is *very* ill & very low indeed, looking shockingly & I hear eats nothing & drinks nothing but water, glass after glass. The place is very full, & the mob seem'd delighted at *seeing* him, & huzza'd & threw up their hats as he left the stand. The Duke of Leeds & Lord Jersey² dine with him to day at Lord FitzWilliams who by the by looks wretchedly, & I fear has suffer'd very much by his agitation on Mr. Fox's death. It has struck six, so I literally must have done. I will write whenever I am able.

" Adieu dearest mama,

" Yours ever most affectionately,

" C. S. W.

" Lord Fitzwilliam has won three races to day ; but the Duke of Leeds' horse is lame & cannot run ! We are all disappointed to the greatest degree ! "

From Lady C. S. W. to Lady Erne

" September 1806.

" I am just return'd from the races & having half an hour before dinner, & not being to dress till afterwards, I can sit down in not quite so great a hurry, & write you

¹ George William Frederick, 6th Duke of Leeds, K.G. (1775-1838). Married, 1797, Charlotte, daughter of George, 1st Marquess Townshend.

² George Child, 5th Earl of Jersey (1773-1859). Married Sarah Sophia, daughter of John, 10th Earl of Westmorland, by Anne, daughter and sole heir of Robert Child, of Osterley Park. Assumed the additional name of Child.

a few lines. The Jerseys are just gone, for he is obliged to be in town on Friday. They are a *great* loss to our party, which has really been uncommonly pleasant. It consisted of the Duke & Duchess [of Leeds], the Hudson's, (both pleasing) the Jersey's, Lord Brook, Sir John Shelley,¹ & ourselves. We have dined together, & most of us gone together to the races every day, & to the ball last night; & Lady Jersey's great good humour & high spirits with Sir John Shelley's, who are of the *same sort*, were quite the *life* of the set. I think there is always something very unpleasant in a party of that sort, composed of people who all know & like each other much, breaking up, especially with the feel of 'when shall we all meet thus again?' I am sure you will be *delighted* to hear that I have made a conquest of the two *Royal brothers*. The Prince contents himself with *admiring* at a distance, & has only spoken to me once—but the Duke of Clarence & I are dear friends, & have jokes together. . . . I think *Sir John* too is smitten besides a long list of *inferior conquests* in short I find one does not begin to make any till one grows old, & has been married several years. Do you remember the *Agony* of fright & shyness I used to be in if I got near a Royal? & should you not be surprised & amused now if you could see me quite at my ease, & laughing & distorting with my friend Clarence dès le premier instant? The Prince is rather better, but looks very ill, & still eats nothing. He is totally unlike himself quite low & languid, & appearing as if it was an exertion to him to speak or smile, & sighing as if his heart would break. His present passion is Lady Hertford.² The Doge is asked to meet him to day at Lord Fitzwilliams to his great annoyance. . . ."

¹ Sir John Shelley (1772–1852), 6th Bart. Married Frances, daughter and heiress of Thomas Winchley of Brockholes, Lancs.

² Isabella Anne Ingram Shepherd, daughter of Charles, 9th and last Viscount Irvine. She married, 1776 (as his second wife), Francis, 2nd Marquess of Hertford. She died 1836. "She was a lady of great wealth and of great personal charm. For many years she exercised considerable influence over the Regent."

The next letter is from Kiveton, on September 27, 1806 :

“ We did not leave Doncaster till yesterday ; & *our* intention was to have gone strait home, but the Prince is coming over here this morning from Mr. Mellish’s to see the Duke’s horses, & they press’d us so much to come & help them, that we did not know how to refuse. . . .

“ In the evening of the day I wrote to you the Prince was pleased to talk to me for some time. He enquired after you, & after my Aunt Elizabeth with an expression of countenance that made me feel *awkward* for *he* looked *witty* & malin, & I did not know *how* to look. As to the Duke of Clarence, he came up to us the moment we were in the room, & made us all sit down with him in one corner of the Ball room, & then he kept us *all* the night, & was so good humour’d and chearful that we thought it very good fun, only that we should have liked to have taken a turn or two up the room instead of sitting such an immense length of time. I really *blush* for the West Riding, they [the Princes] were so little attended to. In the Stand the people crowded round them & stood before them like any body else, & at the Balls there was no sofa or any more convenient seat for the Prince than for the rest of the company, & he sat upon a narrow bench with another bench before him, upon which people did not scruple to sit down, of course turn’d their backs to him all the time. I never saw any thing so disgraceful & bad, & could not help wishing the Duke of Leeds or my husband had been Stewards this year, for then I think things would have been better managed. . . .”

The next letter is from Wortley, on September 29, and describes the Princes’ visit to Kiveton :

“ After watching the road across the park till we were all *fidgitty* & nervous, the Duke came suddenly running round the house saying they were coming the other way, & would be at the house before we could get into the hall ! Imagine our fuss & hurry ! Up the steps we flew,

& breathless & trembling got into the Hall just in time. The Duchess went to the little Porch to receive him. . . . They did not arrive till between three & four, so that the Duchess proposed their taking some refreshment immediately, & before they went to see the horses & hounds. The Prince led the Duchess, and the Duke of Clarence offer'd an arm apiece to Lady Anne & me. The collation prepared for them in the eating room was really beautiful & in *perfect* taste. It consisted of cold meat dress'd in different ways, with *quantities* of the finest fruit & Ices, all placed at once upon the table. The Prince touch'd nothing of any sort or kind, nor did he drink a drop of any thing. The conversation flagg'd a little during the repast, & I was not sorry when we got up, which we did very soon. The gentlemen then went to the stables, & we dawdled out before the door with the children, the weather being uncommonly fine. The poor Duke of Clarence, who does not like horses or dogs, very soon left his party & joined us, & the Duchess took him to see all her Poultry & her Dairy with which he confess'd himself *much* more amused than with seeing the stables or kennel; indeed he seem'd quite at home amongst the fowls, & gave the Duchess a great *deal* of *information* & you would have been amused I think to have seen him with her, poking into one of their roosting houses, whilst she was endeavouring with a long *broom* to make a Bantam come off the perch. We all laugh'd heartily I assure you. We staid among the Poultry so long that the Doge was oblig'd to come after us to tell the Duke that the Prince was on horseback & waiting for him. . . . As soon as the Duke of Clarence was mounted the Prince advanced, & with his hat off made one of his best bows, & after saying a few words took his leave. We were quite delighted with the manner in which it all went off, & so lighten'd our cares in the morning that we were as merry as children. Our three husbands were invited to dine with H.R.H. at Mr. Mellish's (where he was staying)

so that we were left alone. We were so *captivated* with the Prince's manners that it quite grieved us to see the company he was in—his attendants were only Col. Leigh & Major Bloomfield, but he was also accompanied by Mr. Mellish, Lord Darlington, Lord Barrymore, Lord Strathmore, Mr. Jadis (who ran away with *Mrs. Gardner*) & Mr. Howarth a Turf man. His going amongst them at this time must be mere weakness or good nature, for as he neither eats or drinks, & always leaves the table & goes to bed at eleven o'clock he cannot be much amused, & indeed I know he does *not* mix in their riotous and *blackguard* conversation. . . ."

After her week of dissipation at Doncaster and Kiveton, Lady Caroline returns very happily to her domestic life at Wortley. She writes to her mother for plants for herself and Miss Milner, who is as "wild about flowers" as she is. She superintends the making of walks in the wood, and, unknown to the Doge, of a little bridge. She relates how she was "in the wood again yesterday with Guog [her uncle William Hervey] for about three hours, and took the hatchet into my own hands, and tired myself so completely with cutting down branches that I could hardly get home, and was obliged to strip entirely before dinner I was so hot".

Occasionally she speaks of public affairs—of the Westminster Election, and her surprise that they would not let Sheridan come in quietly.

"I think", she continues, "it is unlucky that Lord Percy¹ should stand, he is so young and I believe very insignificant in his manners and address, and not likely to be popular."

Later on she speaks of not feeling the least sanguine about the success of the poor Prussians, or about any exertions on the Continent to shake Bonaparte.

"You know I am quite Cassandra about the subject of the present times, and prophecy War almost un-

¹ Hugh, afterwards 3rd Duke of Northumberland (1785–1847). Married Lady Charlotte Clive, daughter of 1st Earl of Powis. They had no children.

interrupted, if not quite so, until the restoration of the Jews. But I have always felt quite sanguin about the fate of this little island, and shall be so as long as this King reigns, but I croak whenever I begin to think of his successor."

A great event is the coming of Betty,¹ the young actor, to Sheffield, about whom an enormous enthusiasm was felt, but alas ! it was also a great disappointment. On October 19 she writes :

"We dined early and went to the play to see our boy in Macbeth. But a sorry change it was to witness, and I was quite grieved. He is prodigiously grown. . . . His voice is detestable, he has got the true stage tone. His action is far from being graceful, though at times he reminds us of his former self. He acts now, it is no longer nature."

She is threatened with another visit at Kiveton once more to meet the Prince. She says :

"As my uncle is still with me I shall take no notice unless the little Duchess writes to beg I will go. I dread being afterwards asked to Wentworth for I am quite unwound since my gaieties at Doncaster, and too lazy to like the distortion of it. I fear, too, that the Duke of Clarence may take it into his head to come to Wharncliffe. But I can't help it, and shall walk him about all the time and give him a plain sandwich."

On October 21 she breaks to her mother that she is to go to Cornwall with her husband for a fortnight for the election. They are to go in their own chaise.

"I must", she says, "be back in a fortnight for the contested election in this country. Mr. Fawkes,² the great country gentleman of this Riding, is to stand."

¹ See p. 87.

² Walter Ramsden Fawkes (1769-1825) of Farnley Hall, Yorks. M.P. for County of York from 1802 to 1807. Agriculturist and stock breeder. Patron and friend of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

On November 1, 1806, she writes from Exeter :

“ We are now very near our journey’s end & I am not sorry for it, not because I am tired, but because I am a *little bored* at being without my maid. We have passed thro’ much fine country since I wrote to you last, & our weather has been delightful. I was delighted with the situation of Bristol, but the town itself is dirty & ugly. We were stopp’d there an hour by the Election which was just going on, & I had the amusement of seeing the Members, one of whom was ‘ brother Bragge ’, like two *idiots* hoisted up in a couple of fine red cars [probably chairs] well ornamented, & carried in procession thro’ the streets. Never having seen the ceremony before, I was really much entertain’d, the concourse of people in the streets and at all the windows, together with the flags & trophys which were carried in the procession, made a very chearful sight. But how the unfortunate members could keep their countenances in so ludicrous a situation is to me surprising. The Election here takes place to-morrow, but as there is no opposition it will be over very soon, & we have already bespoke horses to be sure of getting on. We shall (if not stopt further on for want of horses) reach Camelford to-morrow in very good time, & if the Election comes on saturday I hope we shall set out again on sunday.

“ How dreadful the news is from the Continent ! It is evident that Tyrants hour is not yet come. . . . I am rather disappointed in the beauty of Devonshire, & like Somersetshire better. . . .”

On November 3, the day of the election, Lady Caroline writes from Camelford (probably because there was no inn at Bossiney), a small fishing village on the north coast of Cornwall.

“ My Sposo is gone to his Election, & I am left in a little tiny scrap of a Lodging in this Village to amuse myself as well as I can till six o’clock this evening. We arrived at about nine last night & found Mr. Elford (the

Agent) just gone up to bed. He had given us up, but of *course* as soon as he was undress'd *we arrived*, & he had to dress himself again & come down to us. He is a pleasant sensible man, & we sat up after our supper till *one* o'clock hearing a great deal of Election conversation. He & the Doge are gone on horseback to Bossiney, but as there is a contested Election at Plymouth, Mr. Elford is impatient to get back, & will therefore be obliged to set off from Bossiney the *instant* the *Member* is *Elected*, leaving the poor Doge to dine by himself with the Electors! [In 1806 they numbered nine!] Imagine what it must be! For it is a *very* small dirty Village & inhabited only by the lowest Class of people. He will have the happiness too of going round to all the Cottages & *kissing* the wives & daughters of the Worthy Electors. As the Election takes place to day, we shall be able to get away again to-morrow morning early, & I hope we shall be at home thursday night. . . . Here I am interrupted by a *welcome* visitor, a *roast Partridge*, which I must take notice of before I finish my letter. I am now quite a *zog* having devour'd almost all my Partridge & drank two glasses of wine. My pen feels quite sleepy, but I am determined not to give way, as it is not three o'clock & if once I go to sleep I cannot tell how soon I should wake again. . . ."

In November 1806 Lady Caroline is once more at Kiveton helping to entertain the Prince of Wales.

"I am very glad you did not come," she continues to her mother, who is looking after the children at Wortley, "for I think you would have been very much fagg'd. We never sit down to table till *eight* & about Eleven the Prince sets me down to the Pianoforte where he keeps me till near *two*! The first time I was obliged to sing I was so terrified I thought I never should have got on, but he was really very goodnatured, & made me pick over so many different things, trying them with me himself, that I got courage at last, & now do not

mind him. He has been very *gracious*, & is so well again, & seems so pleased with his reception here, that all has gone off à merveille. We have had no women except Lady Fitzwilliam¹ one day, but plenty of men, which in fact has made it pleasanter to us *three*, who spend the morning comfortably together when the men are all gone out. But I wish very much to get home again, not only because I feel quite uncomfortable at being away from you the moment you are come, but that many more days of *such* hours would knock me up. . . .”

The year 1806 ends with a letter from Lady Hawkesbury to Lady Erne, dated from Coombe Wood on December 10:

“It is quite surprising how full of Beauty this place still is. The Verandah is fill’d with mignonette & China roses, & the creepers are still green & some few passion flowers still in blow. . . . Lord Hawkesbury seems quite to enjoy the idea of this being our head quarters all Winter & really so do I, tho’ I foresee I may have a few solitary & dullish days. Time *was*, when a solitary day was rather a *treat* to me, but that’s gone bye. I am sorry for it, but I cannot help it, & must only be thankful I have so few to encounter. I believe the Castlereaghs come here Thursday, and Friday we go to Town. . . .”

After enumerating all the people who are going to spend the winter in the country—Bathursts, Chichesters, Buckinghamshires, etc.—she says:

“So you see *we* are *all* the *fashion*—by chance. As the Opera subscription is rais’d to 40 Guineas I think it high time for moderate fortunes to forswear London, *Grenvilles* alone can afford to live in such times.

“Tell Caroline I saw a good invention of Morel’s at Wilderness [Lord Camden’s house near Sevenoaks]. This is a strip of cloth as wide as you please in lieu of

¹ See p. 72.

riband for the bells. It is attach'd to the Brass ring like riband, & has a little pattern at ye end. Can you guess at this? Lady Camden's was black Cloth bound with very narrow blue binding, & the pattern just over the *long square brass ring* in blue cloth cut out & fasten'd on the black. . . ."

CHAPTER VII

(1807–1808)

Country house life in early nineteenth century—Kiveton—Lord Hawkesbury becomes Home Secretary in Duke of Portland's Government—Lady Hawkesbury repines—Lord and Lady Milton—Criticism of *Corinne*—Hornby Castle—Doncaster, 1807—Lady Elizabeth Lowther—Lady Augusta Charteris—Louis XVIII.'s embarrassing visit—Last illness and death of Mrs. Wortley—Dinner with Princess of Wales at Blackheath—Chiswick House in 1808—A journey by night—To Belmont Castle *via* Hornby Castle, Durham, Edinburgh—Crossing “the Ferry”—Scotch neighbours—Glamis Castle—Description of Duneira—News of Vimeiro.

IN the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, after she has made the acquaintance of Lady Ashburton, she comments with some severity on the “busy idleness” of the upper classes, on their absorption in useless occupations, particularly on the elaborate entertaining of each other in their various country houses. This indictment is certainly borne out by the letters we are dealing with. It must, however, be remembered in their excuse that the owners of large country houses felt it the height of selfishness to live in them without sharing them with their friends and still more their relations. The existence of such country houses had its roots in the difficulty and slowness of travel. When the members of your family in travelling from Scotland to Yorkshire passed within a few miles of your gates, hospitality demanded that they should be entertained, often in considerable numbers, and with a retinue of servants, carriages and horses. Besides these passing visits, the ordinary entertaining of the family or of friends was a far lengthier and more formidable affair than the week-end hospitality of modern days. If in order to visit you a sister-in-law or a friend had to travel, let us say, from

Devonshire, Gloucestershire, or even Staffordshire to Yorkshire, she must be asked to bring her whole family and to stay long enough to make the expedition worth while from every point of view. While, therefore, the masters of such houses as Hornby Castle and Wentworth Wodehouse, or of smaller country houses such as Wortley, were doing useful and unpaid work of various kinds, their wives—often, as we see from these letters, sorely against the grain—thought it their duty to entertain incessantly. What is more strange, they appear also to have thought it their duty to be entertained. The whole system had doubtless become artificial, but it had the merit of producing a good type of aristocrat—disciplined, honourable, and fitted by training to lead. Being much more accustomed to give than to take, they were in the main trusted by their neighbours and by the nation as a whole. Their day has almost gone by, but it is not without interest to see their lives, as we do in these letters, from the inside.

Lady Caroline's first letters in 1807 are once more from Kiveton, where she meets the Newarks and Foljambes. She tells her mother that "the Duke [of Leeds] has discovered loads of music, some of his own, but mostly of his father's, and we are at it all day. There is food for many days yet to come. We found one opera by Paisello, which is beautiful."

In the next letter she tells us that "the Duke is as curious as ever. Talking of health yesterday he said that as an equal circulation of the blood was the great object, he wished somebody would invent a machine to shake one up and down for a few seconds very fast as the apothecary does a draught before he pours it out of the phial. Riding, he said, did it only partially."

The next letter is from Lady Hawkesbury to Lady Erne, and is dated February 20, 1807:

"Lord Hawkesbury dines in Town tomorrow & at *Blackheath*¹ on Sunday. I hear the Prince ask'd for a delay of 48 Hours to consult his lawyer, ye truth is He dreaded ye public applause of ye poor princess on her

¹ Princess Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the Regent, was living there at that time.

way to St. James's. He is drawing a mountain on his own shoulders."

The remainder of the letter describes her efforts to comfort a dying cottager.

"I trust", she says, "her sufferings are near over, & that care & attention have of late considerably lessen'd them. But above all I am most thankful for having been instrumental in bringing her poor ignorant mind to a sense of religious duty and religious comfort."

In April Lord Hawkesbury became Home Secretary in the Duke of Portland's Ministry. Lady Hawkesbury writes :

"I find our year of Holyday has spoilt *me*. I hope it has not Lord Hawkesbury. I never can tell you how I shrink from ye renewal of hurry, bustle, anxiety and worry. . . . As we must now have a large house in Town, and you of course will have your room in it, might you not defer till then your two or three days with Lord Erne ? "

Unlike her niece, Lady Caroline, Lady Hawkesbury can never look at the cheerful side of things. To her Lord Hawkesbury's return to office is merely a cause for repining, in spite of its bringing her into much closer relations with "the dear King".

"Walmer Castle at *Easter* is of course out of the question now. Alas I fear even in autumn it will be very different from ye tranquil séjour of last year. But I must not complain, tho' I cannot rejoice. If Lord Hawkesbury's health & Peace of mind do not suffer by this unexpected & unwish'd for return to Power I am content, & must again try to make the best of its advantages, & ye least of its worries.

"The Dear King is quite well, quite compos'd, & very well pleas'd as you may suppose. . . . God bless you Dearest Sister, it is a real comfort to me to be *sure* that *you* enter into my feelings at this present moment."

Even in those days political duties were not light. On April 10, 1807, Lady Caroline writes to her mother from London: "The Doge did not get to bed till seven this morning, but quite cockahoop with having had 30 majority, having gone to the House prepared to be beat". This was in the short Parliament which first met in December 1806, and was dissolved on April 26, 1807.

Lord Grenville's Ministry (of all the Talents) had resigned in March 1807, owing to their Bill, relieving Catholic and Dissenting officers in the Army and Navy from their disabilities, having affronted the King. They refused to pledge themselves not to revive the Catholic question. The Duke of Portland accepted the Premiership with Canning as Foreign Secretary, Castlereagh at the War Office, and Lord Hawkesbury at the Home Office. His ministry had just been installed when, in the House of Commons, on April 9, 1807, Mr. Brand moved a Resolution disapproving of servants of the Crown restraining themselves by pledges from offering the King any advice rendered necessary by circumstances. The motion was defeated by 258 to 226. The House adjourned at half-past six on Friday morning. One cannot help wishing that Mr. Wortley had not on this occasion voted with the majority.

The next letter in 1807 is from Lady Erne to her old friend, Lady Louisa Harvey. It is on a note of lofty displeasure.

"COOMBE WOOD, *June 30th, 1807.*

"When on my going to Town the other day for a couple of nights I heard from my Uncle that you had not been well, I begg'd of my Sister to take me to you, which (though we had but one morning in Town) she did contrive for me; and I little thought my dearest Lady Lou that this circumstance would have procur'd *her* a letter of thanks, and *me* only a message of reproach. But a charge of forgetfulness or neglect of old & kind friends is one that applies so little to me, & one that you, who I must always reckon amongst the foremost of mine, must feel in *your heart* to be so little applicable to me, that I am sure it must have given you

le dementir at the very moment you was tracing the expression. . . .

“I have been very much disappointed at seeing so little of you this year, but am far from imputing it to any want of inclination on your part. I well know how difficult it is in London, from the immense size of the Town, & the variety of demands on ones time, to compass what one most wishes to do. Even to you who have nothing but your own will to direct you, your Carriage & Servants all at your own undivided disposal, a thousand, thousand little obstacles will arise, & interruptions break in upon Plans which seem so easy to accomplish. To Me therefore who had no conveyance of my own, but one Servant & a pair of but feeble legs of my own, the difficulty of intercourse with those I like & love became nearly insuperable, & I accordingly scarcely saw any of those persons I most reckon’d on seeing when I came to Town—and some not at all. My evenings were spent at home, with very, very few exceptions, and then I should have been too happy to have seen my friends. But who will bring their Horses out an hour before it is necessary for going to their parties? Who will come especially so far out of their way as Apsley House¹ is from every thing? In short my dear Lady Lou I assure you I spent two disappointing months in Town, & except the pleasure of being with my Sister, two of the dullest I ever spent in my life. . . .

“I shall not quite give up your coming here still; for as you have Horses of your own, you might by baiting in Town very easily manage it. My Hampton Court Apartment has this influence on my actions, that I am obliged till I have paid my bills for its furniture to be rather stingy on other articles, and that of post

¹ Apsley House was at that time the property of Earl Bathurst, and was sold in October 1807 to the Marquis Wellesley, elder brother of the Duke of Wellington. Later it became the property of the Duke of Wellington. It was probably rented by Lord Liverpool.

horses is amongst the most necessary retrenchments. They really are Ruin."

Lady Caroline to Lady Erne

" July 16.

" There was a meeting at Sheffield yesterday of Mr. Lascelles's friends, at which the Doge made a speech & as Corbett tells me lash'd Lord Milton *severely*. I am rather sorry he express'd himself so strongly, for after all as they are our *near* neighbours, it would be very unpleasant to feel any *sticco*; and I have so great a regard for Lord Fitzwilliam that I should be sorry the Doge did or said anything that should offend or hurt him. I hear Lady Milton¹ has got a *daughter alias monkey*—and yet how much too young Lord Milton is to have a son. I think there is little fear of her *stopping*—she is of a good sort. . . ."

After a visit to Elford [Mr. J. Sneyd's] she writes :

" I know you will like to hear of our being return'd safe, & of my having found all the Children well. Nothing but having left them at home could have consoled me for leaving Elford so soon. I *cannot* contrive to interest myself in all my old employments out of doors as I used to do, and therefore society is what I am most gratified in ; I mean such society as that I have left, where whilst I am amused, my mind is gratified by the contemplation of the greatest worth & happiness. *You* know how much I am alone all day, for except the comfort of having the Doge sitting *in* the room with me of an evening, I profit little by having him at home, as you know he never could comprehend the pleasure of half an hours conversation, & indeed he even thinks it *waste* of time ; so that now that my spirits² have been so severely shook & subdued, I feel the want of society more than ever."

¹ Mary, daughter of Thomas, 1st Lord Dundas. Married Charles, Lord Milton, afterwards 5th Earl Fitzwilliam.

² Lady Caroline's depression of spirits was probably due to the loss of her child in the spring of 1806.

Many of Lady Caroline's letters contain allusions to books she is reading. Speaking of *Corinne* she says :

" I was delighted with it, tho' I think the story quite unnatural & the mixture of Novel & travels *odious*. But Madame de Stael's knowledge of the human heart is admirable, & the way in which she *analyses* & reasons upon every little feeling, *quite* to my taste. *Corinne herself* I think quite divine, & the last part of her life the most *gub* thing I ever read. It even made me cry ! The Doge was *forced* to be *gub*¹ at that part, & confesses a great deal of it is very well written, but on the whole it is a sort of book which does not suit him, for he is provoked with all that is foreign to the story, & *bored* with the reasoning & moralising part. Every body seems agreed in condemning Oswald, as weak in his conduct & barbarous as well as ungenerous to *her*. And as to Lucile, she was a twaddle. . . ."

On August 9 she writes from Hornby Castle [the Duke of Leeds']. Evidently she stayed about a fortnight there, and took both the elder boys with her, doing their lessons with them every day.

" We got here last night about eight o'clock, & just as we were within sight of the house came on a violent thunder shower, & the first flash of lightening came as we turn'd into the gateway. This is a delightful *castle* like looking house ; very large, & would be perfectly comfortable but that there is nothing in it but the old furniture, so that the rooms look *bare*, & like the drawing room at Ickworth in my poor dear Grandmama's time. The house stands upon the side of a hill, & commands an *immense* view of a rich plain. The little Duchess appears very well, & the Duke² as curious as ever. There are some delightful old comodes in the drawing room & such ornamental old china ! as you never saw. We have been out to walk in the pleasure ground, which is a large thick grove with walks cut thro' it &

¹ See Glossary, p. xxix.

² See p. 124.

very pretty & shady. . . . I am glad there is no company in the house for I am grown *so* indolent about speaking when I am amongst people who are indifferent to me, that I cannot bear the worry & exertion of being with them.

“ Since the Doge has left me, I have taken *John* to be my bedfellow which is a great treat. Ta¹ was to have taken his turn last night, but he did not choose to be in the room alone till I came to bed, so John slept with me again, & I was not sorry for the change, as Ta is a most riotous creature in bed. They are very happy here, & I go on with their reading & writing in my own room every morning, & now that the Duchess & I are alone we have them all in for a little while after their supper.

“ I am sorry to leave the poor little Duchess quite alone, for she seems to like to have me very much, & complains to me of *my* old grievance that the Duke never speaks when they are by themselves, & that she feels very solitary at times.”

On September 6, 1807, she writes :

“ I took Lady Binning² over to the Grange [the Effinghams] yesterday & she was quite pleased with her reception & the *old* walk to the hot houses, conservatory &c., for she is as fond of plants as I am ; & if you *could* but hear how she & I go on & rave about Corinne & Italy ! & what battles we have to fight with our husbands ! It really is like the argument about the *century*. Wherever one goes one begins fighting about that book, yesterday at the Grange we had it all over again ; Lady Effingham is on *our* side, & Lord Effingham on our husbands. . . .”

In another letter she says :

¹ See List of Nicknames, p. xxix.

² Thomas, Lord Binning (1780–1858). Became 9th Earl of Haddington. Married, 1802, Maria, daughter of George, 4th Earl of Macclesfield.

“ If you *can* get me an *Old* work of Madame de Stael’s (which Mrs. Brodrick recommends to me) call’d ‘L’Influence des passions sur le bonheur des individus’. Fred [Lord Bristol] has read *Corinne* & is quite delighted with the language & sentiment & thinks *Corinne* the most delightful creature that ever existed. He has been so affected with it, that he will not read *Delphine*. I am rather glad of it, for it is so completely the reverse of *Corinne*, & so often disgusting from immorality and irreligion, that I think it would poison the pleasure he has already received from another work of Madame de Stael’s. They say she is *dead*, but I hope it is not true, for I live upon the hopes of her writing more. . . .”

On September 24 Lady Hawkesbury writes from Walmer Castle, as usual in a vein of repining not unmixed with piety:

“ Alas ! poor Lord Warden is off again tomorrow evening and not likely to return of some little time. It is a sad falling off from ye steady comfortable really country life we led here last year. But He is well & I must not complain. His absence will certainly make me a bad correspondent as well as the *monotonie* of my life when he is away. Mary Chester¹ and I mean to *cultivate* our *minds* & to read hard. She is delightful about *reading out*, which is a treat to me. In short she is really a treasure to me & amongst many things to be thankful for. Here is a Messenger, a summons to a Cabinet. And Post Horses order’s *to night* instead of tomorrow, & Lord Hawkesbury positively to set off after Supper. I am too cross to add another line.

“ Yrs L. T. H.

“ Thursday.

“ Je suis plus raisonnable this morning but I feel grudging myself every breeze of this balmy air because Lord Warden is not here to share it. Addio cara. Read Sherlocks Sermons you will like them.”

¹ Daughter of Charles Chester, formerly Bagot, brother of 1st Lord Bagot. After the death of Lady Liverpool in 1821 Miss Chester became Lord Liverpool’s second wife.

From Doncaster Lady Caroline writes on September 24, 1807 :

“ This is our last day here, & I am very unwilling to break up the party, we are so uncommonly snug. Not having the little Duchess I was glad to seize upon the first woman friend I met with in the stand, which happen'd to be Lady Elizabeth Lowther,¹ & we have belong'd to each other morning & evening ever since. There cannot be a more goodhumour'd & pleasant creature, & Lord Sackville made her laugh so excessively that we had the jolliest little parties possible. *His* fun delighted *her*, & *her* uncommonly *comfortable* laugh & thorough enjoyment of the fun, delighted *him*. I am sorry to say she is gone home to day, & we shall sadly Miss her to night at the Ball. . . .

“ Who should I see at the Inn window this morning (which is next door) but *Augusta Charteris*² dress'd *such* a figure !—a scarlet dress I cannot tell of what shape or materials, and a scarlet cap, fasten'd up in front with something gold, this by way of a *travelling* dress. You never saw such a *sight* ; but really she was looking very handsome. They are on their way to London upon business, & went on just before the race hour which I thought hard upon poor Augusta. Good night dearest mama, I am dead asleep & can *no more*, but am going to the Ball in about an hour.”

In October we hear of the long-deferred visit of Lady Hervey and Charles Rose Ellis, with the latter's little daughter Eliza. Lady Hervey's daughter, Mrs. Charles Rose Ellis, had, it will be remembered, died at the age of twenty-two, leaving two sons and a daughter. Eliza or “ Little Puss”, as she is sometimes called, was destined like her mother to die young.

¹ Second daughter of John, 9th Earl of Westmorland. Married, 1790, John Lowther of Swillington, whose baronetcy was conferred 1824. She died 1844, eight days after her husband. The Lowthers of Swillington are a junior branch of the Lonsdale family.

² Fourth daughter of Francis, Lord Elcho, who predeceased his father, the 7th Earl of Wemyss, 1808. She married, 1819, Warner William, Lord Rossmore, and died without issue, 1840.

A letter from Lady Hawkesbury gives an account of Louis XVIII.'s rather embarrassing visit to England :

“ Whilst Lord Hawkesbury is reading some papers I will begin a letter for tomorrow for I daresay I shall be a good deal hurried before I go to Coombe Wood. You was very right in your guess. I did not touch on the subject of Lewis ye 18^h because by Lord Hawkesbury's short & hurried letters I really did not know how ye matter stood. I now find that He really did come over without notice or *leave* from ye *Master of the Island* [George III.], & that on arriving he wrote quite a mad Letter to this same dear Padrone full of his coming “as King of France”, & to regain his kingdom. Can you conceive such raving? He has been offer'd an *asylum*, but as to any quixotic engagements you may well imagine the present moment & present Government put them out of the question. Monsieur¹ had promis'd in his name that if He stays He will go to Edinburgh : en attendant He is at Lord Buckingham's House in Essex.

“ The accounts of Lord Castlereagh are better. Mr. Canning returns to Town for Wednesday, & the Duke of Portland's Government is going on well, so I hope our poor fagg'd Lord Warden will have a little respite. He seems rested by having me to *causer* with in the evening, & I am quite glad to be with him again. . . .

“ Saturday. Elizabeth [Foster] came last night & as *usual* kept me up a little, however she gave Lord Hawkesbury an opportunity of explaining about Lewis ye 18^h which I was glad of. I believe poor Monsieur had been kept as much in ye Dark, & as much vex'd with the whole proceeding as any body. There is a second letter this morning from Lewis ye 18^h to our king, *more reasonable* than the former, & consenting to remain *incog.*, & thanking him for all the attention He has received. . . .”

The remaining letters of this year are from London and deal almost entirely with the illness of Mr. Wortley's mother,

¹ The title of Monsieur was given to the next brother of the King, the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., King of France.

who died in January 1808. Lady Caroline was evidently very fond of her. The children were at Wortley with Lady Erne, and the letters naturally contain many references to them.

On November 28 she says :

“ I am perfectly well enclined to think John has a better heart than he appears to have. But he is much too like myself in many respects not to make me feel uncomfortable as to his future temper and feelings. Pray give him my love, and tell him I long for a letter from him, and that I shall not write to him until I hear from him.”

She goes on to relate an anecdote of her sister-in-law Louisa's¹ little girl:

“ You know she is younger than Charles, a month or two, & really is quite as forward as John in reading, & *still* more intelligent. Her father told me to day that once when he was putting up her petticoats to whip her for not saying a word she knew, she turn'd round to him with the greatest composure & said, ‘ What *is* the use of whipping me ? Whipping will neither make me *say* the word or remember it.’ She is if possible still more inquisitive than John, & cannot bear an unsatisfactory answer. Somebody was observ'd before her to take a great quantity of snuff, & she with the greatest gravity said, ‘ Ah, *I* took snuff *when I was young*, but *I repented !*’ I will give Mrs. Wortley your message to-morrow. Poor Pops is in better spirits, but thinks of nothing but her. . . .”

On November 30 she says :

“ I went to St. James's yesterday evening to hear dear Dr. Andrews & was as much pleased as ever. I am sorry to hear so melancholy an account of Sheffield, & should really be glad, if the distress continues, to be in London, for the sort of *horror* I have of the bare

¹ See p. 38.

possibility of a riot is what I cannot describe, & I should wake in the night fancying the mob were coming to burn down Wortley Hall & murder us all ! . . .”

“ I cannot thank you as I ought my dearest Mama for your repeated *generosities* to me. You are much too good to me & I have always felt myself unworthy of so much affection & indulgence. At present I really am *not* tempted for I want nothing, as the way in which I live at present makes all *dress* unnecessary, & the shops are *so* full of pretty things of all sorts, that were I to buy *one*, I should long for something else the next minute & so on. So that the multiplicity of temptations end in being no temptations at all, & I pass thro’ the streets wholly *unmoved*. I have another reason for not liking so very often to avail myself of your generosity, which is that I should very soon be dress’d *too* well for my condition & I don’t like to appear to have so *many* more ornamental things that I could possibly afford to pay for. Keep the enclosed therefore dear mama for me, for I have nowhere to lock it up ; & whenever I am in want or *real temptation* I will appeal to you I promise.”

The next extract throws light upon the nursing of the sick in those days :

“ Poor Mrs. Wortley is not near so well to day. . . . I was lucky enough to go in at a moment when I was of great use, for she was in a state of irritation & impatience I had never before witness’d, complaining of the impossibility of finding a moments ease in any position, from the extreme pain in her back owing to being always in the same chair. I proposed to her to lay herself down upon a little bed that is in the room, for a change, which she agreed to try contrary to my expectation. I then took a book & read her a sermon, which very soon put her to sleep, & after sleeping quite quietly for half an hour or more she woke quite composed & easy, & told me the change of posture was a blessed thought. . . .”

In a letter of December 3, 1807, Lady Caroline speaks of Russia's declaration of war, and of the Ambassador's [Count Woronzow] probable immediate return to Russia.

On December 8 she writes to her mother :

"I was told of a marriage the other day which gives me great pleasure, it was told to me as a thing settled & known, but I suspect it is kept as a secret in *this* house, so I have never said a word. It is Katinka [daughter of Count Woronzow¹] to Lord Pembroke. Don't you think it a very nice match? I have often heard it reported before & wondered it never had taken place. I believe it to be true, because I know that twice lately Mrs. Wortley has exerted herself to write to her, & has *seen* her once besides. What luck not to return to Russia, & to marry such a man as *him*! She is a charming girl, & deserves her happiness. What a weight it must be off her poor father's mind. I hear he hopes to obtain leave to remain in this country till the beginning of May, that he may have the fine weather to travel in. He told Pops he expected he should be *back* again by October; for he thought things could not go on as they *are*. Do not repeat any thing of this in the 'Cabinet' [Lady Hawkesbury's circle]. It is his own private opinion to a friend & may as well not be repeated—tho' it is in fact no secret. . . ."

During this long absence from her boys, Lady Caroline's thoughts were very often full of them. Apparently the children had threatened to walk to London to see their mother, for on December 16 she writes to Lady Erne (who was looking after them at Wortley) :

"It was not from not being highly entertain'd that I did not take notice of my sons intended expedition, but from forgetfulness at the moment I was writing. I was excessively amused with the thoughts of their *figures* marching up to town thro' all the turnpikes, &c. I read it to their Grandmama, who enjoy'd it much. I am

¹ Mother of Sidney Herbert.

really quite pleased with John's pretty attention to you, but would not say any thing of it to *him*, because *those* sort of things ought to be look'd upon as things of course, & not as uncommon marks of goodness. It is quite reward & encouragement enough to see the pleasure his attention gave *you*, & receive *your* thanks. . . .

"Adieu dearest mama. Kiss my babs for me. I long to see them all, but, if I must be honest, particularly Master James."

On December 22 she writes :

"I wish it was customary for ladies to travel in the mail, for in that case I should certainly put myself into it & go to you for a short time. This has been a very fine day, with a very sharp frost."

Perhaps the most noticeable thing about the letters of December is the entire absence of any mention of Christmas. There is nothing to show that it made the faintest difference to their lives. On December 25 she writes :

"I have had a delightful drive in the barouche with Louisa [Lady Lovaine], who really wanted it, for she is very bilious. I hope you were out in the buggy this lovely day."

Evidently Lady Erne was longing for their return to Wortley. Her daughter writes to her :

"You do Mrs. Wortley great injustice in saying that she has acted unlike herself, for tho' she has never *press'd* our returning, (which would have been more than human virtue) she was quite satisfied when he [James Stuart Wortley] announc'd his intention of going back. You are mistaken too my dearest mama in thinking she has said all she wish'd to him. People in her situation do not *ever* feel that they have said *all*, at least I should think so. And there never passes a day that she does not say, or write, or dictate something or other ; for she leaves not the slightest thing unthought of. Besides this, her love & admiration

for her son encreases daily, & the comfort to her of *seeing* him is alone extreme. Even if she *had* said all she wish'd, consider what the pang would be to see your favorite child leave you, perhaps to linger on, with the feel at every moment, '*that* face I shall never see again, I shall never hear his voice, he will never read to me, & he is hundreds of miles from me'. I am sure when you reflect again, you will not wonder that she had not courage to bid him go. *He* is, besides, the *active* person, he is the channel of every thing she wishes to say to her husband, especially since his gout has prevented him coming up stairs, & he used while she was able to listen, to read religious books to her. . . ."

The long-drawn agony did not end till the middle of January 1808, but there are no letters after December 31. On that day Lady Caroline writes :

"I have seen her [Mrs. Wortley] to day for the first time these three days, & was very much struck with the alteration in her countenance since I last saw her. After I had kiss'd her, & was going away from her bedside she call'd me back, & said, 'My dear Caroline, I like you should come in to me, because I wish you to see how easy it is to go peaceably & calmly out of this world' ! Indeed she is a most *pleasing* object, now that one does not see her suffer, & a most encouraging example of Christian fortitude & faith ! I ask'd her leave to go into her room from time to time even when she was not well enough to *know* it, as it was a pleasure to me to look at her. . . ."

Another extract from the same letter is in an altogether different vein :

"As to that little *Devil* James, I believe nothing will frighten him about fire, but tying him on to the spit & letting him roast a *turn* or *two* before the *kitchen* fire. Dont you think it would be a very good plan ? Pray *whip* him well for *me*. . . ."

There are no letters in 1808 before May 9, when Lady Caroline describes a dinner party at the Princess's at Blackheath.¹

“ You will be glad to hear that I am alive & *well* after *yesterday*. I managed my affairs very well, for thro' Lady Binning's interest I got the Mansfields to carry us. I was prepared from what you told me not to be very nervous, thinking it would not be formal ; but O Dio ! any thing like the *first* going in I never saw. The Princess was standing at the further end of the room by the chimney,² the Duchess was sitting between the chimney & the dining room door, & the company who were nearly all come, stood round on each side. Imagine poor Lady Mansfield & myself having to walk in & make our curtsey in the middle of this dreadful circle, & then march up to the Princess who never *moved*. She was however very goodhumour'd, & took me by the hand, & presented me herself to the old Duchess as a Grand daughter of Lord Bristols. The Princess then came & stood by me, & enquired after you, & distorted about your cruelty to your friends in going away, for I told her you was *quite* settled at Hampton Court. The dinner was very pleasant & there were a great many people I knew. I sat between Lord Mansfield and Lord Aberdeen. Amongst the company were Lady Manvers & Lord Newark, Lord Rivers, Lord Sackville & his brother & John Sneyd, &c. &c. After dinner it was not at all formal, & the Princess made me come & sit by her on a couch, & we grew quite intimate & had a great deal of fun with Lord Sackville, whom she attacked violently about *never* coming any where when he was ask'd to meet her, & when he begg'd her pardon, & tried to defend himself & explain why he had not come, she only laugh'd & said, ‘ O I dont mind you, I dont believe *one word* you say, I know better than all that ’. And then told him she was very much *afraid*

¹ The Princess of Wales was then living at Blackheath.

² Duchess of Brunswick, mother of the Princess.

of him, for she was sure he did not approve of her dissipation. . . .”

The next extract is from a letter of June 23. It is difficult to recognise Chiswick,¹ as we know it, in the description given by Lady Caroline.

“We were yesterday a party of about twelve or fourteen people at Chiswick, where we had a very nice cold colation prepared by Lord Hartington. We walk’d all about the place, to the Farm yard & Dairy, drank new milk, caught chickens, & Coax’d some red Deer; then return’d to drink tea under the trees near the house & came back to town between nine & ten, & ended by supping together at Lady C. Greville’s—nothing could be pleasanter. . . .”

In those days travelling at night was not so common as it is now.

“ELFORD, June 28, 1808.

“ . . . I suppose the Doge has told you how he was disappointed of getting a place in the mail on Saturday, & set off after me in a post chaise, thinking to catch me on the road where I slept, but found I had indulged myself in my fancy of travelling all night. Nothing ever succeeded better, & I was neither heated nor tired by my journey. But do not imagine I was selfish enough to indulge myself at the expense of poor Boon² & Cawdrey. *She* first proposed it, & seem’d quite to *enjoy* the thoughts of passing a fine summer night in the chaise, rather than in a hot bed at an Inn & assur’d me Cawdrey would like it also. I did not leave London till three o’clock, eat luncheon at Barnet, & then had

¹ Chiswick House belonged to the Earls of Burlington until the death of Richard, the last Earl, in 1753, when it passed to the 4th Duke of Devonshire, who had married the Earl’s daughter. A Palladian mansion, attached to which were pleasure grounds and a small park stocked with deer. The Emperor Alexander of Russia and the King of Prussia were entertained there in 1814. Charles James Fox died there in 1806, and George Canning in 1827. It now belongs to the Municipality.

² Lady Caroline’s maid. Cawdrey, probably man-servant.

nothing more till ten o'clock, when I stopp'd & had a most delicious meal of tea & bread & butter. I then set off again & travelled till nine the next morning when I had my breakfast at Coventry, & reach'd Elford by $\frac{1}{4}$ past two, quite well & comfortable. What would you have taken to have done as much? You may imagine my surprise at seeing my husband march in, in the middle of dinner, when I thought he was within a few miles of Wortley. It was to be sure too provoking his having been a few hours behind me all the way. . . ."

After her arrival at Wortley, Lady Caroline writes on July 7 :

"The weather is pleasant, but more like September than July, and we have fires in all the rooms, which, with the windows open, is delightful."

Perhaps we are too much inclined to think that open windows were unheard of before our own day. She ends the letter by saying :

"I rejoice at the news from Spain,¹ but I cannot help croaking and dreading some sudden thunderbolt from Bonaparte. How delightful if, on the contrary, it should be the dawn of a new and glorious day to the poor earth."

At the end of the month Mr. Wortley and Lady Caroline set out for Belmont Castle, in Perthshire [the home of her father-in-law], making their first stop at Hornby [Duke of Leeds']. In a letter from Hornby she describes Temple Newsham, then belonging to Lady Hertford :

"I was delighted with it & the Doge was in perfect raptures. It is a very fine old house, the shape of a half H & the balustrade round the top, composed of a *quotation* from Scripture, the letters of iron, each a yard high, & appearing no more than a foot from below. And on each side of the porch one goes in at, stand two statues of Knights Templars. . . ."

¹ The capitulation of the French Army under Dupont at Baylen.

On their way to Scotland they passed through Durham, where Lady Caroline attempted a drawing of the Cathedral, and

“very near put myself into hystericks with it. . . . The proportions, the delirious number of lines and endless details very soon put me into a sort of furious despair. . . . I found nervousness, headache, and sickness gaining ground so fast in consequence of my exertions and impatience, that I was obliged to give it up and throw myself on the couch.”

The next letter is from Belmont. Lady Caroline begins by describing the journey from Edinburgh and the crossing of the Firth of Forth :

“BELMONT CASTLE, Aug. 5, 1808.

“We left Edinburgh yesterday morning intending to reach Belmont early in the evening, but as ill luck would have it there was a difficulty about getting post horses, so many families were leaving Edinburgh, so that we did not get off till between eleven & twelve, & in the first stage one of our horses lost a shoe. To add to our delays, when we got to the Ferry ¹ we found one boat was *just* gone off, & we were obliged to wait for one that was returning from the other side, & by the time it came the tide was so much turn’d, & the wind so contrary, that we had the greatest difficulty in getting over, & after all could not make the right landing place, & were obliged to put ashore on a bed of rocks under the Cliff. It was quite an adventure, & had all the appearance of being cast upon a *desert island*. After the poor Barouche had been swung out, & lifted rather than drawn over the rocks by the boatmen, Boon & I were obliged to scramble out as well as we could one at a time, & assisted by two of the men, *flounder’d* over the rocks which were *so* cover’d with weeds that we could not see where to set our foot, till we got to a sort of road cut in the rock

¹ The Firth of Forth.

which wound up to the village. Our last delay, the most provoking one of all, was at Cupar, only six miles from here, where we arrived at eleven o'clock in a pouring rain, & where we were kept half an hour waiting for a blacksmith, for another horse had lost his shoe—in short we did not get here till past twelve, & fear'd every body would be in bed, but to our surprise found that Pops himself, who had dined out, was not come home. We went up into the Library, where Allegati soon brought us a very nice supper, which we were not a little in want of, having had nothing like a meal since breakfast. . . .

“In general I think all the country I have pass'd thro' is very ugly, only here & there a picturesque bit ; & the looks of the people together with their bare heads & feet, so unlike what one sees in England, made me feel all the way as if I was abroad. I believe I told you I went to Holyrood House the day we spent in Edinburgh, you know how much I like *that* sort of thing. There I saw Mary's own apartment, her own bed, & a *dressing box* she had brought from France, the inside of which was quilted & lined with pink silk, & had been perfumed & retain'd some of its smell. I thought it particularly interesting as its authenticity cannot be doubted, it is so like what would be made in France to *this* day, & as I open'd all the little odd places with in it, I said to myself, ‘Mary herself used to lift up this, & draw out this little drawer, & take pins from this pincushion’ ! The situation of Edinburgh is very curious and striking—but I believe you have been there. The new town is more like Bath than any other town I know. I ought to have said that I saw the room in which Rizzio was at supper with the Countess of Argyle the night he was assassinated, the private door at which Lord Darnley enter'd, *behind the arras*, and *Rizzio's blood* upon the floor in the outer room where they dragg'd him to finish their bloody business. . . .”

Lady Caroline then goes on to say that—

“Lord Lovaine has left England in a fit of enthusiasm with the Army for Spain, as a Volunteer. We are all furious with him. It is cruel & absurd in the extreme, & nobody’s life is more precious to their family than his, for besides his wife & children, he is the father of his brothers & sisters. I do pity poor Louisa exceedingly, for she has not even the encouragement to exertion & resignation which people feel when they are afflicted with a *necessary* calamity.”

This is hardly the view which was taken of volunteering in the late war.

On August 12 she writes in rather naïve surprise at finding the Scotch neighbours so much abreast of the times :

“BELMONT CASTLE.

“I must introduce you to some Scotch neighbours who came here yesterday. Old Lady Murray (mother to General Murray, & first cousin to poor Mrs. Wortley ¹), Lady McKenzie her daughter, & her husband Sir Alex^r. McKenzie, & Miss McKenzie their daughter. I believe I told you I rather dreaded their coming; but I am now quite sorry that they are going again to-morrow. They are excellent people & the women particularly pleasing, & very gentlewomanlike, & quite like people who have lived in the world, tho’ in fact they have seldom stirred from home. What is most extraordinary is that they are very fond of all music, but particularly of Italian, & Lady McKenzie & her Daughter play very well on the pianoforte. They seem’d to think it quite a treat to hear so much of my singing, & I was particularly glad that I happen’d to be in good voice & able to sing all the evening. Sir Alexander himself plays on some instrument, & now & then goes to London where he constantly attends the Opera & whatever good music he can get to. He has been abroad too, which I suppose gave him his taste for Italian music. At this instant he is most goodnaturedly copying some for me that Lady

¹ See p. 59.

Haddington lent me. I should think Pops must have been pretty well bored last night, for we never stopp'd from the time we came out from dinner till we went to bed. But he contrived to keep poor Lady Murray by him to talk to, who had much rather have been listening to us.

"I congratulate you upon the glorious news from Spain,¹ it came to us last night & rejoiced us much. I think *now* one may reasonably expect success. I am grown quite fond of the Spaniards."

In August 1808 Lady Caroline visits Glamis Castle, at that time owned by John, 10th Earl of Strathmore. For the last thirty years of his life this Lord Strathmore scarcely ever visited his Scotch estates, preferring to live in Durham on the property he had inherited from his mother. On the day before his death he married the mother of his natural son, born 1811, in the hopes of legitimising him. The Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, in 1821, however, decided that the 10th Earl had lost his Scotch domicile, and that the marriage had not legitimised the son born out of wedlock. The earldom and the Glamis estate accordingly passed to Earl Thomas, while John Bowes, the natural son of the 10th Earl, inherited Streatlam and Gibside, in the county of Durham. For fourteen years he represented South Durham in Parliament. He is best remembered by having won the Derby no less than four times. On his death without issue in 1885, the Bowes estates passed to the father of the present holder of the title.

"Aug. 16th.

"I am this instant returned from seeing Glamis Castle, with Lady Melville & Miss Wortley in the Barouche. It is a most curious old place, & might be made very comfortable to live at, & has about it great capability for making a fine place. I must make the Doge do a drawing of it. They shew one the bed in which poor old Duncan is said to have been murder'd, &

¹ In August 1808 Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French at Vimeiro.

I tore off a little bit of the work upon it to give to Mrs. Siddons, who I think will be amused with it. The *room* is no longer to be seen, but they shew you the staircase which led to it; but for some reason or other which it would be very curious to trace, the door or passage to which it conducted you is now wall'd up, & so are the windows on that side of the house which answers to it—for we walked round the outside to see. But some provoking people tell you that it is all a lie, & that Duncan was murder'd at Cawdor Castle—I will not believe it. The Gong strikes so I must dress, or Pops will be in a fidget. We now dine at five, so that I shall have time to write after dinner. . . .

“By the by, Lady Melville has got a Volume of Sermons here by my dear Paley very lately published. Pray send for them directly. I have had some of them, & am sure you will be delighted with them. I shall make the Doge buy a copy for Wortley.

“Pops is very kind and attentive to me indeed poor man, and seems pleased to have me here to shew me everything. I am therefore glad to be come, and really like the place and feel an interest in it. But how different from the feel I have about Wortley, and how anxious I am still to get back there.”

On August 24 she writes to her mother at Wortley:

“You make me quite impatient to hear the organ. It must be a most wonderful acquisition, and the singers must find a greater facility in keeping in time and tune to its accompaniment than to the old fiddle and bass, which never kept either. I can easily fancy Bet's delight and eagerness, and envy you both being at church the first time it is used. How very exquisite in Jim choosing the time he was in church to declare Mary¹ to be his wife. They must have been a delightful couple standing together.”

¹ Probably Mary Corbet, daughter of Rev. Stuart Corbet.

After sketching out their plans for going to Delvine (Sir Alexander Mackenzie's), to Duneira (Ld. and Ldy. Melville's), to Livingstone (Sir William Cunynghame's), and finally to the Haddingtons' at Teyninghame, she says, "And *then* to Wortley in three days. I get more and more impatient to be off as the time approaches."

At that time apparently the first attempts were made at weather forecasts.

"I am going to copy a paper of Lady Melville's by which one may know what the *weather is to be* throughout the year; it is a discovery of Dr. Herschell's, who says that the weather depends upon the *hour* at which the moon changes every quarter; & that he has ascertained it from the experience of twenty years. Lady Melville & I consulted it for *last* quarter which foretold changeable weather, & it was certainly so. *This* quarter is to be fair, & it is so hitherto. Vedremo. The *next* is to be fair also. It is a very pretty amusement to have this paper to consult every week if it does but prove tolerably correct. . . ."

In the Scotland of those days hospitality, owing no doubt to the difficulties of transport, was practised on broader lines than it is now.

"BELMONT CASTLE, *August 26th.*

"There is a Mr. and Mrs. Morritt coming here to-morrow whom nobody in this family ever saw, but who have already paid a visit at Duneira. They are making a tour of Scotland, and have letters of recommendation to different people, and amongst them one from Lady Louisa Stuart to Mr. Wortley. Lady Melville says they are very pleasant people."

The Morritts seem to have been quite an agreeable addition to the party. "She is a very pleasant gentlewomanlike woman of about 50, and he is the author of a book written in answer to Mr. Bryant's provoking work to prove that the Siege of Troy was all fabulous." Being "affamés" of antiquities, they took Lady Caroline to see an old Pictish

fastness and a waterfall called the Reeky Lynn, also a curious old carved stone by the side of a brook near the road which had been mentioned to them by Sir Walter Scott¹ as a very curious thing.

"There are", Lady Caroline says, "two or three in the churchyard at Meigle which I have taken a rough copy of. They are extremely ancient and supposed to have been tombstones, but there is no certain tradition concerning them, and the figures carved upon them very obscure and imperfect. I long to show them to you. I had no idea that Scotland, and this immediate neighbourhood even, was so full of interesting remains of the ancients."

The next letter is from Delvine, twelve miles from Belmont, the home of the Mackenzies :

"Sept. 1st, 1808.

"... We went this morning after breakfast with part of this family to see Dunkeld, where we spent the whole day walking about one tenth part of that beautiful place. Every beauty that mountains, wood & water can combine is to be seen there, & we were amply repaid for our fatigues. It is now ten o'clock, & I feel tired enough to enjoy the thoughts of going to bed, tho' much less so that I should have expected after the many hours I have been upon my legs. . . ."

In a letter from Lady Bessborough to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, September 1, 1808, she says :

"I have had two adventures since I wrote last. The first . . . was meeting Lady C. Wortley in the midst of a wood at Dunkeld, and our mutual astonishment and exclamations. I like to meet her anywhere for her own sake, but your liking her so much last year, and all

¹ Describing Scott's stay (in 1793) at Meigle, in Forfarshire, Lockhart says : "In the village churchyard, close beneath Mr. Murray's gardens, tradition still points out the tomb of Queen Guinever ; and the whole district abounds in objects of historical interest".

the recollections it brought back, threw a prestige upon her that made it quite a pleasure."

The beauty of Duneira [Lord and Lady Melville's], which they reached on Saturday, September 3, seems to have created in Lady Caroline a sort of ecstasy.

"Really the beauty of this place is *delirious*. The house stands at the foot of a rocky mountain, with another rising directly in front, which is so high that being due south, in winter it for a whole month entirely conceals the sun! What a monkey.¹ At this season the sun looks over it with disdain, & one has only to admire its rugged shapes & various colouring. Immediately before the house is a flat lawn which contrasts beautifully with the mountains, & on each side little neat dress'd flower gardens enclosed by rock and wood. The whole Valley is filled with little beautiful rocky hills cover'd with Oak brushwood, amongst which are cut most beautiful & romantick walks; & from the tops of which you look down upon the river Earn, which winds along amongst them & through pretty fields that lay between them. The Doge is drawing all day long, & has made one or two very nice sketches. . . ."

"DUNEIRA, Sept. 7, 1808.

". . . What say you to the news? It is fine indeed, & I rejoice for poor Lady Mornington, who must be proud of her son.² Poor Mrs. Pole also must be very happy as her son was with him. It really makes one proud of being an Englishwoman. I hope you admired my friend General Burrard's behaviour, who would not take the command from Sir Arthur because the action was begun before he arrived. As Lord Melville says, he gain'd more credit by that, than if he had won ten battles. Adieu dearest Mama, I must leave you. I like to think how few more I shall be able to write."

¹ See Glossary, p. xxix.

² The Battle of Vimeiro was won by Sir Arthur Wellesley (against Junot), Aug. 21, 1808.

CHAPTER VIII

(1809–1811)

James Stuart Wortley pays a tribute to Lady Erne—Lady Hawkesbury revels in mournful details—A second daughter born, also called Caroline—Shoemaking—Description of Levens—Castlereagh and Canning—The Duel—The “Public Days” at Wentworth Wodehouse—Marriage of Elizabeth Foster and Duke of Devonshire—George III.’s Jubilee celebrations—Gossip from the Piazza Coffee House—Lord Wellesley and his ladies—Lady Caroline’s children, “the Stuarts”.

THE first letter of 1809 is from Mr. Wortley to his mother-in-law. It contains a delightful tribute to her.

“*January, 1809.*

“ . . . You know that I have always been from the first moment I was happy enough to become acquainted with you, most inclined to esteem and respect you, and that every day that has passed since I was bound to you by a most dear connexion, has increased that esteem and respect, and that nothing can be more true than the affection with which I am your son.”

The next letter, from Lady Hawkesbury to Lady Erne, is, as usual, full of mournful details and a good deal of piety and patriotism :

“ Think of that unfortunate Lady Waldegrave losing another son ! & just as He was in sight of Home ! & *not* in Battle ! The transport was lost off Falmouth. Lord & Lady George Cavendish had also a son on board who is lost. They are just the sort of prosperous people that will suffer peculiarly from such a blow, but it may be wholesome discipline.

“ Alas ! the list of officers who have fallen on this last occasion is long & mournful. But every thing one hears adds to the Glory of it, & I firmly believe the French have now an idea of our fighting that will most effectually keep them from our own coast.

“ There was a party of Stragglers who from excess of fatigue had got drunk, & being drunk loiter’d behind & were look’d upon as lost, yet these people in this state seeing a party of French Troops coming towards them at once became sober & regular, chose themselves a commander *amongst themselves*, & bravely fought & repuls’d the enemy & actually join’d their own regiment in time to embark with them. . . .

“ I am writing all this with a headache & must now lay down my pen. But as you are tête-à-tête with Caroline I thought even this scrawl would be welcome. Lady Hester Stanhope has lost a Brother, & it was ye *best*, & ye one that attended Mr. Pitt at Bath. He fell in Battle.”

From January to July we have no letters at all. On June 13 another daughter was born, also called Caroline. In these letters she is usually spoken of as “Missy”. On July 14, writing from Dunchurch on her way to Wortley, Lady Caroline says :

“ I am quite well, and very little tired. Missy sleeps all day and keeps her nurse up all night. . . . with eyes staring about as bright as stars.”

On July 19, 1809, Lady Caroline writes from Wortley. She has just seen her children after a long absence, and has experienced the sort of shock with which most mothers are familiar.

“ The boys were just returned from Cotefield when we arrived last night between eight & nine o’clock. They were shy at seeing me, but soon got into conversation on all that they did, &c. But you cannot think how odd it felt to me, to reflect that they were *my children* ! Their



ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

From a miniature by Cosway, the property of Hon. Mrs.
Norman Grosvenor.



MARY, COUNTESS ERNE, AND HER DAUGHTER

From a miniature in the possession of Mrs. Archibald
Stuart Wortley.

appearance, their language & their manners are so different from what they were when I left them, that I was mute in astonishment. The change is most striking in John, who is quite as manly as I can wish him. . . .”

To her many other activities Lady Caroline seems to have added this year that of shoemaking. On her way from London to Wortley she had stayed as usual at Elford with her friend, the Rev. John Sneyd. They found the parson and his curate eagerly employed in shoemaking.

“I took my first lesson yesterday. To-day being Sunday is rather a contretemps, but they assure me I shall learn the business thoroughly in another day’s apprenticeship. Missy has been much admir’d, and kissed by both the parsons, who declare they never christened so fat and pretty a little thing of her age. . . .”

In August 1809 Lady Caroline goes to Levens, one of the most beautiful old houses in England, taking with her little James. Levens belonged then to the Greville Howards. “This is the most delightful real old place I ever saw,” writes Lady Caroline on August 18. “We are a large and pleasant party.”

On the 21st she writes :

“The Doge joined our party yesterday evening. He is as much pleased as I was with this old house. It is in its original state, & they have had the good taste in fitting it up to preserve its character, & furnish it in the old style. Nothing can be better done. The drawing room is *oak* wainscot, now almost black with age, the windows casement & stone frames. To relieve the gloom they have put up cloth curtains of drab color mix’d with scarlet & the mock gold lace—divans of scarlet cloth—sofas and arm chairs of red linen in two shades—all sorts of reading and writing establishments & a large piano forte which, as you may suppose, is made pretty good use of. . . .

“The house stands in a Court, and on one side has a delicious old garden of cut box flower beds, high clipt

hedges, & Yew trees cut into divers forms. On the opposite side of the road is a most beautiful and romantic park, & the surrounding country is beautiful. I hope whilst we are here we shall go a detachment at least to see the Lakes, which are within a drive from this place. . . .”

On September 18, 1809, Lady Caroline writes :

“ I am sorry for poor Lord Castlereagh for I believe he is miserable out of office, and become a perfect Lord Glenthorne.¹ What more can Canning wish for than he now has ? Is he not the principal person in the Government ? ”

This last sentence is a little difficult to understand. Canning was at that moment out of office. He had for some time been trying to effect the removal of Castlereagh from the War Office. The failure of the Walcheren Expedition, which Canning attributed largely to Castlereagh, led to a bitter quarrel between them. On September 6 the Duke of Portland announced to Canning his intention of retiring for reasons of health, at the same time admitting that he had done nothing about the removal of Castlereagh. Canning at once resigned, and Castlereagh, hearing what had taken place, two days later followed his example.

Perceval, who succeeded Portland, tried to induce Canning to serve under him, but without avail, Canning considering that he himself ought to be Prime Minister.

On September 21 Castlereagh and Canning fought a duel on Wimbledon Common, in which Canning was wounded. Charles Rose Ellis, the widower of Lady Caroline's first cousin and most intimate friend, was Canning's second.

On September 23, 1809, after thanking her mother for her account of the Royal visit (to Claremount,² at that time the property of Charles Rose Ellis), Lady Caroline says :

¹ The hero of Miss Edgworth's novel called *Ennui*. “ Spoiled by indolence and bad education, he succeeds, by a course of self-discipline, in curing his mental and moral faults, and in becoming a useful member of society ” (Dr. Brewer's *Reader's Handbook*).

² Claremount was sold to the Crown for Princess Charlotte when she married Prince Leopold.

“ . . . You made me wish I had been there. Now that I am got at my ease with Royals, I enjoy all the little parade attending such parties, & always look upon them as *subjects*, which it is funny to see *en habit de ville* talking & eating like other people. Charles seems to have played his part to perfection, but how worried he must have been during all that ceremony, to be so occupied with Canning’s affair. I suppose he has been very nervous & unhappy poor fellow about the duel. I hope poor Mrs. Canning and Lady Castlereagh did not suspect the horror that was going on ! It is well indeed that no more mischief was done. Pray send me all the information you can upon the business, as well as concerning every thing you know of the arrangements that are making. It is too bad that individual feelings should interfere with the public welfare. . . .”

The next letter is from Doncaster on September 28 :

“ I was so sleepy yesterday after dinner dearest mama, that I really could not resist taking a nap before I dress’d for the Ball, which prevented my writing to you as I had intended. And now Having dined out, & it being *ten* o’clock, you will understand my not having time for more than a few lines. I am sorry to hear Lord Grey¹ has refused to enter into any arrangements. I suppose Lord Grenville¹ will also. What will be done ? It is a sad state of things. Canning certainly seems to have behaved in the most absurd manner, & I do think his friends have a great deal to answer for. . . .”

On October 5 Lady Caroline says : “ The Lowthers come to us on Sunday or Monday, and go with us to the Public Day at Wentworth Wodehouse on Tuesday, and return and sleep here that night. . . .” The Public Day at Wentworth Wodehouse (Lord Fitzwilliam’s) was a great feature of social life in Yorkshire at that time. Those whose names were on a list made and kept by Lord Fitzwilliam might dine, and take their friends to dine, at Wentworth on these Public Days,

¹ Lord Grey and Lord Grenville were asked by Perceval to join his administration. They both refused.

which occurred at intervals of about a week. Sometimes large numbers availed themselves of the privilege, and even the great dining-room at Wentworth must have been full to overflowing.

“ . . . I have practised on my harp this evening till my fingers are so sore I can hardly make use of them. I want very much to persevere, but I find I make so little progress in proportion to the labour I undergo, that I dread being once more discouraged & giving it up again, & if I *do*, it will be for *good*. . . . My husband has a letter from Lord Liverpool with the copy of the correspondence between Mr. Percival and Lords Grenville & Grey. Poor Corbett is revived a little by the probability of things going on pretty well. He was dreadfully alarm'd at first at the idea that this government *could* not stand without a *junction*. The failure of the [Walcheren] expedition will be an unfortunate point of attack at the meeting of Parliament. I must say I should like to give Canning a severe whipping. I think he must feel a little uneasy at seeing the confusion he has occasion'd. . . .”

On October 10 Lady Caroline writes :

“ We had a very pleasant dinner yesterday at Wentworth, & went very comfortably with the Lowthers in their coach. . . .

“ . . . I am sorry to hear the Duke of Gloucester¹ is coming to Wentworth on Saturday for a week, for I daresay he will want to see everything in the neighbourhood. And if he finds out that I live so near perhaps he may take it into his head to come and make us a visit, which would annoy me for a thousand reasons. . . .”

It is almost irresistible from time to time to quote Lady Caroline on the subject of her children.

“ Oct. 16, 1809.

“ . . . Ours go on in the most perfect style with each other, & their master, & I am happy to see that

¹ Nephew of George III., married his cousin Mary, daughter of George III.

he grows quite fond of them. They quarrel very little, & when they do it is sharp & short. A kick or a good thump settles the business, & they become as good friends as ever. I did not tell you a trait very much to Charles's credit. On the night of the ball for Missy's christening John unfortunately did something before it began, which made Mr. Barry put him into the study, & this mortified him so much that when Lady Lovaine & I went up to see them dance he was still crying in the study, & it was impossible to bring him to himself. Charles, to my very great surprise, took his brothers disgrace so much to heart that he was almost crying, & would neither dance nor stay by Stuart [Corbet], but sat on the floor by my chair, every now & then getting up & going to look if John was coming out. Late in the evening I succeeded in bringing John so far to himself as to go with me to my dressing room & wash his eyes, & then return to the ball & sit by me. As soon as Ta [Charles] saw him so far recovered, he pass'd from a state of the *deepest* despondency to the most violent spirits, dancing & performing such anticks amongst the servants that I could not keep him in any order. All this time he never said any thing to his brother, but kept his eye upon him to see that he was all right. The Lovaines were quite delighted with his behaviour. They instinctively educate each other in manliness as well as if they were at school, for if either of them are sulky or cry at being hurt, the other two '*doctor him*' as they call it, which is throwing him down on his back & pretending to plaister the part, or pull his nose or ears, &c. &c. And this goes on *unrelentingly* till the victim laughs at himself. You may imagine therefore that this discipline is seldom necessary, as it is pretty severe. . . ."

It is in the same letter that we hear of the marriage of Lady Elizabeth Foster to the Duke of Devonshire, which took place on October 19, 1809. The paragraph explains itself.

“ Here is the post dearest Mama, & your letter & your *secret*, which I conclude was not meant to be one from the Doge—but shall be so from every one else. It seems to me to explain all as I always interpreted her conduct. I cannot help feeling very glad indeed that it turns out *a marriage* after all, tho’ as you say we must expect many unpleasant things to be said. And now I think it will astonish the fashionable world so much, that I fear it will be the universal topic of conversation for a long time. However I trust it will be spent before *I* get to town. I wonder whether Devonshire house will be very gay next year! I do hope things will go smoothly with *his* family; or we shall feel very uncomfortable in going to the house.”

The next letter was written on October 18:

“ It was droll enough that my letter yesterday was not even seal’d when Lady Effingham¹ came in, & the first thing she told me was that she had seen Lord Hartington at Buxton, & that the report was that the rest of the family were coming to Chatsworth, & that as soon as they were settled the marriage would *be declared*. I felt so guilty with my secret which I had just got from you, that I believe I color’d at being taken so by surprise, but had presence of mind enough to say that if it *was* so, I could only say I should be more surprised at it *now* than I should have been a year or two ago. After all I dare say the report she had heard only originated as it has already done a hundred times before—but it was oddly timed. . . .”

“ October 19.

“ . . . The same post brought me a letter from my Aunt Elizabeth . . . she tells me in it exactly what you did, & of course I shall do as she bids me, but as I so flatly denied the event when Lady Effingham spoke to me of it a few days ago, & that a little *confidence* will gratify her, I mean to set her right, only begging that

¹ See p. 68.

she will not quote *me* as her authority whenever she has occasion to speak the truth. For I conceive that my Aunt's only wish is that her own family should not be the first to speak, as it might give an idea that *she* was impatient to spread the news. And therefore having mentioned it as I propose to Lady Effingham, I shall hold my tongue till I am question'd. . . . My Aunt Elizabeth's letter to me is a very natural & pretty one."

The celebration of George the Third's Jubilee took place in October 1809, rather strangely at the beginning of the fiftieth year of his reign instead of at its completion. There are several mentions of it in the letters—of the fireworks to be let off at Sheffield and the copy of the Coronation Anthem which has to be procured—of the unpopularity incurred by a certain great man¹ in the neighbourhood who took no notice whatever of the Jubilee.

" . . . I really think it shews a littleness of mind as well as weakness that I did not suspect him of. At Sheffield nothing could be more loyal or proper than their celebration of the day. One thing particularly pleased me & shew'd how good a feeling was call'd forth amongst the inhabitants. Every manufacturer gave a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding & ale to his workmen, & when one man sent for some ale later than the rest, not a *drop* was to be had, & he was obliged to give his men money to spend at the Ale house.

"As for us, we had a dinner at the Wortley Arms for a number of old men & women after church, & we went to see them sit down. It was a delightful sight. In the evening Corbetts five eldest children came down to see the fireworks which the Doge exhibited upon the terrace, & which lasted an *hour*. After that, they and our boys went up to see the ball, decorated with medals sent to them by Dr Hounsfield & tied on with blue ribbons with motto's on them. Even *Missy* had on a

¹ Probably Lord Fitzwilliam, who professed very radical opinions.

blue sash. I quite wish'd for you all day, you would have been so pleased with all we did. the ball was very well attended by a number of respectable tenants, & they had a supper as good and as pretty looking as any ball supper in London. And I heard the next day they were all delighted & said they had never seen any thing *so grand* in their lives. Addio dearest mama. Jim is plaguing me to cut his hair before dinner."

The year concludes with a letter from Welbeck :

"One little word dearest mama to tell you that we go on famously. The Duchess¹ and I were quite acquainted the first day (which it seems is a most uncommon thing) & I like her very much. We still remain the same small & snug party, & I am very sorry that to-morrow is our last day. . . . I fear I shall find a house full at Thoresby of people I never saw before in my life, which is rather a monkey. Lady Charlotte² assures me they will certainly come to Wortley, but she does not at present know when. I am *wonderfully* recover'd ; but by *what* I know not. All I know is, that I eat quite well & sleep well. I continue to do without wine, which I really believe is the principal reason of my recovery."

On January 4, 1810, James Stuart Wortley writes to Lady Caroline at Wortley :

"I write to you from the Piazza Coffee House where Mr. Pops, Binning and myself are about to dine for the purpose of going to Covent garden to see the new Harlequin farce, which is said to outdo even Mother Goose. The play is, *A new way to pay Old Debts*, which I have never seen. Pops is as eager about it as if he was only 20 years old.

¹ Daughter of General John Scott of Balcomie. Married William, 4th Duke of Portland.

² Lady Charlotte Greville, daughter of 3rd Duke of Portland. Married Charles Greville, son of Fulke Greville, of Wilberry, Wilts. Mother of the diarist.

"I have been to call upon Lady Bath this morning, who looks as fat and jolly as ever. She has given me a ticket to go to the Opera tomorrow, and I have engaged myself to go to dinner there.

"Yesterday Binning and myself dined at a Coffee house and went to the Lyceum, and saw a most stupid performance by way of a play called *Lost and Found* and a Magical spectacle thing of Skeffington's.

"I am not yet quite certain but I hope to be able to get away in a very few days, particularly if the government are beat in the House of Lords tonight, which is most probable. In that case the whole business will be at an end. I have however applied to get a pair if possible. I do assure you that my bowels begin to yearn after Wortley and a sight of all its inhabitants. God bless you all."

The next letter is from Lady Liverpool to Lady Erne, on January 26, 1810. She begins by thanking her sister for her kind and liberal gift to an old couple :

". . . The old man has been a Merchant, & lost £3000 in one morning, so that he once knew what money could give. He appears also to have been a Gentleman. . . . But oh my Dear Sister what a number there are who I *can not* assist ! who are sick and destitute & suffering, whilst I am surrounded with comforts far far beyond my deserts. If I ever had a doubt of a Future State I think this reflection would convince me.

"I hear Lady Harriet Leveson¹ is quite comfortable with *his* family, & that He is anxious she should lead the quietest life possible & avoid all dissipations. Lord Liverpool has a Badish cold but I trust He will be able to speak to night & Lord Wellesley has promised to bestir himself this evening. He is going on sadly with his *Ladies*, quarelling with his wife & Lavishing thousands on his mistress—pity pity !

¹ Daughter of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Married Lord Granville Leveson Gower.

"I am leading ye oddest life just now having the room full of company all morning, then dining early tête à tête with Lord Liverpool & spending the evening by myself. Tomorrow I hope however to be well enough to go in a chair to dine at Harcourt House. Lady Harcourt was here this morning with Miss Trefusis whom she has presented, and to who she is almost a parent. Surely that Woman's life is fuller of good deeds & kind offices than any other being !

"Saturday.

"My solitude was interrupted last night first by Charlotte & then by Her husband & mine who came from ye House of Lords as early as 9 o'clock. Lord Wellesley made an *excellent* speech in defence of his Brother. In the House of Commons you see we did less well & were in a minority, Lord Castlereagh voting for ye enquiry,¹ Mr. Canning against it. The state of parties is the oddest possible. . . ."

A long gap in the letters brings us to June 25, 1810, when the return journey to Wortley is in contemplation.

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

"I think it possible we may delay our departure if there is no rain before that day, for really three days travelling in such heat and dust, and with little children, feels like a desperate undertaking. . . . I will let you know exactly what books I get for the children before I go. . . . Miss Peacock has brought me one I like very much. It is a Catechism by Blair of all the common sort of things that ought early to be known.

"I think your plan for John a very good one of making memorandums of everything he is struck with, and I shall urge him to it as soon as I see him."

One wonders how long John kept up this excellent practice.

¹ This must have been the enquiry into the conduct of the Walcheren Expedition.

On July 7 Lady Caroline writes to her mother from Wortley that they have arrived safely after a tolerable journey :

“ I found the boys as well as possible, but so like *true Stuarts*, that when I went up to the nursery where they were dressing, neither of them would take the *least* notice of me. However they have since shewn how pleased they are to have us back again. . . . I cannot help thinking that Mantel over does the cool system in the nursery, which I believe to be unwholesome for very young children. . . .”

The remaining letters in July contain accounts of the alterations to be made at Wharncliffe Lodge before Lady Erne takes up her residence there.

On July 23 Lady Caroline says :

“ The Doge seized with a most unusual fit of propriety proposed to me now that we were at liberty, to offer to spend a day or two at the Stanhope’s [at Cannon Hall]. But I was *indignant*, & have brought him to consent to leave me in peace this week, & to visit them whilst *you* are at Thoresby, & *you* will then be an excellent excuse for returning in a couple of days.”

In the last months of 1810 the King lapsed once more into insanity, accompanied this time by blindness.

On February 4, 1811, a Regency Bill, on much the same lines as that of 1788, was passed. It contained various temporary restrictions on the Regent’s power. The hopes of the Opposition that a Whig Ministry would be formed as soon as ever the Prince became Regent were destined to disappointment. Perceval and his Ministry continued in power. No doubt Mr. Wortley on this occasion voted with the Government. The following letter is from the House of Commons and bears no date :

“ Many, Many happy returns of the new year to you, My angel wife. I could get no place in either mail, and therefore came on in a hack chaise, and got to Biggleswade last night, and so to London by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 yesterday.

You will see by the papers that in such divisions as we had my presence was very necessary. Tonight we are to try again, and I shall not be much surprised if government are in a minority and then the whole thing will be over and the Prince step into the regency at once. In the mean time there is a report about the town that the King is really much better, but of the truth of that there is no authority from the Bulletin. Broderick told me that Dr. Baillie had, when asked by Mrs. Broderick respecting the attack of ten days ago, treated it very lightly and said that much more had been made of it in London than was true. . . .”

On July 29, 1811, the Duke of Devonshire died, less than two years after his marriage with Lady Elizabeth Foster. The next letter is from her :

“CHISWICK, *August 10th.*

“dearest Sister, I thought that Louisa [Lady Liverpool] had written very lately, or I would have written again, well knowing your affectionate anxiety about me. What you allude to in the papers was I suppose an account of last Monday. But dreadful as our feelings were that day and the night preceding it, yet neither Lady Georgiana [Morpeth] nor her Sister were at Devonshire House; after having taken, conducted by their Brother, a last leave of all that was left us, they went home. Hartington¹ and Caroline went again and again to the room. He was still watching by it till the moment was come. I sat up late, but feeling my inability to sustain this trying distracting ceremony, I suffered myself to be put to bed, and something they gave me made me sleep. Poor Madame Palli was kneeling by my bed they say, ‘Je prie pour qu’elle dorme’. Hartington, Caroline² and George, Lady Bess-

¹ William Spencer Cavendish, Lord Hartington (1790–1858), who succeeded his father as 6th Duke of Devonshire. He never married.

² The illegitimate daughter of Lady Elizabeth Foster by the Duke of Devonshire; she married the Hon. George Lamb, brother of Lord Melbourne.

borough and Mrs. Spencer who has scarcely left me were there to the last, and at the last alone was the account so far true, that dear Hartington was quite overcome. Desolate has all seem'd since that. Yesterday we came here. My dear Frederick arriv'd that Monday night, I think in three days and nights from Ireland. You can conceive his feelings! Chiswick¹ is tranquil but heart breaking, but it was the fittest place for me. Your dear Caroline [Lady C. S. W.] wrote me the most touching and feeling letter possible. God bless them all. I am glad you are going to Wharn Cliff, I think the occupation will be good for you—you who know what a glorious being that was who for 21 short months I had the felicity to be married to, can believe that I feel in a manner stunn'd and overwhelm'd by the blow. But I trust that I am properly resign'd to the Will of God. May he bless you my dear Sister. I have seen my Brother who has been kinder to me than I can tell you. He came to see Farquhar not having been quite well, but it was stomach Farquhar said, and would go off. Bless you—bless you! Caroline and George Lamb, F. Foster and Hartington are with me.

“Yours ever

“E. DEVONSHIRE.”

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley to Lady Erne

“I had some hopes that your letter this morning would contain some account of my poor Aunt. I learnt the melancholy news from the newspaper when I came down to breakfast yesterday, & very much shock'd I was; especially as the last time you mentioned the Duke, you told me he was getting well. The paper this morning says he died of water on the chest, & that he expired in my Aunt's arms. Poor soul it grieves me to think of her! What a change in her situation, & what a contrast to the last day we saw her together at Devonshire House!

¹ See p. 151.

“ I have no doubt Lord Hartington will be most kind to her, & all the family, but her loss *must* be a very severe one.

“ I feel very impatient to hear something of her & once thought of writing to Lord Granville Leveson. I am so sorry your comfort at Ickworth will be so disturb'd by this sad event ! . . .”

In August 1811 we find Lady Erne settled at Wharncliffe Lodge. Meanwhile Lady Caroline has most reluctantly to go to Harrogate. The Duke leaves her there to go for a flying visit to Scotland. In a letter dated only August 1811, after expressing the greatest joy at the prospect of her husband's return, she says :

“ I believe that instead of growing better able to bear my solitude, I should grow to think it more heavy, because what I suffer from is not lowness at being alone, but a fear of any unpleasant idea taking possession of my mind & fixing itself ; & the exertion I make to keep up, carries me thro' in a sort of artificial state at first, which perhaps might flag if it continued too long ; however as long as it succeeds, I do very well, so I live day by day & never look forward. . . . There was never anything so civil as the people in this House, or so good as the living. There was a Ball here last night, & the Ladies & Gentlemen wrote me a regular card of invitation, but not knowing a *soul* I really could not muster courage ; so wrote them as civil an excuse as I possibly could & hope they are not affronted. I suppose my forlorn situation excited their compassion. . . . What do you think I have got from the circulating Library ? *Smiths wealth of Nations*. I fear it is beyond me, but I am delighted with the beginning.”

In the next letter, after saying how much she hopes the Duke may be able to shorten the time of his absence, she says :

“ My plans are still uncertain. The only thing which is *not*, is my departure from hence, for whether I go to Bridlington or return home, I shall please God

set out next Tuesday; when I shall have drunk the waters exactly three weeks, which is as most people do, & as much as my Doctor requires. To say how I envy every body that drives away, or how happy I shall be when the day comes for my own departure, is impossible! Thank heaven this is *wednesday* . . . I am quite glad the young Duke has behaved so handsomely as well as kindly to my poor Aunt, & am glad she is to get the first visit to Chatsworth over so soon. Perhaps after all we shall see her there together this year. . . .”

On October 10 we have another letter from Duchess Elizabeth, who is still at Chiswick.

To Lady Erne

“It was in my mind and intention dearest Sister to have written to you when I received your kind letter. I don’t know why I have not written before, I certainly have no doubt of your feeling for me, and I know how well able you are to estimate the greatness of my loss. But I know not how, but unless I have a letter to answer I have no power of exertion. I am not ill but yet I feel my health weaken’d, and indeed the shock was too great not to have caus’d a great derangement of health. Dearest Caroline¹ and Fred have not left me and have been a great comfort, and what has prov’d the best medicine has been the success and indeed I may say glory (as it was the Prince Regents own expression) of that fine and interesting creature Clifford.² He has been with us ten days, is now gone again to Portsmouth to see his ship dock’d, and then hopes to return to Chiswick for a fortnight, and perhaps we may go with him afterwards to Portsmouth.

“I expect dearest Hartington too the 23rd. I thought I had written to you or Caroline all Hartington’s kindness and generosity. He really seems to have no

¹ See p. 174.

² Augustus Clifford. The illegitimate son of Lady Elizabeth Foster by the Duke of Devonshire, born 1788. A distinguished naval officer.

wish but of fulfilling his Father's intentions and of doing it in the kindest manner. I believe you know that when I married, the Duke told me that perhaps it would be better that my settlements should be the same as the first, that his children might not think that he provided more largely for me than he had done for their Mother, every thing however being doubled and more in price, this as he said would not be the same income to me as it would have been then, provision was made for a Codicil, but this as you know was never found, and tho' the Duke had made me write to Clifford to offer him to leave the Navy the fortune he should leave him being so independent a one, and even to the very last day settling to buy for him and Caroline Mr. Ward's House, still no Codicil was found. But Hartington, dear Hartington, has fulfilled to them and me his ador'd Father's kind intentions, at least as far as circumstances allow'd, and we all feel his kindness as it deserves.

"I do not mean to hold as nothing the advantages of an easy fortune, but dearest Sister how unavailing are all things to comfort for such a loss as mine—to have belonged to such a being, to have felt and ador'd his character as I did, so long to have felt in him the support and comfort of every sorrow and— Ah no more for my childrens sake I will do all I can.

"It gave me pleasure to read your account of Wharncliffe and how perfectly it has answer'd to you. I was sure it would. There is an interest in a place that is one's own that certainly no other can have, because that sort of interest depends on little changes and alterations &c. Your health too dear Sister must improve by it, for air and occupation is everything for that. God knows you have had a life of struggle and ought to have ease and comfort now—that dear Caroline must be an unceasing comfort to you, she really is a most superior creature. God bless you dearest, and let me hear some time from you, I will behave better too."

In October we have also a letter from Lady Erne's Uncle, General William Herve, then a man of over eighty, from Mulgrave. After sending his dearest Mary a million of thanks for her letter, he says, "Such a letter is Sunshine to the Mind it quickens the circulation". He goes on to tell her :

"The Inn at Cornhill where I stop'd a couple of days was so excellent a one in every respect that I was determin'd to stay till I felt myself strong enough to come on ; and in order to keep myself so, I have travell'd only three posts a day, one before breakfast & two after, finding that sufficient for me now. It is a defect in the maps where no road is mark'd from Stockton to Gisborough for there's a very tolerable one. From Gisborough to Whitby there are two, one over the Moors the other by the sea side in part but very hilly, & seldom gone in a carriage, I came over the Moors, stop't & breakfasted at a half-way house, where was most excellent cream and butter, no better even at Wortley or Mulgrave, but what surpris'd me at such a place, the same price $1^s. 6^d$ as at all the principal Inns. . . .

"The Mulgraves return their kindest Loves . . . the dear little ones all alive, the least has taken to me, and lays hold of my hand to go down stairs, but I think I am generally a favorite with Children, not being too forward with them at first, my misfortune is not having been forward enough with the Grown Misses, but in Jupiter, my dear, by Jove I will."

In November 1811 the Wortleys are at Thoresby. Lady Caroline writes to her mother the arrangements by which Missy is to meet them at Welbeck. They strike us as rather elaborate for a young lady of four years old.

"Will you therefore have the goodness to see the coachman yourself, & tell [him] he must take her in the chaise & four to Sheffield, & there order a pair of post horses to take her on to Worksop, where *we* will take

care to send a carriage to meet her. *Our* chaise will then return to Sheffield; & that our own horses may be back with it to Wortley the same night, the Doge wishes Missy may if possible start from home at nine o'clock in the morning, making *no* delays on the road, but carrying *her sandwich* with her. . . .

"The Doge has had two good days hunting, & I was out to day with the foxhounds from Clumber, when we all assembled this morning just after breakfast. It was a very pretty sight, there were such a number of people & four carriages out. After hunting I return'd here to ride with Lady Newark¹ who never rides *alone*, so that in all I was on my horse for above five hours—'*pretty well my dear*'—& I own I am rather tired. I am writing in my own room for I find it next to impossible to write in the drawing room. . . ."

The next letter describes Missy's arrival at Welbeck :

"Missy arrived quite safe between three & four o'clock. . . . She was immediately brought into the drawing room where the Duchess, Lady George and I were sitting, & the Duke had just joined us. Missy came in *singing* and was not in the least shy. They were all delighted with her. . . . She stroked the heads & faces of the two youngest little Bentinck girls, with the most protecting manner, & then said, 'I like these *little Babies*'. . . ."

The Wortleys seem to have stayed at Welbeck for three weeks or more. On December 14 Lady Caroline says :

"The Duke tells us that very little was done to day at Nottingham, and they cannot punish any of the rioters as they deserve. I suppose they have done nothing bad enough for the law to take hold of."

She speaks with real affection and admiration of the Duchess of Portland, who, she says,

¹ Mary, daughter of Anthony Hardolph Eyre. Married Charles, Lord Newark, afterwards 2nd Earl Manvers.

"Has taken quite a fancy for Missy, and sends for her down to her room when her own little ones are with her. Her system with them all is the most perfect thing I ever saw. The more I see and talk to her the more I see to admire in her. I wish she had better health, for such people are scarce. . . . However, she certainly is much better than she was last year."

On December 16 Lady Caroline says :

"Yesterday I got up early and rode to see the fox-hounds who met very near here. It was a beautiful morning and rather frosty, and as soon as they had found and had got out of our sight, the Duke and I went and took a long ride. To day he has gone a visiting, and the Doge is gone over to Kirkby, so that I am fallen between two stools, and am obliged to stay at home. . . . We have had his Grace the Duke of Norfolk¹ to dinner. I never beheld such a surprising sight—such a size, and very dirty ; but when he speaks he is agreeable and very clever."

The last letter of the year 1811 is written on December 26 from Sandbeck (Lord Scarbrough's) :

"We came here yesterday, leaving Welbeck with great regret. There is a very large party in the house, and a very pleasant one, but I feel like a fish out of water, tho' I know almost every individual of it ; & shall be very glad when Saturday comes. Amongst the number are the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, who are both to be liked, they are both perfectly unaffected and good-humour'd. I left dear little Missy yesterday *perfectly* satisfied to stay without me at Welbeck, as she was to be, she said, 'with Duke a Pottle & Dussa a Pottle & Mia'.² I dont think I could have left her anywhere else with such perfect satisfaction, & con-

¹ Henry Charles, 13th Duke of Norfolk, K.G. (1791–1856). Married, 1814, Charlotte Sophia, daughter of 1st Duke of Sutherland.

² Little Caroline's nurse.

viction of her *morals* & her little person being so perfectly taken care of. It is impossible the Duchess could be more attentive to her own children. You must not expect to see me looking fat. I have lost instead of gaining any, & I think it is gone from me to Missy who never was *bigger* or in better health & spirits. . . .”

CHAPTER IX

(1812–1814)

Ciudad Rodrigo—Perceval assassinated—James Stuart Wortley proposes address to Regent—Presents address—Liverpool and Canning—Lascelles or Wortley for County of York—James Stuart Wortley retires from contest—News of Vittoria—James goes to school—Abdication of Napoleon—Elba—Bewildering effect of news—Louis XVIII.'s departure—Functions of a Prime Minister's wife—Journey to Spa—Crossing the Channel—Calais—Lille—Ghent—Brussels—Aix-la-Chapelle—Spa—Life at Spa—Morpeths, Granville Levesons, Lloyds—Private theatricals—Paris—Two decided parties, but no hatred of Napoleon.

ON February 3, 1812, Lady Caroline, who is evidently staying with Lord and Lady Liverpool, writes in the postscript to a letter,

“Six o'clock. An officer has just come. Ciudad Rodrigo is taken, the particulars not yet known. Loss in killed and wounded 200.”

On the 5th she writes :

“Lord Wellington in his private letter to Lord Liverpool says that the place was taken by us, in *half* the time that the French had employ'd in taking it before ; & that Marmont had intended coming up with an army of 50,000 men to raise the Siege by the 29th, we being in *possession* by the 19th. Is not this *delicious* ? I think myself in great luck to have just found myself here, for the arrival of an Officer from the Army, and for such good news. The poor Doge was not home till $\frac{1}{2}$ past five this morning. I shall leave this open till later. . . .”

On May 11, 1812, Mr. Perceval's Premiership was brought to a tragic end by his assassination in the Lobby of the House of Commons. The Cabinet met at once "in the first poignancy of their sorrow" to consult how Perceval's place was to be filled. The Prince Regent, with the unanimous consent of the remaining Ministers, offered the Premiership to Lord Liverpool, who accepted it. With a view to strengthening the administration Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning were approached. Canning refused to join a Government pledged in advance to oppose Catholic claims; Wellesley refused on the same grounds, and because he did not consider that the war in the Peninsula was being effectually supported; whereupon Mr. Vansittart was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. The House of Commons, alarmed by the prospect of a Government of mediocrities, supported Mr. Wortley's motion for an Address to the Prince Regent in favour of "a strong and efficient Administration". His speech on this occasion was the most important he had yet made.

It was notorious, he said, that an Administration was now upon the eve of being formed which would not have the confidence of the country. . . . Himself an uniform opponent of Catholic claims, he thought that in the present circumstances it was idle to attempt to form a strong administration unless something was done to conciliate the Catholics. His motion came before them entirely on its own merits. He had made it upon his own initiative. He had consulted with no one. Indeed he was then actually ignorant whether it would be seconded or not.

Lord Milton, though on the opposite side in politics, seconded the motion. It was agreed to without a division.

Mr. Wortley's proposal that the Address be presented by the whole House having been defeated, he moved that the Address be presented by such members as are Privy Counsellors. This was also negatived. It was then agreed, without a division and after a short debate, that the Address should be presented to the Prince Regent by Mr. Stuart Wortley and Lord Milton in person. This very unusual procedure was adopted. Mr. Wortley said that he should consider the day when he presented the Address as the proudest of his life.

The Prince's answer was gracious and conciliatory: "I

shall take into my serious and immediate consideration the Address which I have received from the House of Commons ”.

Mr. Wortley's action must be considered as a censure of Lord Liverpool's policy of carrying on the Government without any inclusion in his Cabinet of friends of Catholic Emancipation. The immediate consequence was that Lord Liverpool's Ministry tendered their resignation. The following letter from Henry Brougham (the bitter enemy of Canning) to Creevey is interesting :

“HOUSE OF COMMONS,
“Friday, 22nd May, 1812.

“They are all out. The answer of Prinny is short—that he is to comply immediately with the Address to try to form a Government. I had no hand in this bad work. I would not vote. It is the old blunder of 1804—acting at Canning's benefit. The old rotten Ministry was to my mind.”

The Prince Regent then called on Lord Wellesley, who tried to construct a ministry of all the Talents, including Lords Grenville and Grey. On his failure, and on the subsequent failure of Lord Moira,¹ Lord Liverpool was once more appointed Prime Minister on June 8, 1812.

This was Mr. Wortley's first serious incursion into politics. The implied censure on his uncle, Lord Liverpool, must have considerably fluttered the dovecots of Hampton Court and Fife House. Evidently the relations between Lady Liverpool and her niece are somewhat strained.

On May 28 Lady Caroline writes to her mother :

“I am very much pleased with what you tell me of the Hampton Court Politicks dearest mama & believe what you say is exactly the truth with regard to the language which is held by people at Fife House [Lord Liverpool's], & after all, common civility and good-nature in those most nearly connected with *them* would make them chime in to a certain degree with the language

¹ Francis Rawdon Hastings (1754–1826). Succeeded to earldom of Moira, 1793. General ; Commander-in-Chief in Scotland. Attempted with Wellesley to form a ministry, 1812. Governor-General of Bengal, 1813–1822. Created Marquis of Hastings, 1817.

they hear there, tho' contrary to their own opinions. If the subject should be touched upon between Lady Liverpool & me, I shall certainly tell her two or three things which I hope will make her see things in a fairer light.

"I have just received another nosegay from her, & a note to say she was indisposed & therefore put off going to Blackheath till to day, where by the bye she will meet Miss Wortley, which I took good care not to apprise her of, & rather enjoy '*tricking* her'. . . .

"You will see by the papers that the old Cabinet has again been to Carlton House, where I hear Lord Moira *found* them yesterday to his great surprise. How it is all to end Dio sa—nobody seems to guess. Lord Grey was amusing himself last night at Lady Baths party, as if nothing was going on; and Lady Grenville in answer to Charles Grevilles question, '*do tell me, are you coming in or not*', laugh'd and said she knew no more than he did. The Doge is become quite a Lion, & is pointed to in the streets, which amuses me very much, & gratifies me too I own. I think he at this moment stands in the proudest situation that an Englishman can do. The boys are just gone down the park to hear the guns fired (for the restoration).¹ The Doge is just come in, & says everything remains unsettled. . . ."

"June 10, 1812.

"I dont wonder you was surprised yesterday indeed dearest mama. We all in London *fell from our high*, especially as on monday it was said that Lord Moira had gone to Carlton House to present to the Regent an administration already form'd exclusive of Lords Grey & Grenville. There certainly appears to be some mystery in the proceeding, which I hope will in time be made known. In the mean time the Doge is very hard at work to accomplish a thing, which if he succeeds in will delight him, and make him still more *renown'd*. He is

¹ The Restoration of King Charles II., still celebrated at that time. A form of Prayer in commemoration of it was in use until 1859.

trying to bring Lord Liverpool & Canning together by a compromise about the Catholick question. But this is a *secret* so *pray* keep it safe. He had an interview last night with Lord Liverpool (che ne dici ?), it went off very tolerably, & they shook hands ; and one to day with Canning ; & he flatters himself things are en bon train. I cannot say how pleas'd I shall be if he succeeds. It is what I have wish'd from the first, & so did he himself I believe, tho' rather than have things go on as they are at this moment, he would have been glad to have seen the Talents come in by storm. His motion on Thursday is now likely to be such a one as will make the Opposition vote against him. At any rate it would not have been an offensive one. . . .

"Another flattering thing has happened to the Doge to day. Lord Moira has written to express his admiration of his manly & independent conduct in Parliament, & his own anxiety in consequence that he should judge his late conduct fairly, for which reason he sends for his perusal the whole of the documents relative to the late negotiations with Lords Grey & Grenville. He would have waited upon Mr. Wortley, but thinks he may be of opinion that under the present circumstances it will be more delicate they should have no *personal* communication. This anecdote I tell you also in confidence. I really think the Doge has great reason to be flatter'd by the manner in which he is looked upon by all parties."

The next letter from Lady Caroline is written from Mr. Wortley's beautiful moorland property in the North Riding of Yorkshire :

"HAWES,

"Tuesday Night, August 19, 1812.

"When I tell you what I have done to day dearest mama you will not be surprised at my being too tired to write a long letter ; the boys & I set out this morning soon after nine with the Doge ; & tho' we left him on the Moors, were not at home ourselves till $\frac{1}{2}$ past two. I wish you had seen our order of march it was excellent.

The great Doge himself on a Piebald beast of this country, *I* upon another with a long tail, & the Boys on a third beast. Fancy the joy! Thomas Hall, & his horse, loaded with bags for provisions, powder & shot &c., the other Game keeper & his two sons on foot. In this manner we proceeded up a steep stony road till we got near the top of the mountain behind this house; we then turned off the road and enter'd upon the dangers of our expedition, crossing in all directions the wildest moor, thro' bogs and over swamps & holes on the top of a mountain from whence we had a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains, & could see as far as the mountains about the Westmorland lakes. The keeper *here* was our guide & it was really wonderful to see the way in which the horses pick'd their way & scrambled thro' the bad places. I was rather alarm'd once or twice, but tho' each of our horses got bogg'd & *tumbled* with us once, it served only as subjects of mirth, & I soon found there was no real danger to apprehend.

“About one o'clock it began to rain, so that the Boys & I, after waiting till we were pretty wet, thought it best to come home. I was so wet in my feet & so chilly that I prefer'd the fatigue of walking to riding in such a pickle, accordingly *walk I did, three long miles* home up & down hill & over the same sort of wild ground. I am so stiff this evening I can hardly move, but not otherwise the worse & very proud of myself. . . .”

In October 1812 much private consultation was taking place concerning the Parliamentary representation of the county of York. Wilberforce, who had represented the County since 1784, was about to retire. He had been the devoted friend and supporter of Pitt, and had, in spite of his strong Liberal proclivities, always considered himself a Tory. The question now was whether Lascelles or Wortley should represent the county in the Tory interest. In the famous election of 1807, in which the houses of Wentworth and Harewood had spent between them no less a sum than £200,000, Wilberforce and Milton had been returned,

Lascelles being defeated. It was no wonder that in 1812 Lascelles was hoping to be returned unopposed.

Meanwhile Wortley's rising reputation as a Parliamentary speaker doubtless caused his friends to think of putting him forward for the vacancy. Hence the consultations mentioned in the letter from Lady Caroline which follows :

“Oct. 1812.

“ . . . The poor dear Doge is just off in very good heart for Huddersfield, Bett is gone with him, and is to write to me from York to night, which is very comfortable. Sir William was *delicious* last night upon the subject, & gave his opinion so strongly against the possibility of Mr. Lascelles coming forward *now*, & the impropriety of his friends forcing him, that I trust others, & even those friends, may at last see it in the same light. Another express came from Mr. Lascelles yesterday much like the former, proposing that he and Mr. Wortley should meet at York the day before the day of nomination, where they should take the opinion of their respective friends in case any disposition to nominate him should be manifest, at the same time declaring in the most solemn manner that no such intention has been communicated to him, either directly or indirectly. When they *do* meet at York, the Doge says he thinks he can make out such a case before Mr. Lascelles's friends as shall make them feel the cruelty and impropriety of bringing him forward in *this* stage of the business. In short I am once more sanguine. He intends to-morrow morning to visit at York one or two of Mr. Lascelles's warmest friends & talk to them to the same tune, which I cannot help flattering myself will put a stop to their project, if indeed it has ever been seriously determin'd on. . . .”

The present Lord Harewood, in a commonplace book of his great-grandfather's, Henry Lascelles, has found mention of this very meeting at York apropos of the 1812 election, with the entry “Wortley very handsomely agreed to retire”. In the end Milton and Lascelles were returned unopposed.

Lady Caroline goes on to speak with wifely pride of her husband's gifts as a speaker :

“ Bett [the Rev. Stuart Corbet] was enchanted with his performance yesterday at Sheffield, & says he speaks *very* well, & with a degree of *impudence* & composure that perfectly astonish'd him. He address'd the people to the amount of some *thousands*, & in so distinct & *thundering* a voice that every soul must have heard. Some of the rabble hiss'd some opinion he advanced about Peace, upon which he in a still louder & resolute tone repeated his words. He was attended by all the respectable people of the Town, & most of them accompanied him from the Tontine to the Place of speaking & back again. Two of them made out Sir William, & introduced themselves to tell him all about it. . . .”

By the summer of 1813 both Lady Caroline's elder boys are at Harrow. This letter describes their departure for school :

“BROOK STREET, *Monday*.

“ The poor dear Boys went off at a quarter after five this morning. I heard them over my head, & so got up & kiss'd them in my shift as they went down stairs. It was a very fine morning, & they went in the Buggy, & I hope had a pleasant wholesome drive. They took a shillings worth of Buns with them, as they were not to breakfast till nine o'clock, after first school. There certainly is something very *tidy* in the distance that Harrow is from London which makes these little escapades so easy for them. They spent saturday & sunday evening at Bath House, where besides themselves and the Bentinck Boys, they had Lord Bingham & Henry Greville, who are Westminster Boys. And as the Boys' rooms at Bath House are quite out of the way, they were allowed to make as much noise as they pleased, & had what they call'd ‘such fun’ ! . . . They enjoy'd their visit to London very much indeed, & never repined at all at going back, not even the *first* time ; so

great a quieter of the mind is absolute necessity in such cases.

"I am expecting the Doge in, every minute, to go with me to Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures, which after all I have never yet seen. I literally never hear a word about the Princess of Wales or her daughter. One reason is I see so little of the world. Here has been Charles Greville in high feather. They are in Town for two or three days, at Lord Baths. He desires his 'best & tenderest love to you' . . ."

In July of the same year Lady Caroline once more describes her journey northwards. The letter shows that our English summer, sometimes supposed to have been much hotter and finer a hundred years ago, could be as cold and cheerless then as now.

"ELFORD, *Sunday Night, July 5th.*

". . . We left London about Eleven o'clock yesterday morning, & were very soon so starved with cold that in spite of great coats & shawls, we were too glad to put up both the heads, & shut ourselves up as in winter. Nevertheless we push'd on, & got eighty miles from Town by ten o'clock at night, to a very nice tidy Inn. We went to bed as soon as we had had a good supper, & did not hurry ourselves this morning, but had our sleep out, & set off as soon as we had breakfasted, & arrived here by four o'clock. The day on the whole was favourable & we had a pleasant journey. Jim travelled all the way on the dicky which he liked very much, & Missy is an excellent little traveller. We saw the Courier this morning at Dunchurch before we set out, with the glorious news from Spain. I am sorry for poor Col. Cadogan who was a fine brave creature, & full of good qualities. Our loss seems to have been very little, considering the importance of the battle. I wonder whether Lord Wellington¹ will now be made a Duke? I think he ought. . . ."

¹ The Marquis of Wellington defeated Joseph Bonaparte and Jourdan at Vittoria, June 21, 1813. Wellington was created Duke, May 3, 1814.

In September Lady Caroline's youngest son, Jim, was taken by his father for the first time to a private school.

"I am happy to say I can give you a good account dearest mama. Mr. Wortley spent an hour at Mr. Barns's as he was out when he got there, & had to wait for him. In the course of that time Jim made acquaintance with young Copley,¹ & was not worse when he parted with his Father than when he left home. There are six Boys besides himself, most of whom are of his own age. With Mr. Barns himself Mr. Wortley was much pleased. He is a young man, chearful & goodnatured in his manner, & he has a very excellent character in every respect. The Doge was very much pleased with his manner of talking of his boys. He said he prefer'd little boys to big ones, for the latter were *too much* for him, that he had never lifted his hand against any of his pupils, & never would, for that if ever he had a boy who he could not manage without blows, he should send him home again. He was very kind to poor little Jem, & will I have no doubt soon win his heart. I am very much comforted by so satisfactory a report of the Master. Young Copley was not well, & was playing out of doors with his great coat on, which shews that their health is attended to. I mean to write to him poor little fellow to-day, & bid him write directly. . . ."

In a letter a few days later she writes :

"Mr. Barns was walking with Jim in his fields one day, where there was a mare & sucking foal, & he said to him, 'I think, Jim, I shall wean this foal from its mother.' But Jim said, 'No, dont do that, for if you do, it will feel just as I did when I first came here.' . . ."

Lady Caroline's first letters in 1814 reflect very clearly the almost incredulous amazement felt by the country at Napoleon's defeat and abdication. Napoleon's struggle

¹ Afterwards Sir Joseph Copley ; son of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., and Lady Cecil Copley ; married Charlotte, daughter of Earl of Yarborough.

against the overwhelming forces of the Allies closed with the surrender of Paris on March 31. This was followed by the abdication of the Emperor and the return of the Bourbons.

Lady C. Stuart Wortley to Lady Erne

“WORTLEY HALL, April 7th, 1814.

“ . . . I must now wish you joy of the great news ! Tho’ so long expected, there is something in it that bewilders one. I cannot accustom my mind to the idea of *Paris* being taken ! The Doge says too that it is the first time it ever was in the possession of a foreign enemy. One longs to hear how the Parisians will behave ; if they rise in favour of the Bourbons, I conclude the game is up ; but if not, is it possible that we must still make up our minds to a peace with the *Archi-Gueux* ! You *was* the first to tell me the news, for I received your letter up in my room before breakfast. I sent it down to the Doge, but there was a fifth Edition in the *Courier* which gave it. Betty [the Rev. Stuart Corbet] came down here soon after breakfast to talk upon business with the Dog. His Poney was frighten’d at the cannon they were firing in the Village & the shouts of the boys, & he was in a great rage, & the more because he thought at first that they were shooting at his *Reverence’s pigeons* in the Church Steeple, but upon enquiry found they were ‘ shooting at the *news* ’, which news he did not learn till he got here, & was very worthy of it. . . .”

“WORTLEY HALL, April 11th, 1814.

“indeed my dearest Mama I feel that one has no words left to express one’s astonishment at all that is happening. It is like the last act of a tragedy when every scene produces some new event to bring about the dénouement. Bony *asking leave to retire* to the Island of Elba !!!!! No, I *do not* believe that one word of it all is true ! It is another Cochrane—in short it is *too* surprising ! What a sight the entrance of the Emperor of Russia &c. into Paris must have been, & how I envy

Sir Charles Stewart !¹ Bett came down here to read the papers, & at two o'clock I took him home to his dinner, & carried the Gazette to Mrs. Corbett. We found them all at dinner, two tables full poor souls ! . . ."

"WORTLEY HALL, *April 13th*, 1814.

"What a morning this was for your first waking at Brighton ! And what luck for the invalid to have the wind in the west. What fine weather Buonaparte has for *his* journey ! !

"The more I think of it all, the more I *dont* believe it. I am not a bit more *ungiddied* than I was after the first day. Poor old Louis, I hope he will be got over *alive*, that he may just enjoy being in his own Capital again, & then he may die as soon as he likes, & let Monsieur be King, who being grown wiser & better by adversity will with all his natural advantages make himself very popular I have no doubt. As to the poor Duchesse d'Angoulême,² I think her recollections upon first returning to Paris will be so dreadful, that I have no notion of her being able to feel the pleasure that the rest will do, who were not there like her to the end of all the horrors that befel her family. What a *réveil* the King's will be the first morning in his own Palace ! He will certainly feel as if he had been transported there by some Fairy ! But as you say it is impossible to go on writing upon such a subject, one thinks & feels too much about it. How I envy Lady Burghersh³ just now, who I conclude is with her husband at Paris. . . .

"I think I am out of luck never to see any of the great

¹ Sir Charles Stewart, afterwards 3rd Marquess of Londonderry (1778–1854) ; half-brother of the great Lord Castlereagh. Distinguished soldier and diplomatist. Created Baron Stewart, 1814.

² The daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. She married her first cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, eldest son of the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.). After the latter's accession she was called the Dauphine.

³ Priscilla Wellesley, daughter of William, 4th Earl of Mornington (elder brother of the Duke of Wellington). Married, 1811, John, eldest son of 10th Earl of Westmorland, who succeeded to the earldom in 1841.

illuminations, & to miss these by so few days. Ta's transports are great at his Holidays being prolonged. He went with us to Sheffield yesterday, & we took Bet & Mrs. Corbett. The Doge had so much business that we were there *stewing* & swallowing dust & smoke for between *seven* & *eight* hours! We did not get home till past eight o'clock. . . ."

"BROOK STREET, *Wednesday*.

" . . . The Duchess of Portland has asked me to take Charles & Missy to Bath House to day to see the King of France come into Town. Of course we are going, & I expect it will be a very interesting sight, & one very gratifying to have seen. . . . Pops told me yesterday that Lord Lovaine is gone over [to Paris] & his Father & Lord Binning with him. All the Pierreponts are going, even the Newarks talk of it. In short I dare say there will be nobody left in London. . . . Here is the Duchess's carriage. I will finish this at Bath House.

"It is now near *five*, and these great people have not yet pass'd, so I can add no more to this letter dearest mama."

The next letter is an amusing medley of a visit to a menagerie, Locke on the human understanding, and the movements of the crowned heads of Europe. After telling her mother that she has kept Charles—who has been ill in the night—an extra day from Harrow, Lady Caroline says:

"We were *All* delighted with the Beasts yesterday, they are kept by a new man, & the place is enlarged & much more light & so clean, it is a pleasure to see them. Missy was not at all frighten'd which I was surprised at, & even stroked the neck of the Camel. She was very much amused & pleased with all the creatures. In the evening the Doge took Charles to the Play, & Bet & I remain'd tête a tête, & read a chapter in Mr. Locke upon primary & secondary ideas!, which amused & interested me very much. To day he dines out at his relations Mrs. Corbett's, & it will be the Dog's turn

to be tête à tête with me, & I am not without hopes of getting him to read with me something of the same kind, as he has declared this morning that he thinks an hours reading every day on Philosophical subjects must be very good for the understanding.

“Mr. Gunning has just been here & tells me of a strange story that is said to come from good authority from Paris, that when the Governor of Vincennes was desired to give up the keys of Paris, he said he would deliver them to nobody but Louis himself, & that he should at the same time bring with him a person who will astonish everyone. Some people say it must be the Duc d’Enghien,¹ some even suppose the Dauphin! In short they dont know what to think. I saw Lady Liverpool yesterday, who gave me an interesting account of the scene at Dover. I hear apartments are preparing at St. James’s for the Emperor of Russia, & Lodgings are already taken for old *Blucher*. . . .”

The next letter is from Lady Liverpool, describing the departure of Louis XVIII. for Paris. It is to be inferred from it that the duties of a Prime Minister’s wife in those days were very varied.

“FIFE HOUSE, *Monday*.

“Well Dearest Sister here I am again—after the most fatiguing, active, Gratifying interesting & Gub² two days I ever passed. I will keep my own private difficulties & drawbacks for our meeting. I was sadly afraid I could not have gone thro’ it all but I *did*, & am very, very thankful, for not only it was most highly Gratifying to my own feelings, but it was pleasing to Lord Liverpool’s,

¹ Duc d’Enghien (1772–1804), son of the Prince de Condé. Served in the Corps which, under his father’s command, took up arms for the Restoration of the French Monarchy. On March 15, 1804, by Bonaparte’s order, he was kidnapped in the neutral territory of Baden; on the 20th, brought in the evening to Vincennes, tried without a vestige of evidence at midnight, and shot in the fortress ditch by torchlight in the dark hours of the morning of the 21st. Described as a Prince of noble countenance and of generous disposition.

² See Glossary, p. xxix.

& from peculiar circumstances I was *really & truly useful*. It so happen'd I was the only Englishwoman on Board. You may guess therefore *Some* of the good offices I perform'd. In the next place *None* of the Femmes de Chambre arriv'd in time to put their Ladies to Bed, so that but for Mrs. Rosling & me I know not what they would have done. Your poor old friend the Duchess de Serrent & her daughter were both unwell, & therefore doubly needed all possible care & attention. The former charg'd me to say many kind things to you & to thank you for my care of her. I told her & the Duc de Grammont how you would envy me !

“ And now where shall I begin ? How tell *half* the wonders of those two days ! I must try. We arriv'd by 12 o'clock at Dover Castle on Saturday & made the rooms as comfortable as we could for our expected Guests. At five we went on Board the *Yateth (sic)* to wait for them, in about half an hour Madame La Duchesse d'Angoulême arriv'd, & soon after the Prince Regent. At near six the King of France came on Board amidst thousands of Spectators all Huzzaing & with white cockades in their Hats. As soon as He was seated on Deck General Kleist & Prince Paul Esterhazy who had landed only a few hours before were presented to him & complimented him in the names of their respective Sovereigns, & before Dinner was over General Pozzo di Borgo¹ arriv'd for the same purpose from the Emperor of Russia. It was exactly like the Fifth act of a Play. The Duc de L. & Comte Eugene de Montmorency were also just landed & paid their duty to their King. To the latter (our old Cleveland Row acquaintance) the King gave the croix de St. Louis, & as he had no riband I got some for him which with true French Gallantry he made a great deal of.

¹ Count Pozzo di Borgo. Born in Corsica in 1764, he had begun as a friend of Napoleon's; later he became his bitter opponent. In 1803 he entered the Russian Diplomatic service, and became Russian Ambassador in Paris in 1825.

“After dinner the Duchess d’Angoulême made me drink Monsieur’s health with her, *quite quietly* her & me. She improves amazing on knowing her more. Dinner was not over till past ten, for the Prince de Condé & Duc de Bourbon did not arrive till it was half over. I had previously promised to get the Duchesse d’Angoulême away early & poor little Madame de Serrent who was half dead. Accordingly the carriage was announced & I told her I was at her orders. We drove to the Castle, found no attendants but got some tea & coffee, & Mrs. Rosling & I turned down the Duchesse d’Angoulême’s Bed & she was too Happy to get into it. In the course of the night the Poor Women [of the bed-chamber] arriv’d. Something to eat & drink was given them, & we were all up again by half past six that *they* might be ready for the King’s Mass.

“A great deal that was interesting occur’d during yesterday morning, but I have not time to relate it. I have written this with much hurry, many interruptions & several things on first coming to Town which have agitated me. Rough as this sketch is pray keep it for me, & when we meet I will fill up the gaps.

“The *sailing* was the finest part of all. The Prince, Lord Liverpool & myself staid at the Pier Head, & thousands around us all Huzzaing till the Vessel pass’d by, the Duchesse d’Angoulême on ye Deck bowing to all. Oh ! it was Gub, Gub. . . .”

On August 3, 1814, Lady Caroline and her husband, with their eldest son John, started on a journey to Spa and Paris, leaving the younger children in the care of Lady Erne, then staying at the Duchess of Devonshire’s villa at Richmond. The first letter is from Dover :

“I was too late for the post last night dearest mama which enables me to tell you that after a good nights rest we are up & drest at eight o’clock. The finest morning you ever saw ! but only too little wind, but

that little fair. The Doge has engaged a Packet, & he & John have just been into it, & bring a very comfortable account of its convenience & cleanliness. The Osborns¹ & we take it together, & the Duke of Devonshire & his Sisters² take another. I am now writing in a bow window room looking on the harbour. The tide serves about eleven this morning which is quite perfect, & they say that if the wind rises a little, we shall be at Calais in 4 hours. We had a very pleasant journey yesterday, & got here about eight in the evening; & having devoured mutton chops at Sittingbourne, went strait on to the Pier, & then came home to comfortable tea. In short hitherto we are most prosperous, & I hope to be able to write to you again this evening from Calais! How odd it all seems!! John is as happy as can be. We are now going to breakfast. . . .”

“MID CHANNEL,
“on board the *Catherine Packet*,
“ $\frac{1}{2}$ past four, August 3.

“I must begin a letter for the fun of *dating* & writing in the Cabin. We are now getting on prosperously but were at first afraid of being sent back for want of wind. It is quite a party of pleasure—such a day, & the sea so beautifull. The Morpeths &c. are very near us, but we are beating them. Frederica & I are so proud of not being sick. We began by eating a comfortable luncheon, & have since been taking a nap in the nicest cabin you ever saw. & now having amused you & myself with the beginning of this letter I will go upon deck again & see how much clearer Calais looks. Poor little England was growing very faint when last I look’d!

¹ Sir John Osborn, 5th Bart., of Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire (1772–1848), married, September 14, 1809, Frederica Louisa, daughter of Sir Charles Davers, Bart., and cousin of Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley.

² These were Lady Harriet Leveson Gower, the wife of Lord Granville Leveson Gower, afterwards created Viscount Granville, and later Earl Granville; and Lady Georgiana Morpeth, the wife of Lord Morpeth, the eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle.

“ *Calais !! thursday morning.*

“ here we *really* are dearest mama french gabbling all round us ! We had what is call’d a very good passage of six hours, but after being first threaten’d with a calm, the wind freshen’d, & after I wrote to you in the Cabin it encreased to what *I* thought a hurricane ! I was too frighten’d I am ashamed to say to be sick, but the worst of all was that we got to Calais at low water, about six in the evening, & had to get from the ship into a boat in a rough sea & very high wind, & then to be carried by men from the boat to the sands. The last part of the business very near kill’d us all with laughing. I have not room to describe the scene, but you can conceive it. The Doge laughed so immoderately that the men who carried him caught the infection & could hardly carry him—imagine John’s delight ! If you had seen poor Allen pale with sickness snatch’d out of the boat in spite of himself, & carried off in triumph ! Frederica & I are waiting in a room on the ground floor looking to the garden ; just breakfasted. I believe we shall only go to St. Omer’s to-night. . . .

“ We are a very jolly little party & enjoy ourselves very much. My first réveil in the night however was not *gay*, when I recollected that the Sea was between me & my home ! And I confess I wish’d myself back again most heartily. But I am happier since I got up.”

From Lille Lady Caroline writes in high spirits. So far they have had nothing but pleasure, the weather has been perfect, the roads excellent, the country rich, very pretty and very like England, and they have been driven a good pace.

“ We were unlucky enough however to arrive here last night in the middle of all the bustle & confusion of the Duc de Berri’s¹ arrival, so that the best Hotels were full. However the one we are in is very decent, & we

¹ Charles Ferdinand, 1778–1820, second son of the Comte d’Artois (afterwards Charles X.). Followed his father into exile. Returned to France with the Allies in 1814. Married in 1816 Princess Caroline of

eat & drink like Kings & Queens—Champagne, Burgundy &c. &c. ! We mean to sleep at Courtray. The Duc de Berri took all the horses this morning & prevented our setting out or we should have slept at Ghent. We stood in the grande place an immense time this morning before breakfast to see him pass going away. It was interesting to see the rejoicing of his own countrymen. The houses had all flags hanging out of the windows, & wreaths stretched from these across the streets, & last night the principal houses illuminated. To-morrow we hope to sleep at Antwerp from whence I will write again. We slept at St. Omers from Calais—a very good Inn.

“The carriage is ready so Adieu dearest mama, this is an uncomfortable letter, but one has time for *nothing* but seeing & eating & sleeping. . . . Tell Charles I caught my *first french flea* this morning. . . .”

The next letter is from Ghent :

“*Sunday, August 7th, 1814.*

“ . . . We came no further than Courtray last night, where we found a very nice Inn, as clean as possible, & in a chearfull Square. We changed for the worse in the Cookery, which instead of being french became Dutch, & was very disagreeable to us all from the abundant use of butter. This morning after walking about the Town a little, which is a very pretty one, we set out about Eleven, & got here in less than four hours, a distance of five posts, which you see is very good travelling, especially as it includes the stops for changing horses, & other stops for the Postillions to drink. All thro’ Austrian Flanders we have been driven by *one* Postillion to four horses, he rides the wheel horse, & drives the leaders with reins. The roads are excellent, whether on the chaussée or the sides ; and

Naples. Was assassinated on February 13, 1820, by Louvel, on leaving the opera. Seven months after his death his wife gave birth to a son, the Duc de Bordeaux, afterwards Comte de Chambord.

the country all rich & pretty, & altogether having the appearance of having been for twenty years at *Peace*, rather than at war. There is very little appearance of poverty even in the Cottages. We dined here as soon as we arriv'd, then dress'd, & then went out with a commissionaire or guide to see the Town. It is the most picturesque we have seen, & upon the whole the finest, we all like it much better than Lille. Our Hotel is excellent, & looking upon la Place d'armes, the middle of which is a public walk like Lyons, planted with trees in rows. We met in the Botanical garden with a very civil man, who proved to be a Physician, & who accompanied us the rest of the evening, & very near walk'd us to death, as you may believe when I tell you that we must have walk'd at least *six miles*.

"Since we came home we have had our tea. The rest of the party are also busy writing, some letters, & some journals. John is writing his.

"The morning that we stood in the grande place at Lille to see the Duc de Berri leave the Town, the Doge had some very interesting conversation with two or three young french soldiers who were keeping the way clear. One had been in Russia, & one in Spain, & to the end of the war in France—and such descriptions as they gave us of the great Battles! But it was curious to hear them talk as if they were merely relating a fox chase! They gave the English a very good character & also the Russians, in their treatment of their prisoners, but the Prussians they mentioned with aversion. Frederica & I had provided ourselves with a little silver fleur de Lys, which they sell in all the french Towns, hanging on to a bit of white ribbon like an order, & pinn'd it to our Spencer, & they were not lost upon the frenchmen. How very odd it was to go from our own rejoicings & illuminations to the same scenes at Lille, and to hear in the streets, vive Louis XVIII, vive le Duc de Berri! and then to see him pass in his English Landau open, with the Duc de Treviso by his side!

The said Duc is commander of that district. We shall find a great many English troops at Antwerp, & perhaps some officers we know. . . .”

“BRUSSELS,

“*Saturday, 13th August 1814.*

“ . . . We have staid here longer than we intended, first because we were obliged to have things wash'd, & partly because the Doge seemed to like it, as there was much to see, & that this is a delightful Town. I met Lord Lyndoch¹ in the street the day after we came, & I gave him your love. He looks old but well & received me very cordially, & ask'd us to dine with him to day, but we are going on to sleep at Louvain. Last night however we all went to a great Ball at Lord Clancarty's in honor of the Regent's birthday. We were very much amused, for tho' there were a number of English, by far the greatest number were foreigners. The Prince of Orange & his son were there, & the Duke of Wellington who came here the day before ; and by the by, I ought to tell you that he that day dined with Lord Lynedoch, & came with him afterwards to the Play, & to the Prince of Orange's box. We were all at the Play too (for the second time), & at the end of the first piece the Orchestra played the national air of “Orange Boven”, for which all the house stood up, and afterwards God save the King, & they made the Duke of Wellington shew himself & bow. It was altogether very gratifying & amusing, & the house was very gay, & full of Officers, particularly English, in their uniforms. I made the Doge introduce me to the Duke of Wellington at the Ball last night. They say there were four or five hundred people, & indeed I never was in a greater *stuff* & heat. But it began at 8 o'clock, & we supp'd before twelve—how sensible !

¹ Thomas Graham, Baron Lynedoch (1748–1843). Distinguished general. Sir John Moore's aide-de-camp in the Corunna campaign. Had several commands under Wellington. Chief founder of the United Service Club, where is his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Created a peer, 1814.

“There is no post established yet by Ostend, so that the letters are an age going from hence by Helvoet sluys, & in directing to me remember to put ‘*par Calais*’, for otherwise as the postage cannot be paid in Holland, the letters are very often sent back to England. This is a *puzzle*—but so it is. We were quite delighted with the situation of Antwerp, & went to look at Buonaparte’s Docks, where are 14 line of Battle ships *begun*, besides others in the harbour. I made the Doge take John on board one of them, which delighted him. Our tour has hitherto answer’d perfectly in all respects to him & his father. The latter is in a continual state of extasy with some pictures he has bought, for nothing. . . .”

“AIX LA CHAPELLE,
“Wednesday, August 17th, 1814.

“ . . . We did not leave Brussels till after dinner saturday, & slept that night at Louvain—a clean Inn, in a very nasty town. The next day we got to Liège, which we were prepared to find a second Sheffield, however tho’ our Inn was in a narrow Street & the worst part of the Town, our rooms were clean & comfortable, & there was no *black smoke*, or *dingy furniture*. The next morning we walk’d out to look about us, & were astonish’d to find how picturesque the situation of the Town was, for it was dark & rainy when we arrived the night before; the country too all round was rich & beautiful & very hilly, altogether certainly reminding one of the situation & environs of Sheffield, but without its dirt & on a greater scale. The country was excessively like England, & continued so all the way here. We are very well lodged here, at an Hotel—one large sitting room & a large bedroom next to it, a small room for John behind the sitting room, & our servants on the same floor.

“A few hours after we arrived I sent for Chilvers’s friend, the Doctor Reumont, to be put in the way to take the waters & bathe. . . . Nothing can be more convenient than our situation, for the baths & spring

are on the opposite side of the street, directly facing our Hotel. These waters are never drank after breakfast, they are exactly Harrogate to the taste, & of a comfortable heat to drink. The Town is dull enough, but we think we can bear it very well for ten days or a fortnight if the waters continue to agree with me. . . .

"This Town is full of Prussians. We were at a Concert here last night where they composed half the company, amongst them was General Kleist. . . .

"John desires his love to Ta, & begs you will tell him that somewhere in Flanders he heard the Postillion ask for *Snob*, which proved to be *Gin*. Would you believe that we are persecuted here with *Organs*, they play Waltzes & little french & german airs which the people who play, sing. But they have no great variety, & they come & play so eternally that we know most of their tunes by heart. The country about the Town is beautiful, but they ask such sums for a carriage that we cannot indulge in it often. There are pretty promenades near the Town. Adieu dearest mama, I shall write again in a few days tho' I fear you pay *mints* for my letters. . . ."

"SPA, August 23, 1814.

" . . . Thus far I wrote yesterday, when the Lloyds¹ came in, then the Morpeths & then Granville Leveson's,² who all staid till it was more than time for me to go & get my two glasses before our three o'clock dinner, so that there was an end of my day; for after dinner we were to ride, land at the Play, & be in bed between ten & eleven. We are all in the same state of despair about letters, none come hardly, & all ten days or a fortnight after they were written. I only hope mine reach you a little better, for as we are in foreign parts, it is still more uncomfortable to you to remain in ignorance. . . .

¹ Louisa, daughter of Admiral and Lady Louisa Harvey, married Mr. William Lloyd, of Aston Hall, Oswestry. (See p. 23.)

² See p. 199.

“ . . . We are all delighted with this place, the Doge particularly so, which makes me very happy. It certainly is very enjoyable, & without any drawback. I began the waters yesterday morning & am going on. . . .

“ My Aunt [the Dss. of Devonshire] really looks much better already for these waters, & is in even good spirits. You have no idea what capital hours every body keeps. *She* for example is at the well every morning at *seven*, as punctual as the clock. The Morpeths & G. Leveson’s are very little later, & I am beginning to imitate such bright examples. They all tell me I look much better than when I left England. I take two glasses of the water before breakfast, which we come in to about $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine, & to-morrow morning I mean to have my Poney, to crawl about between my glasses, instead of walking which tires me. . . .

“ The Granville Leveson’s & we rode about the hills, & did not get back till dusk, dismounted, & went to the Play as *we were* ; the play was half over, but we had a very pretty after piece. It is the company of King Jerome & very good, & we were very much amused. From the Play we all walk’d into the *redoute*, where we had tea & bread & butter, & society. The play had been longer than usual so that it was eleven before we went home & every body was crying out at such *shameful raking* !

“ We have a very nice house out of the Town, with a little garden, for three guineas & $\frac{1}{2}$ a week. I am now writing in John’s room, looking over our garden & part of the Town to the hills. I am rather disappointed in the beauty of the country, & in there being so much of a Town. I expected detach’d houses only, more like Tunbridge. . . .

“ . . . An’t you surprised at John’s having been prevail’d upon to act ? I never thought he would, & was much more surprised when I heard him regret that he had not come in time to take another part in which there was more to do. The thing originated in George

Howard who is a very nice intelligent boy. He translated & reduced the tragedy of *Mérope* into three *little* acts with a little help from his father, & last night it was perform'd to a very full audience at the house where the Morpeths & Granville Leveson's live together. He got the principal actor of the Theatre here to help him & lend him some things to make his. Henry Greville did *Mérope*, Harriet her confident, Lord Caulfield (Lord Charlemonts son) Poliphontes, George Howard, Egisthus, & John, *Narbas*; he had only a few words to say, but came in with them very well to stop *Mérope* when she is going to stab her son. They were all dress'd in proper costume & look'd delightfully, & I should not forget to say that little Louisa Lloyd & two little girls of Lady Charlemont's appear'd in the last scene as Priestesses. I give all these details as particularly interesting to *your* small auditors. Le Cerf (the Actor) was behind the scenes with them, & paid them a compliment worth all the others, for he said they had actually made him cry. There was some thing in the perfect artlessness of the whole performance, & the eagerness with which they enter'd into it, that really made it one of the prettiest & most interesting sights I ever saw. It is lucky for John that Lord Caulfield is a nice goodnatured boy, for George Howard is I am sorry to say going away on Tuesday; his parents & the Granville Levesons are all going to Paris before they return home the end of this month. . . .

"I cannot help feeling glad that your retreat¹ has been storm'd, & that the ice is broke with the Duchess of Buccleugh. Every now & then a little society is good for you. . . . The Doge & I have been taking a most delightful & beautiful ride of two hours, which brought us home ten minutes before dinner; we carried a little bag, with a piece of bread & some hard eggs, hung to the pummel of my saddle. In the middle of the

¹ Lady Erne was then at Richmond, where the Duke of Buccleuch had a villa.

brushwood up the side of one of the hills we met Miss Stanhope ² (I dont know whether I told you before that she is here, with some friends of hers). She was tired & very hungry, & gladly accepted some of our provisions. We have now just dined, & by the time I have *causéed* a little with you, & dress'd myself a little, it will be time to walk to the Play which begins at half past six, & the Doge means to see it *all* to-night. We are to have three *petites pièces*—the last has a very *alarming name*, but they say the manager has never given anything improper, so il faut espérer that this sounds worse than it is. It calls itself 'une demi heure de Richelieu, ou la chambre à coucher'. che ne dice ?

"I met Lord Glenbervie ² in the street to day, who ask'd when I should write to you, & begg'd I would send his *love*, for *nothing* could be *too much*, & he says he always quotes you as the most agreeable person he knows. She is rather better, but obliged to live so quiet that we see nothing of her. Her greatest pleasure is going to the Play. You would be surprised to see how well they act, how well they are dress'd, & what pretty things they give us. . . .

"Tuesday. My good Aunt could not rest till she had made me see the old Doctor of this place, & sent him here this morning. I must say he is a charming old man, & spent half an hour talking over my complaints with me. He has had thirty years experience of these waters upon all modifications of stomach complaints, & certainly talks very good sense, & seems to *look into one* with a microscope. . . . I made acquaintance yesterday morning with such a love of a Swede ! & alas, took leave of him last night at the rooms !! He is gone this morning. I am sure you would have fallen in love too—my Aunt was already far gone. He is a middle-aged

¹ Probably one of the Stanhopes of Cannon Hall, near Wortley.

² Sylvester Douglas (1743–1823). Called to the Bar, 1776. Sat in Irish and U.K. Parliaments. Married, 1789, Catherine Anne, daughter of celebrated Lord North.

man. The worst of making acquaintance with pleasant foreigners is the losing sight of them entirely. He said he was quite of Madame de Sevigné's opinion, that la *mauvaise compagnie* was best. . . ."

In a letter from Spa, dated September 1, Mr. Wortley writes to his mother-in-law that he has been much amused, and that the inconveniences and difficulties he expected to find have not appeared.

After assuring Lady Erne that her daughter looks much better than when she left England :

"John & I," he continues, "get on very well together at his lessons. . . . His pleasure really is to have his mind occupied, and if he continues as he is now, he will not be led astray in his future life by that indolence which makes me shudder at times, when I think of what Charles may be made capable of by it. For good hearts dont save people from its effects, My dear Lady Erne, but on the contrary only expose them to greater danger. But I wont philosophise upon it any more. I shall write to him a few lines in this letter about his biting James,¹ and his conduct to you upon that occasion. As to poor James, he will I hope do very well in the world, for he really has a good heart, and is not so *over* indolent. . . ."

The next letter, written on September 7, is from Spa :

". . . If my old Doctor had his way, he would never allow me to write at all ; for not only is it bad soon after drinking the waters, but he says that for my kind of complaint nothing is so unwholesome as the writing attitude ; it does *something* to *something* with a hard name. . . . I must therefore write moderately, & in as upright a posture as I can, & have a very good excuse for writing but *shortly* to everybody but you, & even to you less at length, or at least not all in one day ; for I know you would be annoyed if I entirely despised my Doctor. . . .

¹ James Stuart Wortley. See p. 110.

“John is quite one of the *société* & is very popular. . . .”

“PARIS, Oct. 1st, 1814.

“. . . We have got a small but perfectly clean apartment at 5 guineas a week, in a new Hotel in the Rue de Richelieu, at one end of which is the Palais Royal, so that we are exactly in the neighbourhood we wish'd. I am eager for tomorrow morning to go with them to the striking part of the Town, & then to the Louvre. I really feel almost *nervous* at the thought of seeing the Apollo, it will I think recall so like magic such *very old* times! I felt very oddly too, I assure you, & *very old*, as I came into Paris this evening & reflected that the whole of the revolution, & Buonaparte's eventful reign, had taken place since I was last here! And that to complete the thing, I left a Bourbon on the Throne, & now find one there, just as if the whole intermediate time had been a dream! Is it not too wonderful? There is something very strange too in the feel that one is in perfect security in the Town, which a few months ago was *Buonaparte's Capital*! In short my mind feels quite bewilder'd, & with these various odd feelings I can scarcely believe I *am* at Paris. . . .”

“PARIS, Oct. 4th, 1814.

“. . . We are all very much amused here, all the Quartier of the Louvre & Thuilleries has I think completely answered our expectations. It is indeed most magnificent, more so even than I thought it was. With *the Gallery* we are all delighted of course. . . .

“You cannot think how light my Father's £100 has made me feel, & how much that absence of care & fear of spending every time I have to go into a shop, relieves me; it makes it all amusing, instead of perplexing & tantalising. . . . John is as happy as possible. He went with his Aunt & us to the Play again last night, & saw an excellent Comedy very well acted, & after it *les deux Pages*, in which Fleury does old Frederick the great—a most inimitable piece of acting. They say that those

who remember the King say it is like seeing him himself tho' Fleury only learnt to imitate him from looking at the pictures of him, & learning all his little tricks from those who had seen him. . . .

"Every thing is quiet here, but there are two decided parties. Even at the Theatre the Buonaparte-ists applaud loudly whatever can apply to him ; the Royalists of course do the same, & their party seems much the strongest. Still people seem to think a little more time is necessary to decide whether all is likely to go smooth or not. The best symptom is, that they say the army is every day becoming more satisfied. But certainly we have *no* where since we landed heard any of the expression of hatred against Napoleon that we expected to do, & very often something like regret at his loss. Upon the whole I am more & more glad that we came here now, whilst we could do it securely. . . .

"Thursday. And now dearest mama I must beg you will give the enclosed to Mia, it will save me the horror of giving her warning by word of mouth. . . . It will be an indescribable weight off my mind to feel that she knows her fate before I arrive. . . . This letter goes to night by Mr. Curtis, my Aunts little Doctor, who is obliged to go back to England. The Doge & *Dogino* are gone China hunting. . . .

"Only think of my seeing at the Opera the Ballet of *Télémaque*, the part of Eucharine still fill'd by Mlle. Miller, now Madame Gardel.¹ John being now about the age that I was when I saw it last ! It is too odd."

¹ Marie Elizabeth Anne Houbert (1770-1833), known as Miller after her stepfather, whose real name was Krasinski. Said to be the best dancer of her time.

CHAPTER X

(1815–1817)

Bonaparte's return—Lady Caroline visits Harrow—Longleat—Malvern—Duchess Elizabeth at Rome—A stormy Session—Tierney—The Property Tax—Little Jim's illness—Lady Caroline at Newmarket—Disturbances at Sheffield—Preparations for Grand Tour—The whole family, with a tutor, start for Paris—Illness of father-in-law—Death of Princess Charlotte—Universal grief—"Spectacle" at the Tuileries—Lyons—The crossing of the Mont Cenis—The Apennines—Florence to Rome—The "black remains" of robbers at the side of road.

THERE are, unfortunately, very few letters in 1815, that most fateful of years. The first letter is from James Stuart Wortley to his wife, and is written on March 10 :

"What do you think of Bonaparte having landed between Fréjus and Antibes with 1000 men. He has moved on to Grenoble, and Louis 18th has issued a proclamation against him."

This letter, which is signed "Your doating husband", is followed by another on March 27 from Edinburgh :

"I left Belmont yesterday morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, and after a stormy passage over the Ferry [the Firth of Forth], which took us $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, arrived here about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5. The first thing I asked for was the newspaper, and there I saw that Bonaparte was at Paris. From the first I have never had any great hopes, and nothing but the news of one day (last Saturdays paper but one, I think), has ever given me any additional hope. The subject is too vast a one to write about, for one's mind is stunned with it, and all one can do is to execrate the



LADY CAROLINE STUART WORTLEY

By J. Clarke. The property of the Earl of Wharnccliffe.

whole French nation. I wish I could think that there was any hope of any great effort from our interference, but unless the King has really a party in the country who will rally round him, if supported by us and the other powers of Europe, all is lost, and I am satisfied that Buonaparte and his horde of robbers will be more powerful than ever. . . .

“ My compliments of condolence to Lady Erne, whose distress at these melancholy turns of fortune in the affairs of the world, I can well imagine.”

In a postscript to this letter he says he is glad to see that the Duke of Portland and his family have arrived at Dover ; “ I wish to God the Dutchess of Devonshire was there too ”.

In a Sunday paper of March 26, 1815, there is an account of Bonaparte's entrance into Paris on the preceding Monday :

“ He entered Paris, returning as from a review, with a guard of not more than fifty soldiers, on Monday afternoon. He immediately proceeded to the Place du Carousel, where the National Guards, who were drawn up in military order, grounded their arms, and joined in the cry of *Vive l'Empéreur*.”

The next two letters from Lady Caroline are about her children. She goes to Harrow Speech Day, and finds Jim (only lately arrived there from his private school) with a happy face, walking arm-in-arm with Ta in the street. She hears from Drury (one of the masters) that John is one of the best as well as one of the cleverest boys in the school ; that both he and Charles are very popular. She hears from Ta that he has “ not spent all his pound ”, and is very scrupulous in not spending it on eating, but has bought a pair of spurs with part of it. She relates, too, how she took Missy to a harlequin farce, in the course of which she turned to her mother and said, “ Mama, the longer I stay the less sleepy I am ”.

The next letter, on June 21, is from Longleat :

“ This place really deserves all that is said of it. It is magnificent and comfortable. There is a menagerie

which, besides all sorts of birds, contains a number of tame kangaroos. The flower garden here is the most beautiful thing you ever saw, and Lady Bath lives in it, and I do not wonder, for it is like a garden in a fairy tale, so brilliant are its colours, and the air so perfumed."

She ends the letter :

"We are all so delighted with the news tonight. Tomorrow will I trust bring the official account. It is such a thing to have beat the first battle."

On July 1 she writes from Elford, as usual a halting-place on her journey to Wortley :

". . . The day we left Longleat we got to Cheltenham, & then came on to sleep at Malvern, where the Bristols are to be tomorrow.

"At Malvern we found Lord and Lady Harcourt¹ who go there every year, & who found us out & came to us whilst we were at tea. It is a most singular place ; the well & Lodging houses are situated on the side of a steep wild hill looking on an immense plain which one crosses in coming from Cheltenham. The next morning before we set out Lady Harcourt sent me her Donkey, & a footman to carry me up the hill which is a ride of near a mile, to see the view on the other side, which is beautifull, very like the one from the Devil's Dyke at Brighton. and the Hill as steep and curiously shaped only very pretty from having Fern & wild plants growing all over it. Missy went up with us, & we took it in turns to ride the Donkey, which to her was the best part of the fun. . . .

"I had not observ'd Captain Ellis's name in that bloody list [the Waterloo list], but very much fear it must be that poor Lad—how I pity his poor Parents !

¹ William, 3rd Earl Harcourt. Field-Marshal in the Army. Master of the Horse to the Queen in 1809. Married Mary, daughter of Rev. Wm. Danby, D.D., of Yorks, and widow of Thos. Lockhart. Lord Harcourt died without issue, and his estates devolved upon Edward, Archbishop of York, his first cousin.

. . . What strange things have been happening in France again since we met. Really the shortest absences now appear like ages, from the importance of the events that crowd upon one another. . . .”

The year 1816 begins with two letters from the Duchess of Devonshire to her sister. She was still living in Rome, where she held a kind of court. She contributed a considerable sum of money to the excavations in the Palatine and Forum, in return for which the Romans struck a medal in her honour, bearing on one side of it her portrait in profile. In those days Roman fever, as it was called later, was spoken of as the ague.

“*Jan. 18, 1816.*

“ . . . Very lately I have had but little spirits to write, for my poor Fred [Foster] has had an ague, which coming on his full habit has proved a most tedious and severe illness. . . . It made me sad to see his poor thin face, and spare form, and what was worse to know that the bark was his remedy, and to hear him say that he could not take it. We have a very good Physician here, Dr. Maker, but he could not make him take Bark enough. At last Card. Consalvi¹ asked me to let him send me his Physician, he made him take the bark, but the last dose did not stay on his stomach, and the fit return'd. He begg'd to bring an Apothecary who had a famous remedy; the man came, administer'd his dose himself, the bark with different salt, and by encreasing the dose and the intervals, the fit was stopp'd. There is no saying what a relief this was to me. The Servants all look'd gay and happy, the Apothecary is triumphant, and Fred has eat well to day poor fellow, and is looking over his books again. . . . He has been very patient and amiable, and his illness made me feel as if he was my favorite Child. Thank God he is now in spirits about

¹ Ercole Consalvi (1757–1824). Cardinal and statesman. Promoted the election of Pius VII., who made him Cardinal. Was twice imprisoned by the French. Took part in the Congress of Vienna. Was called by the Romans “The Great Cardinal”.

himself, the Physicians said, ‘bene benissimo’ to day; and as he now takes the bark I hope his recovery will be compleat, and his health even better than before, for he was too full.”

At that time the various works of art which had been taken by Napoleon from Italy to Paris were being restored by Louis XVIII. at the instigation of the allies. The English were in consequence very popular in Rome and very unpopular in Paris.

“I went once to the Vatican, saw the fine colossal bust of Jupiter replac’d, and the joy of the Custode was so great, that he told me he had embraced it with tears in his eyes, adding, ‘mi batte il cuor’. He then took me to see the beautifull little Ceres, who being but just unpack’d was still ‘en habit de voyage’, a great bit of plaister of Paris about her. Then I begg’d to see some of the unpack’d Statues, the Custodes order’d every thing should be open’d to me, too much could not [be] done for the English, one great case they pointed to, ‘ecco la transfigurazione’; then another was the Mercury. Then we went to another large one, a plank or two were taken out, and behold Apollo’s own beauteous head appear’d! It was most ingeniously secured and was come quite safe. Numbers then press’d forward to be allowed just to touch it. It really was quite touching to see their enthusiasm. They all say that without the English these Statues would never have been restored to them.

“Lord Castlereagh’s note¹ is reckon’d a ‘capo d’opera’. It is a fine moment for an English person to be on the continent—except I suppose Paris and Naples—but

¹ To what Note of Lord Castlereagh’s this refers we have not been able to trace. In a letter from Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Rose, at Munich, dated Dec. 28, 1815, he says: “In the present state of Europe, it is the province of Great Britain to turn the confidence she has inspired to the account of peace, by exercising a conciliatory influence between the Powers, rather than put herself at the head of any combinations of Courts to keep others in check”.

neither from any fault of ours I think. Of English here Fred North is more flourishing and more delighted with every thing than ever. Poor Lady Glenbervie¹ wishing for nothing but Bushy Park and Brentford, very much shrunk but pretty well—Lord Glenbervie enchanted. Poor Broderick pleas'd or not, as the sun shines or rain falls. . . .

“How is Wharn Cliff. I fear no orange trees would grow there or I would send you some by sea. Have you read Madame La Roche Jacquelines memoirs? It is the most interesting book that ever was. I hear things are quieter in France, but what does Louisa [Lady Liverpool] mean by the Duchess D'Angoulêmes² persecution of the Protestants, when the Duc D'Angoulême openly protects them at Nismes, and said to them, ‘certes je suis bon Catholique, mais je n'ai pas oublié que le plus illustre de mes ancestres étoit Protestant’—an admirable speech I think, and he conducts himself perfectly, and is adored throughout the South of France. I fear the Duke of Orleans poisons Louisa's ear and Lord Liverpool.

“19th.

“Fred is well to day and eat a good dinner—bless you.”

From the same

“February 13th, 1816.

“I wish indeed dearest Sister that you could take a flight to Rome, you would see with pleasure all your former haunts and some of the improvements, yet nothing so diametrically different as the accounts which people give you [of] it. I ask'd Lady Comyn how long they staid, ‘Oh many months I hope’ she said. I ask'd Lord Lucan if he staid much longer at Rome, ‘No, I hope to go next week.’ ‘I dont care how soon we go,’ says Lord Bingham, ‘I hate Rome.’ Mr. and Mrs. Cowper think it delighfull, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell are as great enthusiasts as Fred and me—tho' I think Fred

¹ See p. 208.

See p. 194.

since his quartan poor fellow a little detached from it. A fine day however restores his love and admiration, and yesterday we walk'd on the Palatine Hill till it was almost impossible to tear oneself from it. How I should like to drive about with you and Caro and the Spa party; for Mr. Wortley would I think be quite enthusiastic here. . . .

“ Cardinal Albani is the nephew of the one you remember, the Villa has been pillaged but has still some very fine things. Presigny the french Ambassador is a gentlemanlike Man, but *stiff*, and gives only Men's dinners. the Statues at the Museum Vaticano and della Campidoglio are almost replaced, but they are enlarging and improving every day some part or another of the museum, to render it more perfect. It is too beautifull, and Canova is all but a Greek, his Statue for the Prince is exquisite. *Arthur* [Duke of Wellington] is I believe more in favour now. A letter I saw from Paris to day said even talking of these English officers who are arrested, and of the party in England who are such Bonapartists, ‘ *mais la grande et généreuse Nation Anglaise n'est surement pas dans ces principes* ’, and mentions also with great praise the Duke of Wellington's conduct about Wilson, &c. As to the french hating one another, every country divided by political partys is liable to that; how violent has party been and is with us. Can anything in france be so extraordinary or so disgusting as to see English of rank and talent and education profess'd Bonapartists!—to see them fomenting troubles and partys in france to create trouble at home. Think of the Protestant society writing upon newspaper information, and then not publishing the Duke of Wellington's answer—others encouraging an Orleans party, tho' he can come to the Throne but by a crime. I can't believe that the pure Royalists hate us, they were *sore* about the Statues, and it is industriously put about that we encourage the Orleans party. But Rivière, Grammont, Montmorency, etc. speak of us as

we could wish. You see that in England many abuse Louis 18 for the execution of Ney,¹ and the pretended paper of Pozzo di Borgo² justifies their having felt a little hurt with us, and proves what a clever frenchman here told me, how much of that sort of thing was fabricated in England. . . .

“ I hope you will find Louisa well, and Lord Liverpool not overwork’d—but I hear that the Session is to be stormy. . . . ”

Some light on the work of the “ stormy ” Session is given in a letter from Mr. Wortley to Lady Caroline in March 1816 :

“ Whatever Bristol may say on the subject of Tierney’s speech, depend upon it there was no mischief in it, but a plain and as I believe an honest (which is not very common with Tierney) expression of his views upon the subject which he has had, as such always have, a great effect upon the unprejudiced part of the House of Commons. . . .

“ As to the Property Tax,³ altho’ I should certainly

¹ Michel Ney, Maréchal de France (1769–1815). One of Napoleon’s generals. After Napoleon’s abdication in 1814, Ney, in common with other generals, supported the new Government, and was loaded by them with honours. On Napoleon’s return from Elba, Ney was given a command by the King, to whom he expressed loyalty, but unable to resist the lure of Napoleon, joined him, with the regiments under him, and was given command of two Army Corps. At Waterloo he performed prodigies of valour. By an ordinance of July 1815, Ney and 19 other generals were proclaimed traitors, tried, condemned to death and shot. In 1843 it was decreed that a statue should be erected to him on the exact spot of his execution in the Place de l’Observatoire.

² See p. 197.

³ The Property Tax, which was so decisively rejected by the House of Commons on March 18, 1816, was a proposed continuation of the Income Tax which for war purposes had been introduced by Pitt in 1798–99. Suspended after the Peace of Amiens (1802), it was reimposed in 1806, in which year it was fixed as high as 10 per cent (2 shillings in the £). In March 1816 Lord Liverpool’s ministry were proposing to continue the tax, notwithstanding that the war was over, but at the reduced rate of 5 per cent (1 shilling in the £). The Opposition speakers had strenuously contended that economies in Army and Navy expenditure would render unnecessary any continuance of the tax.

vote for it, as necessary, and the fairest of all taxes in Principle, I have not the smallest doubt that it is virtually lost at this moment, and that the only doubt with the government is, whether it will not be better to be beat upon a vote about it, than to appear to give way in a weak and irresolute manner. This of course is a matter for their own consideration, but there is a point beyond which firmness becomes mere obstinacy, and it is not very easy to find out when one has arrived at that precise point. I quite agree with you about the reasoning of the Opposition upon the Army Estimates, which are all exaggerated, but at the same time I must say that I believe that there is a great disposition upon the part of the Prince [of Wales] to increase and favour the Military establishments of the country as much as possible, not for the purpose of bringing about a military government, as they contend, but for the mere love of shew, parade and dress which attends it. Lord Folkestone was very good upon that point the other night in his speech. . . .”

On May 4, 1816, Lady Caroline, writing from Brook Street to her mother, from whom she has just parted at Brighton, says :

“ I should have died of the melancholy of my first evening any where but in London ; but there is a look of comfort in my little drawing room, & a feel of snugness in being left to oneself the *first* evening with all the noise & hurry in the streets of people who *can't* molest one, that I really enjoy. So that I felt only regret at our comfortable partnership being dissolved, & the breaking up of our Brighton society. The Doge arrived before Eleven last night. He tells me that he has not betted a *single shilling* either of the meetings. . . .”

On June 24 Lady Caroline writes to her mother a report of little Jim who is ill :

“ He is going on quite well,” she says, “ though as red as ever. The Doctor has as yet no idea what is

the matter with him—only it is not the measles, and that he is infectious. Therefore he has no idea how long he may be confined. Chilver is even cruel enough to say he shall not consider him quite pure under six weeks. However, with a great deal of precaution and management I think he may join us all in a little more than half that time. I carried him two tragedies to amuse him and a bottle of lavender water, and by and bye I shall take him a pottle of strawberries, which I expect will be a great treat.”

On October 15, 1816, Mr. Wortley writes from Newmarket, where, unfortunately for the family finances, he spent a great deal of his time and money :

“ . . . Lady Caroline is now living in a Lodging with me to her great satisfaction. . . . What do you think of my Lady getting up and being on the back of her poney by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 o'clock to see the horses go out to exercise, and afterwards riding upon the course to see the race today. Her poney is the most quiet divinity that ever had a saddle on it, and I am quite sure that nothing could do her more good. The proverb here at Newmarket is, ‘ *The saddle is the seat of health* ’.”

On December 9 the *Times* gives an account of a disturbance at Sheffield :

“ A great concourse of people assembled together in a riotous manner . . . carrying a loaf of bread dipped in blood stuck upon a long pole, and breaking several windows as they went along. . . . The magistrates called out the constables, the yeomanry cavalry and the cavalry from the barracks.”

On their arrival Colonel Wortley jumped off his horse, dashed among the crowd, and seized the principal leader, who was conveyed to York Castle. The mob then dispersed without further mischief.

The first letter of 1817, dated August 13, is from Simonstone, Mr. Wortley's beautiful property in Wensleydale. The

house, then only a small farmhouse, nestles into the great shoulder of Stag's Fell, while about two hundred yards from it is the famous waterfall, Hardrow Scaur, 100 feet high, a magnificent sight after some hours of rain.

"We arrived here yesterday about six o'clock, in the most dismal weather you can imagine, but the rain tho' almost constant for the last four hours, was not heavy. . . . After the first delight at the improvement in our chateau, and the air of neatness and comfort in the rooms from painting and white washing, and new dimity furniture, etc., fancy my dismay at finding that all the beds which are quite new were as damp as possible. . . . Luckily we had several hours before us, and by great activity, in which I took my *full* share, I accomplish'd getting three beds quite dry, one for ourselves, one in which John and Charles slept, and one which I had laid on the floor in our room for Jem (fortunately the room where Boon and the maids slept was over the kitchen, and was quite warm), and the men slept out. To day is beautifully fine and warm, we are all *alive* and *well*, after a good night, and the Doge and *all* the Boys are gone on to the Moors, where I trust they will have good sport. . . ."

The next letter is written in the midst of preparations for the "grand tour" on which the whole family were to accompany their parents, as well as a tutor, Mr. Musgrave.

". . . Missy and Jim have arrived safely. . . . I own I tremble when I think that I am going to take her from health and security into possible dangers and infection! But it is too late to think of it now, so I *hope* that I have not done wrong in encouraging the journey—at least I shall feel confident whatever happens that it is so ordain'd above! . . . We certainly shall be a very comfortable pleasant party at Rome in the winter; but Mrs. Singleton and I agreed this morning that the feeling uppermost in our minds at present, is

the delight of being return'd and settling with a determination *never to move* again ! And yet we are all going for our pleasure and amusement !!! What strange beings we are ! . . ."

By October 13 the whole family is at Paris, lodged "magnificently in the Hotel Breteuil, looking into the Tuilleries garden". Some bonnets have come for Missy to try, but they do not do, and have been sent back. They dine (a family party) at Sir Charles Stuart's,¹ and are much pleased with Lady Elizabeth (*née* Yorke, Sir Charles's young wife).

"They have been trying to persuade us to go to the Spanish Ambassador's Ball to night, but the Doge is lazy about it, and I have no dress ready, and besides as we are going to the Play it would be a great hurry and fatigue, so we *wont*. We hope to get away from here on Saturday, but sooner we cannot, on account of the quantity of linen we have had to get wash'd, and I fear the same thing will detain us at Lyons, which will be more provoking."

Later in the letter she begs her mother to reflect "how fast the months roll, and how soon the winter will be over, and we return'd to recount to you our travels. . . ."

"PARIS, Oct. 19th, 1817.

"Here we are still dearest mama, and no Pops,² and no tidings of him. We dont know what to think, but incline to believe that he is dawdling for his amusement. . . . If it were not for our impatience to get on with our journey, we should not however complain, for we pass our time very pleasantly here. . . . Since I wrote last I have seen Talma,³ and Mlle Mars,⁴ I have heard

¹ See p. 64.

² See p. xxix.

³ Francois Joseph (1763-1826). Great French actor. Début at Théâtre Français, 1789.

⁴ Mdle. Mars (1779-1847), celebrated French actress of the Comédie Française. Acted both in comedy and tragedy. Much admired by Napoleon. At first hostile to Bourbons, but gradually became reconciled. Louis XVIII. gave her a pension.

Blangini and Paer, both favourite composers, and good singers, and I have been twice to the Gallery of the Louvre. Yesterday we dined with the Mansfields, who have got a delightful House and have been here a twelvemonth. We had a very pleasant party, and I was introduced to the celebrated Humboldt, who by the bye is going to Thibet, to measure the Mountains and ascertain how much higher they are than the Andes. He seems a clever agreeable man. . . .

“The Boys when we do not go all together, go and see sights with Mr. Musgrave, and most evenings go to one of the Theatres. We were all really delighted with Talma, tho’ we went prepared to be but very little pleased or amused. We were lucky in seeing him in his finest part, Manlius, in the Tragedy so call’d, the story of which is exactly that of Venice preserved, but taken from the Roman History. We all agreed that, making allowance for the odious French declamation, he is the finest and most natural actor we ever saw; but the part is a very fine and interesting one, and perhaps I should not like him so well in any other. As to Mlle Mars, she acted in the after piece in so insignificant a part, that it was hardly possible to judge of her powers. . . .

“20th. I went yesterday to see some magnificent Raphaels that have been cleaning and repairing and going back to the King of Spain to whom they belong. The Duke of Wellington got possession of them when Joseph was trying to carry them out of Spain, but the waggon that contain’d them was actually overturn’d into the Bidassoa in the pursuit, and the pictures almost ruined. We were at a very pleasant little party at the Duc de Rohan’s last night and heard some charming music. Madame de Gontaut ¹ told me that the Duchesse

¹ Josephine de Gontaut, daughter of the Comte de Montault-Navailles, who had superintended the education of Louis XVI. Married, 1792, M. de St. Blancard, who afterwards took the name of Gontaut Biron. She was appointed *gouvernante* to the “Enfans de France”, children

de Berri¹ has made a little false couch. I dare say she will soon make amends. I long to hear of our Princess's² accouchement. . . .

"The Duke of Wellington arrived here yesterday unexpectedly. . . .

"5 o'clock. We have this moment seen Mr. Wortley [her father-in-law] and I have only time to say that tho' he is in spirits, he looks very ill and alter'd. I will write again on Thursday."

The Wortleys were delayed in Paris by the illness of Mr. Pops, Lady Caroline's father-in-law. On October 27 Lady Caroline writes :

"I am happy to say our prospects are brighter, and we still hope to get to Italy. Pops is much better, and though he is certainly grown older and more infirm, there seems no reason now to apprehend any great change in the next six months."

On November 3 there is a letter from John Stuart Wortley, aged sixteen, to his grandmother. His parents have, he says, "both gone out to the chasse Royale at St. Hubert, somewhere towards St. Cloud. Mrs. Villiers had a carriage offered her by Monsieur,³ and having two places vacant asked them if they would like to go and see that extraordinary performance in the way of hunting." His grandpapa is, he says, "wonderfully better, so that I think it still very possible that we may proceed, and I sincerely hope so, for I am heartily tired of this *filthy place*."

On November 7 Princess Charlotte, the only daughter of the Regent, died in childbed. The child died also. Her death was felt as a personal loss by the whole nation.

of the murdered Duc de Berri. Went into exile with Charles X. and the Duchesse de Berri. Her elder daughter married the Duc de Rohan.

¹ See p. 200.

² Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Regent, and wife of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, afterwards King of the Belgians.

³ See p. 144.

From Lady Liverpool

“WALMER CASTLE, November 7.

“MY DEAREST SISTER,

“I know your kindness will make you anxious to hear from me, & as tomorrow is Saturday I *will* write one line. I am much less unwell than I was yesterday. The shock was really almost too much for me, & I felt afraid I was going to add to poor Dear Lord Liverpool’s painful feelings. He sett off for London last Night. I never saw him more overwhelm’d, this blow is indeed a very dreadful one in *every* way. But He who order’d it can make the chastis’m^tent a salutary one, & I trust He *will* do so, & that we all shall learn Humility, and see the full extent of the unsteadiness of all worldly Happiness & greatness. Prince Leopold has a very pious mind—thank God for it! The Regent received the tidings with feeling & resignation. On first hearing the very worst from Lord Bathurst He struck his forehead with both hands in silent agony, & then bowed his head (still in silence). He then held out his hand to Lord Bathurst, & calling his brother, the Duke of York, to him threw himself unto his Arms. How thankful He must now feel that He allow’d her to marry according to her own choice, & that latterly He and she were on the very best terms. He entreated the Duke of York to go to Claremont¹ with every sort of kind offer to his poor son in Law. Poor, poor Claremont! What excesses of Happiness & of misery has it not witnessed! My dear Sister I can write no more. When I think of all she [Princess Charlotte] said to me the last few times I saw her—of her hopes—her Happiness—of their real Domestic comfort, of their regularity, Charity—good example—what have we but *blind* humble submission to support us? Addio, addio.”

¹ The property of Prince Leopold had formerly belonged to Charles Rose Ellis. His wife, Elizabeth Catherine Caroline, daughter of Lord Hervey, and granddaughter of the Earl-Bishop, had died at Claremont in 1803.

From Lady C. Stuart Wortley

“PARIS, November 10th, 1817.

“ . . . I meant to have begun a letter two days ago, but really have been so shock'd and stunn'd by the melancholy news from England that I have not been able. You will easily believe how all the English have felt it, and I am happy to say many french have also shewn real feeling upon the occasion. Of course we have talked and thought of nothing else, and I now feel quite unable to collect my thoughts to tell you all the little things I intended since I last wrote. We are very impatient to hear more ; that is, how the Regent and poor Prince Leopold bear the event. . . .

“ The tables are turned, and you will be astonish'd and sorry to hear that the Doge has had a very regular and smart fit of gout in his foot, and that *Pops* now visits *him*. He is very much annoy'd at this unexpected attack, and fancies he is become quite an old man. . . . Of course if he is not well, or nearly so, we shall not set out this week. . . .”

On November 11 Lady Caroline writes that the poor Doge is no better ; he is taking muriatic acid foot baths by Dr. Hyde's advice, and is going to try some magnesia, recommended to him by two Gouty Subjects as an infallible cure.

“ We went yesterday evening to Sir Charles Stuarts ¹ to see the English newspapers, for the melancholy gratification of learning further particulars on the subject that engrosses us all. I feel still as if the whole was a dream. I think Prince Leopold's situation is the most cruel that can be conceived ! What will he do ? What a reverse, from the respectable and happy life he has been leading for so many months, with every prospect of its continuance. I never read anything more touching and shocking than the account of the whole melancholy

¹ See p. 64.

business from beginning to end. And it worries me (I cannot divest myself of the belief) that if she had been any insignificant person, she or the child, or even both, would have been saved, but that the medical men were timid ! Poor Croft, I wish he had acted upon his own judgement. The Boringdon's, that is Morley's are in great affliction, having just lost his Boy. He swallowed a grain of Barley with the husk and beard in the summer, and first broke a blood vessel by coughing, and since that has had internal abscesses. He has been opened, and the barley corn was found in his lungs. She has behaved like an angel, and nursed him like her own child. . . .

“ We went to a little spectacle given in the Tuilleries to the Royal family, which was very pretty but too crowded. I was quite glad to see Madame laugh *very* heartily. On Wednesday I went to the opening of the Chambers, with which I was much pleased. The Doge had a ticket for a different part of the house, but we were both very well placed. I chaperon'd Lord Lucan's youngest daughter. The King made a very good speech and spoke it very distinctly and well. The Princes were in their Peer's dress, near the throne. The Princesses, on a tribune immediately opposite to it, and with them was the Duchesse of Orleans, Madlle d'Orleans, and the little Duc de Chartre, who is a very pretty distinguished looking Boy, and seem'd very attentive to everything that was going on. The worst part of the day was the being obliged to take ones place by ten in the morning, to wait till past one for the King's coming. We all mean to go one day to their house of Commons to hear a debate. . . .

“ The Doge sends his kind love to you, he desires me to tell you that he is grown quite *deaf, stupid* and *Gouty* ! . . . Pray keep a daily note of the weather all winter, and of the number of *sunny* days, that we may compare notes. . . .”

*From the Hon. Sophia Upton*¹

“Norbury Park, November 22nd, there I arrived yesterday, and have heard much more music than details of poor Prince Leopold. Arthur says that the crowd, bustle, struggle for places &c. and all the military in the Church took off very much from the solemnity of the Ceremony, and that parts of it were even ludicrous. Poor dear Prince Leopold sat at the head of the Coffin apparently in an agony of grief, covering his face with his hands, and *now* and *then* relieving his sufferings by a flood of tears. He went down privately into the vault where he remained a long time after the Funeral, and then immediately returned to Claremount. There is a manliness and tenderness in his sorrow which is *too* moving. I must finish and get this franked off. Addio Cara. I have a letter from John Joe who cannot make out if Lady Caroline likes being at Paris, but as to Mr. Wortley it is plain he does not.

“P.S. Of course you will immediately know that Princess Charlotte is the cause of black wax—they say it would be *wrong* to seal with red.”

From Lyons, on November 23, 1817, there is a letter from John Stuart Wortley to his grandmother. He tells her that they have been exactly one week doing 300 miles. They came by Dijon “which is rather a fine town and cleaner than they generally are in France”. Speaking of Lyons, he says :

“We are all being much disappointed in this place, for instead of finding a fine rich town it looks like a Sheffield almost deserted. The situation is, however, very fine. The approach much more that of a capital than that of Paris. I fancy Lyons has much changed since you were here, and commerce they say is at a very low ebb at present. My Father desires me to tell you that he accomplished last night getting his two boots

¹ See p. 112.

on, and that he walks quite buckish this morning after having been unable to walk for seventeen days."

On December 1 the whole party has arrived safely at Turin, and Lady Caroline writes to her mother :

" We wrote to you from Lyons under the influence of a dark yellow N. East wind. But we have been amply repaid since ; for from the moment we came in sight of the mountains of the Échelles, the weather clear'd, and has continued bright ever since. We are all astonishment at having heard so little about the passage of the Échelles, as well as the whole drive through the mountains from Chambéry to the foot of the Mount Cenis, the whole of which we thought magnificent. Our luck was complete the day we crossed the mountain, and I think you will admire our activity and spirit when I tell you that we were at the *top* of it at $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight in the morning, having started from Lansle-bourg at six ; and were *at the Opera at Turin* in the evening, after eating a very comfortable dinner. The reason of our performing this last feat was, that we found that the Theatre was to close for a month the very next day, and we had a mind to go once. Two young Englishmen who are in the same Hotel very civilly offer'd us places in a box that they had taken, and Mr. Musgrave and the Boys got into the Pit. . . .

" I cannot help going back for a moment to the Mont Cenis to tell you the circumstances under which we set out to ascend it, altho' no description can convey an idea of what we saw and felt. We were as I told you in the carriages by a few minutes after six, at which time the moon was shining with the greatest brilliancy over our heads in a clear and cloudless sky, and Orion and many other stars contrived to sparkle like diamonds in spite of her. By this light we saw the mountains all round us, dark and grand against the sky, and one or two peaks cover'd with snow were of a blue white from the moonlight. After we had ascended for about half

an hour, the sky behind the Mountain to the East began to change to a *blush pink*, too beautiful to imagine ; but in half an hour more the sun, which was still invisible to us, lit the tops of the *snowy* mountain with a still more brilliant pink ; the moon still brilliant in the *west*. It was a sharp frost but there was no wind, and the cold was so little severe that we went up all the way with one glass entirely down, and Pussy got out to walk with her Brothers, and was very soon quite hot and glad to get in again. We did not get into the Sunshine till we reach'd the top, but as it got higher it gradually lit with rich and glowing colors the tops or projections of the surrounding mountains. Never shall I forget the beauty and magnificence of the scene. At the top we chang'd horses but did not get out of the carriage. The moment we began to descend we had the sun full upon us, and before we reached Susa it was *too* hot, for the air tho' frosty was perfectly still. The *local* scenery is certainly much finer on the descent than on the other side (and) the road the whole way is magnificent. At Susa we got out and had a potage and an omelette, and then proceeded, and reach'd Turin by six o'clock ; very proud of ourselves, and not tired. The Boys were all delighted, and highly amused with the first Italian signs to the Inns at Susa, and to hear it first talk'd by the people. . . .

“ Yesterday being another fine day, we hired a roomy Barouche with four horses and drove up to the Superga, where as you know, one sees the most magnificent and extensive view in all Italy of the Alps and surrounding country—there seems to be very little else worth seeing here. We are lodg'd in the Hotel de l'Univers, directly opposite to the King's Palace on the grande place, there cannot be a more cheerful situation ; and our apartment is so good, and we are so well served, and altogether so comfortable, that I shall be quite sorry to go away, which we intend to do next Thursday. The Darnleys, who have *aired our beds* for us all the way from Paris here, went on this morning. We have just had a visit

from Algernon Percy, and an invitation to dine to-morrow with our Minister, Mr. Hill. . . .”

“BOLOGNA, *December 9, 1817.*

“ I shall only have time to tell you that we got here safe last night dearest mama, and intend setting out again very early to-morrow ; for all day has been spent in seeing Galleries of pictures and Churches, and I must go to bed soon after Missy, and get a good night’s sleep, for I am not so good a traveller as I used to be, and require a great deal of rest. We have been very much delighted with many pictures we have seen, both here and at Parma. . . . At Parma I was glad to see my old *friend* the St. Jerome by Coreggio, which I saw last three years ago in the Louvre. It is very gratifying to see so many of *those* restored to their former *homes*, for *places* one cannot say, as none are replaced in the churches from which they were taken ; and strange to say, tho’ they tell one of the thefts and atrocities committed by the French they express *no* indignation, and it is often apparent that they regret them ! They shew’d us at Parma little Nap’s cradle, and Marie Louisa’s toilette (whom they call sa Majesté) both magnificent. They were originally used in the Thuilleries, but are now merely exhibited. She was in the Palace when we were seeing them, but we did not see her. . . .”

On December 12 there is a letter from little Caroline to her grandmother from Florence. After telling her that she was “ very much amused crossing the Mont Cenis, which I think very pretty ”, and describing the view from the Superga, she says :

“ I must tell you that there is in this Hotel a Cat very like yours at Wharncliff. Pray tell Gee that we have slept in the Clouds. Goodbye dear Gooma. I am your most affectionate Grandaughter, C. S. Wortley. adieu dear Gooma. I must tell you I think the Appenines very tiresome things.”

Her mother writes on the same day :

“ We arrived here yesterday evening dearest mama, after the most tedious journey of two days I ever remember. Crossing the Mont Cenis is a joke to the Appenines, which took us seventeen hours. We began mounting almost as soon as we had left Bologna (as you may remember) and slept at Covigliajo on the top of the mountain, a very poor place, the rooms over the stable, but where we were very well treated and got enough to eat. Before we reached the last place we had fairly got into the clouds, that is apparently into a thick fog and sleet falling ; the light also was beginning to decay, and I had the apprehension of its being dark before we should arrive at our Gîte. *Why* I was not more alarmed I cannot conceive, for you will allow that the circumstances were not agreeable, added to which the *only* caution we had received was not to travel after dark. Yet I have felt more nervous on our robbing roads in England in broad day. . . .

“ We are disappointed in the appearance of Florence, which we expected would be a pretty, cheerful Town ; but it is like all the rest, dark, dirty and melancholy. Turin is the only Town we have yet seen that we think cheerful and well built. . . .

“ The post only goes twice a week. . . .”

By Christmas time the family have arrived in Rome, to the great joy of Lady Caroline.

“ I have been here two days, and have been twice to St. Peter’s and the Coliseum!!! I see them and remember them distinctly, but I cannot believe that I am myself, so great a change does five and twenty years make in one ! We are very well lodged at the Hotel de Londres, on the Piazza di Spagna, between the great steps going up to the Trinitá del Monte and the corner of the place going up to Margheritta’s, so that we have the sun all day. We are au troisième, which we like notwithstanding the climb, because it is more airy and

further from the smells of the place. I have so much to say that I don't know where to begin."

She goes on to describe the journey from Florence. They had, she says, intended going by Sienna, but finding that above twenty post horses had just set out with several other couriers on that road, had turned their horses' heads towards Perugia. The road, however, was so ill monté that they got into the same scrape they had dreaded the other way and did not get into Arezzo the first night till eleven, and into Perugia the next till twelve. Passing the Lake of Trasimene, the Doge explained to them the whole of Hannibal's manœuvres and the site of the battle. At the Inn at Spoleto the Singletons took compassion on them as the Inn was full, and let them sup in their room, as not one of theirs had a fireplace in them.

After sleeping at Terni and at Civita Castilana, they started at seven o'clock, and entered the Porta del Popolo at three in the day.

"We ought to have arrived much earlier, but there is no describing the badness of horses as one approaches Rome, owing to the wretchedness of the country and poverty of the people. The dreary solitude that one passes thro' before one reaches the 'Eternal City' is very melancholy; and the impression of gloom is not a little increased since *your* time by the side of the road being occasionally ornamented by the *black* remains of *arms* and *legs* of robbers fasten'd on the tops of poles, and the presence of three Carabiniers riding with the carriage. However I must now add, to allay your fears, that there have not been any carriages stopt any where for a great length of time, except one or two travelling at night, and without an escort, and I believe the one that came the two Postes with us was quite unnecessary, and only wanted their Piastre apiece. As we pass'd one of the Posts where an arm was hung up, one of the escort rode up, and pointing to it told us it was the arm of the '*Bravo Catolino*', a famous Captain of Banditti who was taken two or three years ago—vi piace? . . ."

CHAPTER XI

(1817–1818)

Arrival at Rome—The Bristol party—Cardinal Consalvi—Meeting the Pope—Naples—Many gaieties—Eliza Ellis and her brothers—Surrender of band of robbers—Safe return to Rome—Spring-time in Rome—Forum no longer Campo Vaccino—Banditti at Saint Angelo—A famous improvisatore—St. Peter's illuminated—Alarming letter about Mr. Pops—His death, March 1818—Return home *via* Venice, Innsbruck, Munich, Paris.

At Rome Lady Caroline finds her uncle, Lord Bristol, and his wife. They, too, are travelling with a numerous family party, and have been delayed for three weeks by the three little ones falling ill of the measles one after the other—paying all the time for their house at Naples. As the Bristol party starts the next day for Naples, and it being impossible to put off their journey any longer as their horses and escorts are all ordered for them along the road, Lady Caroline, though more dead than alive after her journey, is obliged to go to them on the evening of her arrival.

“ They had people to dinner and therefore could not come to me, and I found there a little assembly, and the first thing that struck my sight was a *Cardinal* sitting upon a sofa between the Duchess [of Devonshire] and Lady Bristol. It was your dear Consalvi,¹ to whom my Aunt instantly introduced me. He said a great deal about his regret at not having seen you in England. I think he has a fine head and delightful countenance. The Herveys are all improved I think. The Boys went back in the carriage to see ours ; and the next morning

¹ See p. 215.

ours got up to see them all set off. . . . Augusta¹ and Georgiana turn'd into young women with young men sitting round them and talking to them looked very funny. . . . I am glad to find people keep very good hours. We have dined once with my Aunt ; John went with us, and she very goodnatur'dly asked Mr. Musgrave to bring the other two in the evening. I was all astonishment at the size of the rooms at Margheritta's which I had imagined were so much larger. She [the Duchess of Devonshire] inhabits the second apartments ; the Fosters below, and their children above. . . .

" I was very glad to have all the details you give me of our poor Prince Leopold, for whom I have been so much interested and could not help sometimes feeling alarm'd for his life, or, what was worse, his mind ! I sincerely hope that he will live in England, and that the report is true of the Duke of Kent's wishing to marry his sister.² I hear she is highly spoken of. It would make him feel *still* some tie in England, and we cannot have too much from so good a stock. I am very sorry to hear so bad an account of my Aunt Liverpool, no doubt the tragical event that has happened had a great deal to do with her bilious attack and nervous agitation. It is as you say quite remarkable how many women have suffered by the shock—even the poor little Duchess of Leeds, from whom I found a few lines here, attributes the destruction of her hopes at the end of six months to the same cause. She tells me she is now doing well. . . .

" The Boys all take great pleasure in visiting Ancient Rome, and I think we shall do it with great profit, as

¹ Lady Augusta Hervey, eldest daughter of 1st Marquis of Bristol. Married, 1832, Frederick Seymour, grandson of 1st Marquis of Hertford.

Lady Georgiana Hervey, second daughter of 1st Marquis of Bristol. Married, 1836, Hon. and Rev. John Grey, son of 2nd Earl Grey.

² Victoria Mary Louisa, Princess of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg (1786–1861). Married (1st) her cousin, the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg ; and (2nd) Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent. Mother of Queen Victoria.

every day we [read] in Eustace or elsewhere the description and history of what we have seen in the morning. John is of course the most interested with it all; but Charles is much more so than I expected, and *asks* his Papa to read accounts of what we see. Jem enjoys the sight seeing, but goes *to sleep* over the *lecture*. I am in hopes of getting a drawing master for them, for they are all anxious to learn, even Pussy is quite eager, and I believe the Doge and I shall join the academy. We went yesterday with my Aunt to Canova's where there are a great number of exquisite things. He is really a great man, and in his female figures particularly is not to be surpass'd I think by the Ancients. . . ."

On December 29, 1817, Lady Caroline writes that they have seen a young Roman lady take the veil. The victim, she says, as well as her relations, were quite gay, and seemed to think it a "jour de Fêtes" rather than one of mourning. After eating a little bread and cheese and chestnuts they all go to the Vatican, where it is impossible for the first time to do more than walk all over it. The way in which the marbles are arranged, she thinks, does the Pope great credit, the Apollo and other choice things being in their old places. Canova has shut up the Corridor and lights them from above. It is odd to read that they were all disappointed with the size of St. Peter's, but delighted with the Coliseum, and enjoyed visiting the ruins in general. She goes with her aunt to the opening of the "Argentina", where a curious change has taken place in the organisation of the Opera. "In our time men sung the female parts, but now that such voices have become scarce, women sing in men's cloaths where a soprano voice is wanted. What a distortion!"

On Wednesday, December 31, 1817, she describes a meeting with his Holiness:

"We proceeded as before at one o'clock in open carriages, to do our Ruins, and had a most delightful drive and interesting giro. On our way from the Palace of the Cesars to Caracalla's baths, we met the Pope,¹

¹ Pius VII. Barnabo Chiaramonte. Died 1823.

returning from his airing. Our Laquais de place made the gentlemen and the Boys get out of the carriages, as he said was the custom, Ladies only stand up in them. We saw him perfectly, and were all pleased with the mildness and the goodness of his countenance. He smiled and gave us his benediction as he passed. It was a fortunate little rencontre, especially for the children. . . .

"January 1st, 1818. . . . I am glad we have done with the old year, which is marked by the death of our poor young Princess—I cannot get used to it. . . . I wish I knew what was doing in London about the mourning, ours here ends this week, in consequence of the Hanoverian Minister's saying that the order at Hanover was for six weeks. . . . It seems *very* short for such a mourning, and I shall leave it off reluctantly.

"After writing to you yesterday, my Aunt proposed our all going to a ceremony for the last day of the year, at which the Cardinals would attend and Te Deum would be sung at the Church of the Gésú. We were very much pleased with it all, except the music which tho' pretty good was too much like Opera music. On a little Tribune near the Altar and opposite to where we were, I saw our poor blind King of Sardinia.¹ I was told he only attended because he was of the order of the Jesuits, of which that is the Church. But he never leaves his Convent and sees nobody. . . .

"The drawing lesson went off very well yesterday evening, and the master says they all seem to have a turn for it. It is quite an academy, as the Doge learns too. . . ."

From Naples James Stuart Wortley, the younger, writes to his grandmother his "impressions de voyage". He

¹ This was Charles Emmanuel, the Prince of Piedmont of the former letters (see p. 14). He had abdicated in July 1802, in favour of his brother, the Duc d'Aosta (Victor Emmanuel I.). From this time Charles Emmanuel lived in Rome, where he died October 6, 1819. He was buried in the Jesuit Church of the Quirinal.

has put off till the end of his journey that he might be able "to say all at once". He was agreeably surprised in Paris, "as he had been told to expect such a beastly place". He thinks the Alps don't look "the heighth they are", and that the passage over the beastly Apennines is a great deal worse than the Mont Cenis. He likes Florence. It is a nice town and delightfully paved with flags. At Terracina, where the Roman Governor and the Neapolitan General had met to "take up the Banditti", they gave some races which were "quite the oddest thing by way of races I ever saw". He is a little disappointed with St. Peter's, "the prints so exaggerate it. . . ."

There is a postscript by Lady Caroline, once more reassuring her mother on the subject of robbers:

"I hope you will not have heard any of the provoking reports that got about concerning the robbers, but if you should, turn a *deaf ear*, for they are in general without foundation even. We got here [Naples] without any adventure or any alarm, but found our friends quite relieved at seeing us safe, having heard that two carriages had been stopp'd on the road, and every body carried up into the mountains—a complete invention. The fact is, the only carriages that are robb'd are small single ones, and travelling by night and without an escort. Lady Cecil Copley begg'd to travel in our train, so that we were three carriages and had a good escort, besides piquets all along the road, so that nothing could be more secure. . . ."

"Last night John made his *début* at a Ball at Lady Caroline Barham's with great success. His cousins the Ellis's, and Hervey and Augusta were there, and I wish you could have had a peep at the cousinage in their new characters of men and women! . . ."

Evidently in those days Naples was a much gayer place than Rome. Lady Caroline tells us that John and Charles are to play at cricket against some Etonians whom they do not intend to be beat by. "This place", she continues, "is very enchanting, and the constant intercourse with so many

of our friends very pleasant ; but there is too much dissipation, and the Doge and I begin to wish for the repose of Rome." She goes on to say that her boys, particularly John, are much mixed up in the society of young men and women, and obliged to adopt the manners of gentlemen. John has, she says, been to several balls and begins to think dancing very good fun. "Should you not like to see him impudently going up to ask a young lady to dance ? I can hardly believe my eyes sometimes when I see him in his new character, and find myself and the Doge in the established character of chaperons !" She makes friends, too, with Mr. Wortley's cousin, Lady Bute,¹ whose son is "a very fine gentlemanlike lad, and with so great a family likeness to John that I knew him by it one day on the Chiaia, without ever having seen him before".

On February 3, 1818, there is a letter from John to his grandmother. He tells her that he was up at a ball till four o'clock given by Prince Leopold, the King's second son.

"I there saw Howard² and Augustus, both in their uniforms. Augustus is very handsome ; they are both very dandy young officers. I admire Eliza very much, I think she is quite beautiful.

"At Rome I was very much amused with everything I saw, and at seeing St. Peter's, the Colosseum, the forum, etc., in reality, which I had so often seen in prints at Wortley. But after all I must confess that with the outside of St. Peter's I was much disappointed ; whether from the proportions or situation of the building, I don't think it makes the effect it ought, and not as much as St. Paul's does in London. Aunt Devonshire was very good on the subject of St. Peter's the other day. Somehow or other Charles said that he did not like Virgil, upon which she immediately exclaimed,

¹ Frances, second daughter of Thomas Coutts, married, as second wife, John, 1st Marquis of Bute.

² 6th Lord Howard de Walden, son of Charles Rose Ellis and Eliza Hervey (1799-1868). Married November 8, 1828, Lady Lucy Bentinck, fourth daughter of 4th Duke of Portland. Augustus, his brother (1800-1841).

' Charles not like Virgil ! you might as well say you did not like *St. Peter's, or the sun or moon* '. The Colosseum however did not fall at all short of my expectations. The town itself is most dreary and melancholy. . . .

" Last Sunday we four [his brother Charles, Lord Howard de Walden and his brother Augustus], with Lord J. Stuart and Mr. Agar Ellis, made a party and went masked into the Strada Toledo to pelt, and we had very good fun. . . ."

February 10 finds them still at Naples. Lady Caroline apologises to her mother for the delay in answering her letter because she is going with Lady Hervey

" to make certain purchases of things which are cheaper and better here than at Rome, and which we have put off from day to day because when the weather was good we wanted to do something better than poke up and down filthy Italian staircases and drive through stinking crowded streets. There is something ", she adds, " in the life of Naples that reminds me of the hurry of London and Paris, only that the things one does are upon the whole of a healthier and pleasanter kind. We went last week to Pompeii, and enjoyed it of all things. We dined in one of the antient houses, and to prevent Missy being tired, as there is now a good deal of walking about, I got a donkey for her, which considerably added to her happiness."

Of Eliza Ellis, who, like her mother, was doomed to die very young, she says :

" The Doctor says that he considers her at present quite free from all complaint. She is a delightful girl, and grown very like her poor mother in countenance and manner. The boys are very gentlemanlike and pleasant, but just now so proud of being young men, which going into the army has made them, that one has not much comfort with them. . . . The Balls are now over, which I am glad of, as they were very frequent,

and that John grew very fond of dancing, and staid very late, which would soon have been as bad for him as the dancing and flirting was good. Much as I am attached to Rome, I shall leave Naples, as well as the young ones, with great regret. I think it is one of the most cheerful places I ever was at."

In her last letter before leaving Naples, February 12, 1818, Lady Caroline tells her mother that her Laquais de Place is going back with them to Rome :

" We are grown very fond of him, and he of us. He was for seven years in the service of *Murat*,¹ and pleased us from the first by the unaffected manner in which he betrayed his personal attachment to him. I suppose he [Murat] was a goodnatured man and kind to his dependants, therefore it is no wonder, as even those who had nothing to do with him personally regret him for the good he was doing and had already done here. His wife too seems really to have deserved a better fate and to have done much good de son côté. Where usurpers make good use of the extraordinary means in their power, it is certain that a legitimate Sovereign returns under great disadvantages. Lady Hervey dined with the King² the other day, and was much pleased by the friendly manner in which he behaved to her, and talked of old times. He is at present absent for a fortnight on a hunting party ; his wife, the Duchesse di Florida, is gone with him. She is a very pleasing, good-looking person, with very good manners. The Prince

¹ Joachim Murat (1767–1815). Great cavalry leader under Napoleon. Married Napoleon's sister Caroline. Made King of Naples in 1808. After Waterloo he escaped to Corsica, where he raised some troops, invaded Italy, was taken prisoner and shot.

² Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies, up to 1817 known as Ferdinand IV., King of Naples and Sicily (1751–1825). Restored to the throne of Naples after the flight of Murat. Promised a Constitution to his kingdom, which promise he failed to keep. Married Marie Caroline Louise, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Marie Thérèse. After her death he married Dowager Princess of Partana, created Duchess of Florida.

and Princess of Salerno are also gone with him. *She* is sister to Marie Louise, and has been married only a year. The eldest son is viceroy of Sicily, and lives there. [The Prince] of Salerno is also often called Prince Leopold. . . .

"Monday 15th. After all we did *not* set out on Saturday, and therefore I shall not be in time to finish this at Rome as I had hoped. I am now therefore finishing my [letter] in an agony of hurry, whilst the things are [being put] into the carriage, for to day we *are* setting [out. We] have beautifull weather for our journey. . . .

"We heard yesterday a delightful piece of news, *cioé*, that the Captain of the [Robbers] between Mola and Terracina has surrendered *himself* and *thirty* of his men, upon a promise of their lives being spared. We could not therefore have travelled at a better moment. We had a family reunion last night at Charles Ellis's, and I felt quite vex'd that it was all going to be broke up again so soon. . . . If we *should* make out our journey in three days, I shall write you a petit mot to tell you we are got safe to Rome, but I dont expect [we shall]. Missy¹ continues very well. She dined and [spent the] evening yesterday with her little Cousins, and acted a tragedy with them of their *joint* composition. . . .

"I am enchanted with all you tell me about the ice at the North Pole, and begin to hope we may have *Naples* at *Brighton* next year."

In the next letter, dated February 19, 1818, Lady Caroline tells her mother that they have got safe back to "poor old Rome" after a journey of three days, stopping the night at Velletri, which they did not reach till eleven o'clock at night.

"However we none of us suffered either from the damp of the evening on the marshes, or from the Robbers who still infest the neighbourhood of Velletri. . . . What would you have said at seeing as we did, a *Robber's*

¹ See List of Nicknames, p. xxix.

head stuck up on a pole in the market place at Velletri who had been taken only three days before. We are grown quite used to hearing and in some degree to *seeing* such things, tho' I must say I like them better when they are not so *fresh* ! The Boys were delighted, and had been longing to see a '*fresh head*' ! ! ! !

"We are now too happy to find ourselves settled again, instead of having another day's journey before us. . . ."

A letter of February 25 gives a delightful picture of spring-time in Rome :

"Yesterday we all went to the Villa Pamphili, my old love. It was a true Roman day, cloudless, but a little cool in the shade, and the sun just such as *you* would have held your Parasol against, but in which we delighted to bask with the Lizards. I had been there before with my Aunt, but I introduced the Doge to it for the first time ; he was delighted with it. The whole air was perfumed with violets, and the grass under those fine Pines was cover'd with Anemones of different colors. In short one could not persuade oneself that it was not April instead of February. The elders and some other things in the hedges are already in leaf. To day my Aunt is to call for us to go to the Palatine Hill, and also to visit her excavation, where they think they have got to another large pedestal upon which stood a column to Caesar. We are *all* satisfied to be got back to Rome where one is so much more quiet, and where every day can be spent with interest and enjoyment. Naples was a transient passion ; but I must own I was as much captivated by it as the young people, and as unwilling to leave it—but then everything combined to make it pleasant to me this year. I have just begun a french translation of Suetonius's lives of the 12 Caesars, and intend to read all the other principal Classics, of which I can procure good translations either in English, french or Italian. . . ."

Speaking of some friends of hers, the Dawsons, who have come out to Rome to economise, Lady Caroline says :

“ It is far more chearful than living upon twopence in England ; and when they return will afford them a thousand pleasing recollections, and subjects for fireside conversation. This is also what *I* expect to feel most advantage from in the journey we have made ; and I am delighted to see that the Doge will feel it also, and that he enjoys himself quite as much as I expected, tho’ he sighs for home every time he gets a letter either from *Bet or Surtees*.” ¹

After discussing plans for their return, she says :

“ For my own part I had rather go home, which perhaps will surprise you, but the Boys wish very much to learn more french and dancing, and we thought it almost a pity not to take them in the humour, and when we can get masters cheap, which they are, and *good* at Geneva. And they are also *wild* to spend the summer in Switzerland, and wander about the mountains. How I wish you would join us there ! You might wait at Dover for a gentle breeze in May or June, and travel leisurely. I am sure it would do you good, and we should all be delighted to have you. Here is a portfolio and two books full of sketches to look at. . . .

“ Thursday 26th. We had a delightful lounge yesterday in the Palace of the Caesars. The Doge found a young artist afterwards, and took him to make a sketch or two for him. Here is another fine day, but more cloudy. You must no longer talk of the Campo Vaccino, that is *vulgar*, one drives now only to the Forum. It certainly is pleasant and interesting to see discover’d the whole of these buildings, but the rubbish which has been thrown out from the excavations is not nearly removed, and is a great eyesore. Besides which there is an avenue of trees from the Arch of Severus to the

¹ The vicar and land-agent at Wortley.

Arch of Titus, which tho' it is no doubt a delightful promenade in hot weather, interrupts the general view of the ruins, and therefore I cannot get reconciled to it. . . .

"John has begun to learn the fiddle, and Charles perseveres with his flute. The drawing master comes one evening and the Italian master the other. . . . The present rage amongst the English is going to see the Banditti to the number of fourteen confined in the Castle of St. Angelo : and who lately surrendered themselves upon a promise of pardon. It is not yet determined what will be done with them. As the Boys are dying to go, I think I shall go too. One does not see such sights in England, but I like them much better than our *housebreakers* and *footpads*, and had much rather meet them on the high road. . . ."

"March 2, 1818.

" . . . I am sitting by the fire with the window open, thinking it rather cool, but I have been just looking at the Thermometer and am surprised to find it at 58, so that I suppose it is in fact as warm as many of our days in Summer. Yesterday was *heavenly*, quite clear, with a west wind, fresh without chilliness, and the colors of the buildings, the evergreens and the distant hills such as one only sees in this climate. . . . I wonder if you recollect the peculiar *soft* color that there is over the whole Town, even in the most brilliant sun ? . . . We talk of going soon to Tivoli—but only think of its being necessary to take an escort ! . . .

"Thursday 5th. . . . Yesterday we were invited on short notice to dine with my Aunt at Mr. de Blacas, to meet Sir William À Court¹ who was just returned from England, and is going on to Naples to-morrow. We had a pleasant little dinner, and after it Mr. de Blacas produced his collection of Cameos and Intaglios, amongst which were some *rare perfections* indeed. Amongst other

¹ Sir William à Court (1779–1860). Distinguished diplomatist ; at that time Minister at Naples. Created Baron Heytesbury, 1828.

things, he possesses the very ring that Augustus wore and always seal'd with. It is a head of himself, on a pale Amethyst. Yesterday was a complete rainy day, and we took the opportunity to make a few visits. One of them was to our Cousin the *Nun*.¹ She is a nice gentlewomanlike old Lady, and seems very much pleased to see some of the family. We went to see her before with all the children. . . .”

Occasionally Lady Caroline comments on home affairs :

“ We are all astonished at Princess Elizabeth's² marriage. We cannot see what possible temptation she can have to change her present situation for *him* ; unless indeed he is something *very enchanting*. By the bye, I am glad to hear that poor Prince Leopold is much better since he has taken to shooting again, it must be the very best distraction he can have. I was also told that the Princess of Wales is giving Balls and fetes, and behaving in the most extraordinary manner ! . . .”

Evidently the Doge was a patron of the arts, for in the same letter we find that

“ he has already bought many prints, and that he bought the other day what will be a treasure to me, and a great satisfaction to him, three large volumes of original sketches by poor Labruzzi. . . . I am quite glad to have them for his sake, and they are not only interesting as having views of Rome, etc., but are invaluable as studies to draw from, for the Doge or any of the Boys. . . .”

The letter ends with a description of a famous Improvisatore whom she heard at her Aunt's house :

“ He is very little more than twenty, and certainly a wonderful creature.”

¹ Madame Montagu, supposed to be the daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, son of Lady Mary. It is not known who was her mother.

² Second daughter of George III. Married Frederick, Prince of Hesse Homberg.

“They gave him three subjects. The first was the death of Isaac, the next the rape of Europa, and the last Medea. The two first were short pieces, which he treated beautifully; but the last he made into a *Tragedy*, so well managed that I came away with the feel of having actually seen it represented. It was full of poetical ideas and rich description. I found it very difficult to follow him, but yet I was very much interested and amused. He is dark, and rather handsome. . . .”

“ROME, March 18th, 1818.

“So near the time of our departure, and in the middle of the Holy Week, you will not be surprised to receive a short letter dearest mama. . . . We have all been this evening to the Miserere with which I was in part delighted and in part disappointed. The music was beautiful and the execution perfect, but one of the voices was frequently very false. . . . The Pope¹ was not present, nor does he perform or even attend high Mass to-morrow but he gives the benediction and washes the Pilgrim’s feet, which last ceremony however *I* don’t intend to see, as my Aunt says the crowd and heat will be excessive. . . . I hope the poor dear old Pope will not suffer from fatigue; he is very infirm, and cannot stand long as his legs are very much swell’d; but he is quite affecting with his goodnature about foreigners, and the respectability and amiableness of his character and added to that his misfortunes, make one feel a veneration for him, and adds great interest to the ceremonies at which he assists. I cannot imagine how he can raise himself in his chair on the *mens shoulders*, out of that *giddy* Balcone and stand to give the blessing! He is quite anxious to do all that he possibly can not to disappoint the English, etc., and when they want him to spare himself, he says, ‘*ma questi poveri forestieri!*’ And he has actually order’d the Dome of St. Peters to be illuminated Easter Sunday, as it is in

¹ See p. 237.

June, on St. Peter's day, for the sake of all those who will not be here on that day. Is it not very moving of him ?

"Friday 20th. . . . Yesterday we dined without fire, and the window open. One of the things that takes up my time just now is trying loads of manuscript music, as I am making a collection to take home ; it will be a treasure to me, and I may thank you for it. I have had a good deal copied already. Here I must break off again as the carriage is at the door. . . .

"Saturday 21st. . . . The Doge dined yesterday with Consalvi at two o'clock at the Vatican, a *great maigre* dinner—it was excellent."

"ROME, *March 25th*, 1818.

"You will easily conceive dearest mama what a nervous state we were thrown into last post by Corbetts dreadful letter¹ which bade us to expect the worst. . . . I cannot tell you how I felt for my poor husband, nor how at first I reproached myself for having urged this unfortunate journey, but I *think* I did it for the best. . . . I even felt persuaded he would live till next winter, and possibly much longer, as old people often do after the *first* break up of their constitution. This is a cruel distance to be at under such circumstances as the present ! We wait only for next friday's post to set off, and shall then travel home as fast as we can. . . .

"I can give you no idea of the beauty of St. Peters illuminated, it was like something in a Fairy tale ! The poor Doge was quite delighted with that, and the benediction. But we were all glad when the week was over, for really it was too wearing to mind and body. . . ."

"ROME, *March 28th*, 1818.

". . . Yesterdays post brought another letter from Corbett, with very little variation from the last, except

¹ This letter from the Rev. Stuart Corbet, vicar of Wortley, refers to the very serious condition of Mr. Wortley's father, the Hon. James Stuart Wortley Mackenzie, "Mr. Pops".

that the weakness increased. . . . I sincerely hope that his sisters and Corbett will consider it a *duty* to conceal from him [the Doge] any expression of regret at his absence if his Father utter'd any, and will communicate nothing to excite his feelings unnecessarily. He suffers enough as it is, from the unavailing wish to be with him in his last moments, and to share the fatigue and anxiety of his other children. . . .”

As Mr. Pops (the Hon. James Stuart Wortley Mackenzie) had died on March 1, 1818, it is evident that letters sometimes took a month at least to reach Rome.

“ROME, April 1st, 1818.

“I am happy to say that my good husband has borne the last sad account better than I expected. . . . We have now fix'd the day of our departure for next Tuesday. I shall feel quite sorry for my poor Aunt, who will at first feel really *delaissée*; particularly without *me*, who being so much like herself about Rome am a greater comfort to her than any of the others. We go out together almost every day. The poor dear Doge has made quite a conquest of her. . . .

“The Boys have all shewn great feeling about their poor Grandpapa, and even dear little Pussy's eyes fill'd with tears at seeing us all so much affected. I cannot tell you the wretched feeling I had all day when I thought of our returning to London, where I have till lately look'd forward with so much pleasure to witnessing the satisfaction he would have felt at seeing his son again! It seems as you say like a bad dream. . . .”

On April 28 Lady Caroline writes from Venice :

“We arrived at this curious place yesterday about sunset, and are in an Hotel on the Grand Canal with the Rialto in sight. . . . Spring is in its first beauty, and tho' the last part of our road has been thro' a flat country, it is so rich and flourishing that it was chearfull and beautiful in its way. . . .”

From Innsbruck, on May 10, 1818, she writes :

“ We had some dangerous weather after we left Venice, very hot sun and coldish air, so that we did not know what to do with the carriage. . . . The travelling in the Tyrol is slower than you can imagine owing to an ill regulated post, and we find that going round by Munich will be as short in point of time as going by Constance, as the travelling is good in all respects. We have seen some beautiful country, and are all delighted with the neatness, picturesqueness and situation of this little Town, it stands in a wide, rich valley with Alps surrounding it on all sides, and almost touching it to the North, the plain is in all the brilliant beauty of spring. Half way up the mountains is wood, and above that pointed rocks and *eternal* snow. I expect to pass thro’ a great deal more beautiful country between here and Munich. . . . The Doge will console himself for the détour in the magnificent Gallery of pictures. We feel very odd in Germany, unable to speak or understand a word. John and Mr. Musgrave are learning it as hard as they can. We now and then meet with somebody who talks a little italian or french, or I dont know what we should do. . . .”

We are often told that a hundred years ago children stood greatly in awe of their elders, but the letters from Lady Caroline’s children to their grandmother, Lady Erne, do not bear this out.

Writing on May 11, 1818, from Innsbruck, little Caroline, aged nine, after saying that she never saw such beautiful country as the Tyrol, the costumes are very pretty and clean, goes on to say, “ Jim desires me to blow you up for never having written to him, and that he will never write another word to you. I think also you have been very stingy in your letters to me, and I hope you will write me one more before I get to England.”

There follows a short letter from Jim, then in his fourteenth year :

"CARA GOOMA,

"Could your highness do me the very great favour of the next time you write to Wortley enquiring if there is a Nanny Goat come from Mr. Batty's for me. Addio.

"J. A. STUART WORTLEY."

On May 14 he writes to her again from Munich :

"You are the most shameful Gooma that ever was known. This is the third letter I have written to you, and voi barbara have never written to me once, and only sent me two messages all the time I have been abroad. I like Munich very much, it is a nice clean regular town. We went yesterday evening after we arrived to the Promenade which was made by Count Rumford after the English fashion, and it is very pretty, with a river made to run through that comes from the Icer. . . . All the Postilions here have horns, one of which Horns I have got.

"I was rather disappointed with the Tirol on account of the scenery being pretty instead of magnificent, which is not what I expect when I go over the Alps. . . . I was most exceedingly pleased with Venice. I was very much pleased with Milan, and the Cathedral I think the most beautiful thing I ever saw, it is exactly like the last scene in a Harlequin farce. . . ."

On June 6, 1818, we have Lady Caroline's last letter from abroad. She writes from Paris :

". . . If all prospers we shall be in Brook Street early on Thursday next—this seems delightfully near. But at present the wind is contrary, and there is such a settled look in the weather that I begin to dread the moment of getting to Boulogne. I beg you will not expect to see either Missy or me in *good looks*. . . . The anxiety I went thro' at Munich about her having no Medical assistance at hand if I had wanted it, did me a great deal of harm, and I have not recover'd it; and if we have a rough passage *fright* will put the *comble*, and it's well if I get *alive* to London. . . ."

CHAPTER XII

(1818–1819)

James Stuart Wortley stands for County of York—Elected June 1818—House in Curzon Street bought for £12,000—Newmarket and Octaviana—Mourning for Princess Charlotte—John Stuart Wortley at Christ Church, Oxford—The Peterloo Massacre—The Six Acts—Two long nights—Brougham's unjust attack—James Stuart Wortley at Court.

IN the summer of 1818 Mr. Wortley stood as Tory candidate for the County of York, Lord Milton¹ standing with him as a Whig. The Rev. Stuart Corbet accompanied his cousin and reports progress to Lady Caroline. Writing from Leeds on June 15, 1818, he says :

“ Everything is now certain, and you may safely consider James as member for the county. The only thing that gave us any concern was an intention among the mercantile interest to endeavour to bring in another person with James, to turn out Lord Milton who is exceedingly unpopular. This would have made expence and trouble certain, and left success uncertain. But the thought is now abandoned, and we have no apprehension of any sort to damp the satisfaction arising from the universal cordiality and regard with which he is every where received.

“ He is at this moment enjoying the agreeable amusement of signing his name to about two thousand circular Letters. . . .

“ We have not found any body in Leeds who would give us a dinner, and I have had to grumble over a very

¹ See p. 139.

bad one, with all the dirty accompaniments of a vile Inn. . . .”

On June 16 Mr. Wortley writes himself :

“ DEAREST LOVE,

“ All goes on swimmingly. After a good night’s rest at York, and going to church at the Minster, I called upon the Archbishop,¹ and from thence proceeded to this place to ascertain the truth of certain rumours which were afloat of its being the intention of some persons here to set up another candidate with me, in order to turn out Milton. . . . Upon my arrival I saw one or two of the principal persons here, and am happy to say that I have no longer any fear of such an event. . . . It is however quite certain that Milton has somehow or another lost ground exceedingly. . . .”

From Wakefield Mr. Corbet writes again to Lady Caroline :

“ Here we arrived in the evening, and after getting some dinner, for which we were prepared by being nearly starved to death, James went out with Mr. Naylor to see a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and left me to the enviable amusement of keeping up a forced conversation for two hours and a half with the ladies. . . .

“ As to the Election, I believe we are quite sure and James will carry it in the most agreeable manner we may almost say with the unanimous approbation of the county gentlemen of all parties, with the hearty good wishes of a very large proportion of the mercantile interest, and indeed without a dissentient voice except from the dregs of the Reformers and certain ultra Tories who care for nothing but *protestant ascendancy*, which after all in their mouths means nothing but a devotion to inveterate party spirit—and then the object of his ambition will be effected without any expense. Our Host here, Mr. Naylor, is one of the heartiest and best supporters he has, and of great influence in the cloth

¹ See p. 121.

trade, and has a very good red brick barrack-like house about a mile from the Town abounding in all the good things of this life, all of the best quality, and all imparted with a warmth and sincerity of good will that is truly hospitable and friendly. . . .”

A few days later Mr. Corbet tells Lady Caroline that James was received with open arms at Bradford; that he spoke to a numerous audience at Wakefield and was heard with shouts of applause; that the leading merchants of Leeds as well as of Wakefield are most anxious for his success; while at Halifax his reception was equally flattering.

“Need I say how delighted I am . . . to see him universally received as the fittest person in the whole county to fill the seat. This is the undivided voice of both parties—the country gentlemen and the merchants. . . .

“Pink is the colour. Some of the Wakefield Ladies will be here on Thursday on purpose to see him chaired.”

On June 23 Mr. Wortley writes :

“The ci-devant Quack Doctor¹ gives me no alarm, and I doubt whether he will show in the Castle yard at all. He wrote me a letter inclosing the copy of a resolution adopted in the county at the time of the great Contest in 1734, by which it appears that Mr. Wortley² stood in conjunction with his ancestor Sir Miles Stapylton, and upon this he grounds a request to me that I will allow my second votes to go for him now. . . .

“I have not heard of my being elected for Bossiney, but I shall not frank before I am member for the County of York.”

On Thursday, June 25, 1818, Mr. Wortley was elected for the County of York.

¹ A certain Mr. Miles Stapylton, a cousin of Sir Martin Stapylton of Myton, had set himself up as a candidate. He had formerly been a doctor or apothecary, but had now succeeded to his cousin's estates.

² This must have been Edward Wortley Montagu, husband of Lady Mary.

“ YORK, *Thursday 2 o'clock.*
[June 25, 1818.]

“ MY DEAREST WIFE,

“ My first frank as member for Yorkshire shall be to you, to tell you that I am so, and that I firmly believe no man was ever placed in that situation more honourably or more unanimously.

“ I shall set off tomorrow morning with my good friend Bethell in the post chaise with me, and hope to be in Brook Street to dinner on Saturday, with Pink cockades in the Postboy's hats. God bless you all.

“ ever your most affectionate husband,

“ J. A. STUART WORTLEY.”

The last letters of 1818 are concerned with the purchase of No. 15 Curzon Street, later known for many years as Wharncliffe House, and now renamed Crewe House. On July 11, 1818, Lady Caroline writes to her mother from Brook Street :

“ The House in Curzon Street *is ours* dearest mama for £12,000, and a Lease of 900 and odd years, which will last out many of our descendants. I am hurried and nervous with the suddenness of the decision, the more so as I hate the situation, tho' I like the House very much ; and that there is an end for *ever* of all my dreams of a house in a Square or to the Park ! But this I must try to forget, and hope I shall *grow* to like my new house, especially as the Doge is enamour'd of it. We are going there almost directly with Lord Carhampton to see what remains to be done, *he* is to finish all for painting and papering, and then *we* take it in hand. . . . Don't take notice in your answer of my dislike of Curzon Street. . . .”

In the autumn Lady Caroline is once more in Lower Brook Street, and writes from there, on October 12, 1818 :

“ If I did not want to be at home again I should completely enjoy myself here just now. My mornings are spent at the new House and shops, and my evenings at



LADY CAROLINE CREIGHTON AND ELIZA HERVEY

Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., then aged fourteen. In the possession of Mrs. Archibald Stuart Wortley.

the Play, in Boxes as large as this room, and by this means I see my Aunt [the Duchess of Devonshire] every day, and as she always contrives to have a few men about her, besides Mrs. Clifford¹ and Mrs. Lamb, she has a pleasant little société, and Charles [Rose Ellis] and his two sons form a part of it. Yesterday I went with her to visit poor dear Farquhar who is lying on his couch in a silk gown and cap, a very alter'd person, but delightful to see, so well, and so chearful! . . . To day I dine with my Aunt at *five*, and go with her to see Belvidera (which I vowed I never would see,) merely for the pleasure of seeing her see Miss O'Neil² for the first time. . . .

"Pray take the measure of the *outside* of the crown of Missy's bonnet and send it to me by return of post."

In October 1818 we find Lady Caroline once more at Newmarket with her husband. She writes to her mother at Wharncliffe :

"Pray tell Pusskin with my love that to-morrow Paps runs his first race with Octaviana, the mare he bought of the Duke of Leeds at Doncaster, and that if she *should* by accident *win*, I will certainly let her know it in a letter to herself. But she is not good, and in with so many other horses, that her chance of success is but small. I am just come home to my Lodgings from the Inn where I have been dining, the *only* woman with a good many men. But as I knew them all I did not dislike it, especially as I heard them talk over the horses and the races. I am glad to find myself turn'd homewards, and hope we shall all dine together this day sen'-night. Good night dearest mama."

In February 1819 Lady Caroline writes that John has gone at last to Oxford :

¹ Elizabeth Frances Townshend, wife of Augustus Clifford. (See p. 177.) Her brother became Marquis Townshend in 1855.

² Eliza O'Neill (1791-1872). Actress. Played Juliet at Covent Garden, 1814. Married Wm. Becher, M.P. (afterwards baronet), and retired from stage.

“He got a letter from his Tutor two or three days ago telling him there were rooms ready for him, and he set off early this morning. Upon the whole he has I think gain’d as much as he has lost by the delay, for he has seen a *variety* of *good* company in a quiet way at home, and been kept upon his best behaviour; besides which he has had an excellent violin master every day, and has made great progress, and acquired a very good method. I attended his two last lessons and was quite surprised to hear how much he was improved since he came to Town. He has besides had a great many dancing lessons. . . .”

Later in the same letter she says:

“The Doge’s speech [in H. of Commons] could hardly be called one, it was so short, but I am happy to hear it was liked. It was with difficulty he could obtain a hearing it was so late, but he stood his ground resolutely. I cannot help wishing for Lamb,¹ and shall enjoy the discomfiture of the others. But some people apprehend a riot if he succeeds. They had a better majority last night² than I expected, and the Doge took a *gulp* and voted with them, which I am very glad of, tho’ I cannot understand why the Duke of York is to have as much as the Queen! I see no end to the mourning [for Princess Charlotte], and really believe we shall end by wearing it of an *evening* as long as the Regent. I hear everybody goes still in black gloves to the Pavilion. . . .”

From March to August 1819 the letters contain little of general interest. On March 8 Lady Caroline writes to her mother: “I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that you dont feel afraid of the bed *without curtains* . . . now

¹ George Lamb, who had married the daughter of Lady Elizabeth Foster, was candidate in a by-election for Westminster caused by the death of Sir S. Romilly. Greville on March 5 writes: “George Lamb was to have been chaired on the day he was elected, but the mob was outrageous and would not suffer it”.

² The debate on the grant for the Duke of York.

the east wind is set in". She tells her that the drawing-room at Curzon Street is being made "Bu" with gilding the ceiling and cornice, and that "Missy is out all day in the garden amusing herself with the bantams and her skipping rope".

On May 1 Lady Effingham writes that some friends of hers have seen John at Oxford, and were so struck with his appearance and manners that they enquired who he was, and were told that he was reckoned one of the most promising young men at Christ Church.

In August 1819 Lady Caroline makes all the arrangements for her mother to drive from Wharncliffe (about five or six miles from Sheffield) to Simonstone, Mr. Wortley's moor in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

"The Doge", she says, "insists on your using his horses, which will take you perfectly to Wakefield, as they will eat their corn whilst you are at church, and being four will make nothing of your carriage. . . . You might reach Borough Bridge by nine o'clock; an excellent Inn; but if you do not like going so far, you might stop at Wetherby and still reach us the next day for a late dinner. . . ."

In August 1819 occurred what was known afterwards as the Peterloo Massacre. A monster meeting of 60,000 men, women and children assembled in St. Peter's Fields to demand universal suffrage. Instead of prohibiting the meeting, the Manchester authorities endeavoured to disperse it with the help of yeomanry and cavalry. This blundering attempt ended in havoc and bloodshed. A storm of indignation swept over the country. Large meetings were held in all the manufacturing districts, among others a great Yorkshire meeting was summoned by Lord Fitzwilliam, the radical Lord-Lieutenant, who attended it in person. For this unwise act he was dismissed from his Lord-Lieutenancy.

In consequence of these occurrences the Government thought it necessary to hold an autumn Session, and to bring in fresh measures of repression. In December the Six Acts were passed. Of these some were reasonable and beneficial,

but others, such as the Act to Prevent More Effectually Seditious Meetings and Assemblies, though very natural under the circumstances, were a grave encroachment on the right of private citizens. Fortunately this last-named Act was limited in duration to a period of five years.

It was on November 23, 1819, that Parliament met for the Second Session. The first two evenings the House of Commons discussed the Peterloo affair. On the first night Mr. Tierney, in a long speech, moved an amendment to the Address, praying for a diligent and impartial enquiry. The sitting was adjourned at 3.30 A.M. on the 24th; while the sitting of the 24th lasted till 5 A.M. the next morning, when Tierney's amendment was negatived by 328 to 153.

In an undated letter, almost certainly written on November 25, 1819, Mr. Wortley writes to his "Dearest Love":

"We have had two tremendously long nights, and this morning I did not get to bed before 6 o'clock. However the debate was very satisfactory, and the argument clearly upon our side, tho' I think their number was too large. Brougham made a very unnecessary and unjust¹ attack upon me in the latter part of his speech, which forced me to speak again. . . ."

On November 27 he writes again:

". . . I went to Court yesterday as I told you I was about to do, and presented Mr. Walker of Aldwark, and his cousin, who are in Parliament. The Regent gave me his hand to shake, and after asking me who the Gentlemen were whom I was presenting, put his mouth close to my ear, and said, 'Wortley, you are a fine gallant fellow'. You may suppose that I bowed as low as the ground, and upon passing on, the Duke of Clarence called out, 'Wortley, how do you do', and the Duke of York

¹ Hansard does not record Brougham's "unnecessary and unjust" attack on Wortley, nor the latter's reply. In those days Hansard's reports of speeches were mostly made up from versions written in advance: so that many unforeseen incidents of debate were lost to history.

stopped me, shook hands with me, and asked me if I had got his note. You will, I know, like to hear all this.

"I dine today at Fife House [Ld. Liverpool's]. I suppose it will be a great Parliamentary dinner. On Tuesday we shall have a debate upon a motion of Lord Althorpe's, when I must speak again. I am inclined to think that the part I have taken on Tuesday and Wednesday has been of real use. . . ."

The next three letters of December 1819 from Mr. Wortley to Lady Caroline bear on this subject :

"We had a very good debate in the House of Commons, and I had again to support an attack made upon me by Milton upon the subject of the York meeting, to which I think I made an answer which will prevent any more. The Debate in the Lords was capital. I heard Liverpool, or at least part of his speech, and he was admirable. I am not sure whether I don't think him now the best speaker in either House of Parliament.

"There has been for some days a very strong report of the King's being ill. As far as I have been able to learn, I don't believe it any thing serious. . . ."

"Dec. 2, 1819.

"I am just going down to the House of Commons to the debate upon the second reading of the Seditious Meeting Bill,¹ where I shall be till two or three o'clock in the morning. I have had a long interview with Castlereagh this morning. . . ."

"Dec. 7, 1819.

". . . I did not speak last night because I did not find a good opportunity. Some of the votes and speeches last night gave me real pain. Young Percival¹

¹ On December 6, 1819, the Commons were debating the Seditious Meetings Prevention Bill. Mr. Buxton moved to limit the duration of the proposed powers to three years. This was negatived by 328 to 153. Mr. Spencer Percival and Viscount Normanby are recorded as having voted in the minority ; and Percival as having spoken against the amendment as well.

both spoke and voted against us, and Normanby ¹ voted against us also. He has already given his poor father infinite pain by having fallen quite into the hands of the Whigs, and he is going abroad immediately. Under these circumstances, Voting as he did yesterday, not upon any great Constitutional point, but merely upon the question of 3 or 5 years duration of the bill, appears to me the most wanton blow at his father I ever heard of.

“God bless you. I wish I was with you.”

¹ Viscount Normanby (1797–1863) was son of the 1st Earl of Mulgrave, whom he succeeded in 1831. In 1838 he was created Marquis of Normanby. On the occasion of the above debate he was twenty-two years of age.

CHAPTER XIII

(1820)

Death of George III.—Illness of new King—Cato Street conspiracy—Dissolution of Parliament—James Stuart Wortley re-elected for County of York—The Queen's Trial, the absorbing topic—Wilberforce's Resolution—Seconded by James Stuart Wortley—Deputation to the Queen—The Queen's son—Lord Liverpool moves for a Select Committee—This proves abortive—A Bill of Pains and Penalties introduced into House of Lords—Grand Review at Hounslow—Demonstration by the 10th—Queen's letter to King returned unopened—Anxiety about August 17.

ON January 29, 1820, the long reign of George III., so tragically overshadowed by his insanity and blindness, came to an end. Although politically his death made no difference (the Regent having for nine years exercised all royal powers), a wave of grief swept over the country. George the Third's honesty, his piety, most of all, the purity of his domestic life, were contrasted with the character of his successor greatly to the disadvantage of the new King.

Lady Erne, a great many of whose letters for the year 1820 have been preserved, expresses in a letter to her daughter what the country was feeling :

“HAMPTON COURT PALACE,

“Feb. 4, 1820.

“It is quite soothing to me dearest Caroline to find you feeling so much like myself about our excellent dear King. England will ‘*not* seem England without Him’. He was exactly the right character for us, & long will it be I fear before England holds such another. His loss is felt by all ranks and classes. It has come upon us too, unexpectedly, as to the moment at least. When I

arriv'd here on Saturday I found a note from Lady Liverpool written the day before, saying, 'the King has rallied ; yet we rejoice in trembling '. And Sunday morning I had another, while at breakfast, saying, all was at an end. You will have your wish about the mourning ; it is to last six months—three of which will of course be deep. It is certainly hard upon Tradespeople in some respects, but I do not think the nation at large would have been satisfied if the mourning had been shorter.

"The present King's state is more favorable than yesterday, but still critical. A relapse would be very serious. . . ."

George IV., whose manner of life doubtless did not make for health, seems to have nearly lost his chance of reigning as a sovereign, for two or three days later Lady Erne writes :

" . . . The new King has been very ill, and lost two and twenty ounces of blood the very day of his Father's death. It relieved him very much for the time, but it has been necessary since to make another copious bleeding. He has a *good deal of blood to spare*, and may be very essentially the better for what has been taken from him. . . ."

On February 11 Lady Erne says that she is "pleased to find that all who possibly can have put on mourning for 'George the beloved '. They did not do this even for the Princess Charlotte."

In February the Cato Street conspiracy, instigated by one Arthur Thistlewood, a "physical force" Radical, was discovered, thanks to an informer. It was a plot to assassinate the whole Cabinet while they were dining at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square. The horror felt by the whole country affected especially those who had relations and friends in the Cabinet.

In a letter from the Duchess of Devonshire, then in Rome,

to her sister, Lady Erne, she comments on the alarms from which they were all suffering :

“ How fortunate it was my dearest sister that you was with Louisa [Lady Liverpool] when this tremendous Plot was discovered ; you must have been of such comfort and support to her. But it is too true what you say, that one must learn to bear with the loss of all feelings of security. We were scarcely recovering from the feel of horror which the Duc de Berri’s ¹ assassination had given us when this news from England really threw us into consternation. Most anxiously do I wait for letters tomorrow, tho’ I fear newspapers alone will come. These however will tell us publick news, and if any further light is thrown upon this conspiracy. Dear Sister I hope you will stay a little in Town, these are such anxious times, and if one is alone every circumstance is magnified, and grows more appalling. Stay in Town it will do you all good—Louisa, Lord Liverpool and yourself. . . . I think the times are gloomy every way. We have here much to cheer life. . . . Were it not for anxiety from these events, and absence from ones nearest relations and friends, the existence here is delightfull. Our amiable Cardinal [Consalvi] ² often enquires after you, he takes the strongest interest in all that concerns England. He too is threaten’d, but when I urge caution to him, he says, ‘ nous sommes entre les mains de Dieu, et que sa volonté soit faite ’. The other day on the great gate of the Palace facing the entrance to his apartment was written : ‘ Ercole, à te succederà Ciò che successe al Duca di Berri ’ [Ercole, to you will happen that which happened to the Duc de Berri]. Is it not shocking to see every country in this state of ferment ! God protect him ! . . . Adieu again dear Sister, I hope you will write were it but a line to say how things go on. You may imagine how very anxious I am. Yours most affectionately

“ E. DEVONSHIRE.”

¹ See p. 200.

² See p. 215.

The death of George III. had been followed by the dissolution of Parliament. James Stuart Wortley was re-elected as member for the County of York. On March 15, 1820, he writes to Lady Caroline :

“ I have only time to tell you that I have been at Rotherham, Sheffield, and Barnsley today and am quite well. Such a hooting and hissing from an immense mob at Sheffield as never was heard, but I really believe I had all the respectable people in Sheffield in the room at the Tontine. The Barnsley Radicals too made a delightful noise but I did not speak to them from the window, that not being usual. By the respectable people, every where, I am received with Open Arms.”

From a letter of Lady Erne's, written March 19, 1820, we realise something of the riotousness of Parliamentary elections in those times.

“ . . . I shall be quite delighted to go to you for a few days before you leave Town, and (this time) to get a sight of the triumphant Member with all his *pink ribbons*. As there is no opposition, I trust there will be no tumult at all at York, but what scenes in other parts ! I am very much concerned for General Grosvenor ¹—it would have done *Lord* Grosvenor ² some good perhaps to get a ducking. I hope that at least it was *his* carriage which was broken to pieces. How spiteful !! I really cannot help being so in his Case. Cobbett owing his life to the constables and Peace officers at Coventry is curious. But it is grievous to see of what outrage the people are capable even when the Cause which excites them is a good one. I think Government quite right in

¹ Thomas Grosvenor (1764–1851). Nephew of Richard, 1st Earl Grosvenor. Served with Foot Guards in Flanders and Holland. Commanded brigades in Copenhagen and Walcheren Expeditions. Became General, 1819 ; Field-Marshal, 1846. Tory M.P. for Chester, 1795–1825.

² Robert, 2nd Earl Grosvenor and 1st Marquis of Westminster (1767–1845). Joined Whigs after Pitt's death. Laid out Belgravia, and built Eaton Hall. By his marriage with Eleanor, only daughter of Thomas, 1st Earl of Wilton, acquired the Egerton estates.

letting Westminster disgrace itself without opposition. I only wonder Mr. Lamb¹ takes the trouble to stand."

The absorbing topic of the year 1820 was the trial of the Queen. Already in 1806 a "delicate investigation" into her conduct had been instituted. Though it left less stain on her character than had been expected, she was never again held in high repute by the Royal Family or by the more enlightened of the nation. She no longer shared her husband's home or took any part in the education of her daughter [Princess Charlotte]. In 1814 she went abroad, returning to England only after the Accession of her husband, George IV., in 1820. In 1818 a secret commission had been sent out by the Prince Regent with the concurrence of Lord Liverpool to collect evidence for a divorce.

The papers embodying the evidence collected abroad by this Commission were contained in a certain green bag, which was sent to the House of Lords by the King, and was as yet unopened.

The Queen's sudden return to England early in June 1820 brought matters to a head. She was received with acclamations by the mob, who, with the English love of fair play, saw in her a woman persecuted by a worthless husband. Encouraged by the warmth of her reception, she pressed vehemently for the restoration of her name to the Liturgy, and for the recognition of her Royal state at foreign Courts.

Not the populace only, but all the more thoughtful and far-seeing of the King's subjects, felt strongly that whatever the Queen's faults, she had had many injuries to suffer. They felt, above all, that the scandal of a public enquiry should at all costs be avoided. Conferences accordingly took place between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh on the one hand, acting for the King, and Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman² on the other, acting for the

¹ See p. 174.

² Thomas Denman, 1st Baron Denman (1779-1854). M.P. for Nottingham, 1820. Solicitor-General to Queen Caroline. Knighted, 1830. Drafted Reform Bill, 1831. Lord Chief Justice, 1832. Became Baron Denman, 1834. Took an active part in the extinction of the slave trade.

Queen. The negotiations broke down on the question of the inclusion of the Queen's name in the Liturgy. Neither party would move an inch.

Meanwhile, Wilberforce,¹ for whose high moral character great respect was felt, believed that he might bring about an agreement, and moved a Resolution in the Commons that the Queen, in forbearing to press those points on which difference of opinion remained, would not be understood to shrink from an enquiry, and would entitle herself to the grateful acknowledgements of the House of Commons. The Resolution was seconded by Mr. Wortley, and the House deputed Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Wortley, Sir Thomas Acland and Mr. Bankes to carry the Resolution to Her Majesty.

On the morning of June 26, accordingly, these four gentlemen, in the fullest Court dress, waited on the Queen at her lodging in Portman Street. By one o'clock an immense crowd had assembled. Portman Street was filled from the Square to Oxford Street. There were noblemen and gentlemen on horseback, ladies and gentlemen in carriages, persons of all ages and description on foot. On the arrival of the deputation hissings, groanings and hootings were heard.

The deputation found the Queen standing in her drawing-room, dressed in a robe of black satin richly embroidered, and having on her head a bandeau of laurel leaves studded with emeralds, surmounted with a superb plume of feathers. She was attended by Lady Anne Hamilton, having on her right Mr. Brougham, on her left Mr. Denman, both in full-bottomed wigs as in Court.

The four deputies severally knelt and kissed Her Majesty's hand. Mr. Wilberforce then read the Resolution, Her Majesty delivering to Mr. Brougham her answer. This answer must, one would think, have been a foregone conclusion. To acquiesce in the omission of her name from the Liturgy was an admission of guilt which no assurances on the part of the House of Commons could explain away. She answered courteously, even gratefully, but firmly that

¹ William Wilberforce (1759-1833). M.P. for Yorkshire, 1784-1812, with some intervals. Carried Bill for abolition of Slave Trade through the House of Commons, 1804; it finally received the Royal Assent, 1807. Helped to found Church Missionary Society and Bible Society. Spent most of his fortune on philanthropic objects.

she would not consent to any compromise on the question of the Liturgy.

The deputies returned among the renewed hootings of the mob, and reported the Queen's answer to the House.

It is doubtless to this interview with the Queen that Lady Caroline refers in her letter of June 26.

“ . . . I went down to Fife House (where the Doge was gone before me) with a vague notion of hearing more. I found poor Lady Liverpool very much annoy'd tho' not much surprised at the result of the morning's business. She was also sadly put out, and no wonder, at being, in consequence, obliged to go alone to Coombe. They were to have dined at five, & gone then to enjoy themselves for one night, & this business put an end to it. I had a little talk with *him* [Lord Liverpool] from the balcony into the garden, where he was walking whilst he was waiting to hear what passed in the House of Commons when the Queen's answer was read (it was agreed however that nothing should pass about it then). . . . I believe tho' they are very sorry to be driven to the unpleasant necessity of opening that fatal bag, they think they have a very strong case against her, which is the reason of their being in spirits. The Queen spoke not a word to them [the Deputation], & made Brougham read her answer. She stood between him & Mr. Denman [her Counsel], with her two Ladies behind her. But what was '*proper cool*' & curious, the only other person in the room was young *Austin*,¹ who was walking about quite à son aise. The Doge said she looked ill and agitated, but quiet in her dress and manner. They say that her present conduct is *advised* by *nobody*, but is *entirely* her own. She seems to be mad to reject terms²

¹ Supposed to be the Queen's son by Bergami. See p. 279.

² These terms were that an annuity of £50,000 a year should be granted her on condition that she lived entirely abroad, and that her name be omitted from the Liturgy. Although tacitly acknowledged to be Queen, she was to live abroad under an assumed name, this kind of incognito being frequently used by monarchs when travelling out of their own country.

which would have sent her away with flying colors, & to court an investigation which must do her the greatest harm in the Country even if nothing is *proved*. I was told a curious thing yesterday if it is true, which is that the mob when they cheer her at her window call out afterwards; ‘now three cheers for the *Queen’s Son*,’ meaning young Austin. . . .”

On July 1, 1820, Lady Caroline relates :

“ . . . Just as we came out from dinner we heard a noise in the street, and upon going to the window saw a mob running along, & *Her Majesty* drawn by the *people* in a coach, in which I saw two or three other people. She went and drank tea with the worthy Alderman.¹ She drives out every day, always in some shabby equipage & a pair of horses, & accompanied by a dirty rabble. People are already foreseeing and foretelling that she will lose her popularity, & there is an idea afloat, that finding she has bullied to no purpose, & has fairly got herself into a scrape, she will *decamp* one fine day. . . . It is supposed that she is beginning to be alarm’d & wants to compromise. . . .”

Negotiations were at an end; open war was declared. On July 4 Lord Liverpool, still hoping to avoid the public scandal of a trial, moved the referring of the papers contained in the “fatal green bag” to a Secret Committee. This proving abortive, a Bill of Pains and Penalties was introduced into the House of Lords on July 8, and preparations were made for the examination of evidence as in a Court of Justice.

Writing from Naples on August 3, the Duchess of Devonshire says :

“The riots at Dover were disgraceful to the greatest degree, and all that is passing in London is odious and disgusting, I own I am glad to be out of the way. The worst is that it seem’d madness in both partys, the bringing on this trial. What could it signify to the

¹ Alderman Wood of the City of London, which had always shown itself very much in favour of the Queen.

King her being prayed for, when we pray for all our enemies. . . . I felt rather affronted that they should have given her such a triumph without effect, and Mr. Wilberforce to say he no more doubted her innocence than the Duke of Wellington's valour! What can he mean? . . ."

On August 4, 1820, a grand Review to celebrate the Accession of George IV. was held at Hounslow. On that day Lady Erne writes from Hampton Court :

" . . . Two of my *four* Servants are gone to the Review this morning so that before dinner I shall hear how it went off, and I hope something of our Cornet.¹ . . . The weather is most favourable. . . . I see by the paper that the 10th, are to form a guard of honor for the King and keep the ground to morrow, so that I do not hope to see Charles before Sunday or Monday. . . .

Later. " No letter from any of you, and my Servants not return'd from the Review. . . . As it is very fine I shall go with my book into the Gardens, and sit in some spot shelter'd from the wind to enjoy the sweetness and freshness of the air, and lull my anxious spirit with some soothing author. It is in vain to think, and think, and think on the circumstances of this awful moment, when no result can follow from ones thinking except ones own pain. People are I think very much alarmed. The Queen seems to be bent on exciting tumult, and is but too likely to succeed. Yet she may perhaps only mean to excite the *dread* of it. But the poison she is administering is swallowed too greedily, and is too congenial to the temperaments of the *swallowers*, for its operation to be regulated or controlled.

" I *have* had dear Ta [her grandson Charles] with me,

¹ Charles Stuart Wortley, second son of Lady Caroline and Mr. Stuart Wortley, was now a Cornet in the 10th Light Dragoons, now the 10th Hussars. He married, 1831, Lady Emmeline Manners, second daughter of John Henry, 5th Duke of Rutland.

which was quite beyond my hopes. He came strait from the great breakfast after the review. The Review went off very well, and the King was well receiv'd. The 10th¹ burst into a most enthusiastic cheer as soon as He appear'd. It was the first time of his seeing the Regiment since his accession, and besides, they knew of reports which had been raised concerning them at which they were very indignant, and they could not resist the opportunity of manifesting their real feelings. It was contrary to military rule, but the King did not disguise the gratification He felt from this public testimony of their affection. He shook Colonel Quintin's hand very heartily, and it is said with tears in his eyes. There was a good deal of cheering in the crowd too, and I cannot find that any hisses were mix'd with it. It is asserted positively that the Queen pass'd through Hounslow about the time of the Review, and afterwards through Hampton. She is quite capable of it, or of anything. But I do not feel satisfied yet that this account is true.

"Saturday. Another fine day for the 2d Review. I have been taking an early walk in the Gardens for the sake of Nettle. Waddling is her vocation so there is no help for it. She enjoy'd the walk very much, pry'd of course into every part of the garden, roll'd herself in the grass, lapp'd in the Canals and wandered in the wilderness searching for herb to eat. . . ."

On August 3, 1820, Lord John Russell had written a public letter to Mr. Wilberforce, enclosing a petition to the King. Without prejudging the question of the Queen's innocence or guilt, he entreats that the Bill of Pains and Penalties should be dropped. Is there, he asks, any paramount necessity for punishment? There is, he reminds them, no danger lest the accession of the Crown be tainted. The degradation of a Queen is not lightly to be undertaken.

With the tenor of this petition it is difficult not to agree.

¹ Then the 10th Light Dragoons, now the 10th Hussars.

Nevertheless it seems to have excited the indignation of so moderate and fair-minded a man as Mr. Wortley.

From Lady C. Stuart Wortley

“WORTLEY, August 8, 1820.

“What say you to Lord John Russell’s letter to Mr. Wilberforce and petition to the King. The Doge is indignant, and says he had a better opinion of him. He thinks it a complete Whig trick, & proceeds from their restlessness at being *nothing* in all this, & jealous of the Queen’s popularity. The anxious time is drawing very near, & really it is very awful. Perhaps something may yet avert the danger by preventing the trial. Perhaps she only bullies to *the last*. I am very glad the King was well received by the crowd. I have no doubt if he shew’d himself more that he would still make himself popular, but he is quite without *tact* on that subject; and those about him have either not sense or not influence enough to make him do what would be right & wise. . . .”

On August 7, 1820, the Queen wrote to the King a letter of immense length setting forth all her wrongs, protesting against her trial, abusing both Houses of Parliament, and announcing that even in the Houses of Parliament she would face her accusers, and unless compelled by actual force, would not submit to any sentence pronounced by them.

The letter was returned unopened, but its contents appear to have been common knowledge.

On August 16, the day before the second reading of the Bill in the Lords, Lady Erne writes :

“Did you ever see such a performance as the Queen’s letter to the King? The effect will I fear be very great, and indescribable pains are taken to extend that effect as far & wide as possible. We are now at the eve of the day on which the proceedings are to begin, and I feel nervous about it to such a degree as I cannot express. It is vain for me to attempt writing more than two or three lines, for I have nothing to say except on this one

subject with which every body is so painfully occupied, & on that want to say so much that unless I had Cobbett's readiness & flow of expression the day would be too short for it. I am sure *his* style is obvious in every line of the Queen's most extraordinary letter. But what a Woman she is! Conceive only her asking those who presented one of the addresses to her the other day, whether they had seen her letter to the King—and that quite in a jocose manner. I wonder what will be her deportment and maintien with the House of Lords! How annoy'd Mr. Brougham must be! From the appearance of this day, it seems not unlikely that to-morrow may be a rainy one, which would be a good thing, it would keep away many, & deprive the Mob of the countenance which on those sort of occasions they derive from the encrease of numbers by mere curious spectators. . . ."

Writing from Simonstone on August 15, 1820, in anxious anticipation of the second reading in the House of Lords, Lady Caroline says that Seymour Bathurst¹—who is staying with them, and whom she describes as

"quite a godsend, he is so cheerful, good-humoured and pleasant"—"is feeling very anxious and nervous poor fellow about his father² next Thursday, and indeed I cannot wonder at it.

"It will be a fearful moment, & as he says, the ministers carriages are such marks for the mob, that it is impossible to say what may happen. He entertains no fear of the soldiers, who he says he feels sure would *act* when it came to the point, even if some *are* disaffected. I trust he is right; he is himself in the Guards. By the bye I don't know when I have been so pleased as by the letter of 'an old Whig' to Lord John Russel, not only for the sentiments & true statements that it contains,

¹ Thomas Seymour Bathurst (1793–1834), third son of Henry, 3rd Earl Bathurst. Married, 1829, Julia, daughter of John Peter Hankey.

² Seymour Bathurst's father, Henry, 3rd Earl Bathurst, 1762–1834, was Secretary for War and the Colonies, 1812–1827.

but because it is in the *Chronicle*, & will therefore be read by thousands whose eyes will I think be stretched very wide at its contents. The *Chronicle* makes not one remark upon it, but coming from a Whig did not dare I suppose refuse to insert it. The Doge thinks it is written by Lord Erskine¹ or Lord Lauderdale,² but probably the former. Whichever it is, I should like to *kiss him* for writing such a letter, altho' he is so savage to the poor Ministers. I think Lord John Russell must be *properly annoy'd* by it."

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

"August 19.

" . . . You may believe how anxious we all are for the post to morrow ! I cannot help nevertheless feeling as if all would go off well, save a proper dose of hissing & perhaps broken windows. I think if the feeling for the Queen was as strong as it has been represented, we should have seen the effects of it before now. After all, what real large mobs have we seen since her arrival ? or what violent spirit displayed amongst her mob friends ? However, it is impossible not to feel very anxious & rather nervous to hear what pass'd yesterday, so much pains has been taken lately to excite to open violence. . . ."

¹ Thomas (1750–1823), third son of 10th Earl of Buchan. Lord Chancellor, 1806–7. Created Baron Erskine.

² James Maitland, 8th Earl of Lauderdale (1759–1839). Admitted to Lincoln's Inn, 1777. Succeeded to the title, 1789. Strenuously opposed Pitt's Government, but turned Tory after 1821. Lord High Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1806–7.

CHAPTER XIV

(1820)

House of Lords meets to resume proceedings—Triumphal progress of the Queen—Incidents of Trial—The Queen's popularity wanes—A side glance at St. Helena—Keppel Craven's and Sir William Gell's evidence—Though evidence against her unsatisfactory, her prestige declines—Brougham's speech in defence of Queen—Second Reading of Bill in Lords carried by 28 ; Third Reading by 9—Lord Liverpool withdraws Bill—Considered as acquittal by populace—Illuminations—The Queen gives thanks at St. Paul's—Prorogation of Parliament—Party at the Duke of Wellington's—Letter from James Stuart Wortley to Lord Liverpool—Death of Eliza Rose Ellis.

ON August 17, 1820, the House of Lords met in order to resume the proceedings against Queen Caroline. The Queen attended in person, and drove from St. James's Square ¹ to the House of Lords. In anticipation of trouble, two troops of Life Guards took up a position in New Palace Yard, and several companies of the Coldstream Guards marched by the great gate into Westminster Hall, where a powerful train of field pieces was stationed. By nine o'clock the crowd formed one unbroken mass from St. James's Square to Westminster. In George Street the Duke of Wellington, attended by one servant, was greeted by loud and coarse expressions of displeasure.

Moving slowly through immense crowds of sympathising, cheering people, the Queen arrived in time to take her appointed place soon after ten o'clock. No collision, however, between the troops and the people is recorded.

¹ The Queen had been lent a house in St. James's Square by Lady Francis, widow of Sir Philip Francis (supposed author of the *Letters of Junius*).

It is only necessary here to glance very briefly at some of the chief incidents of the trial. Before its opening on August 17, a number of Italian witnesses had been brought over to give evidence against the Queen. After a very rough reception at Dover they were brought by night to London and wheeled "like a waggon-load of nastiness" through the streets of London and dropped at Bucklersbury. Here the filth of their persons caused their landlady to revolt, and the whole party was secretly conveyed to Holland, there to wait till they were wanted. On the 24th one of the witnesses, Majocchi, brought derision and humiliation on the King and his ministers by answering to the most important questions, "Non mi ricordo".

So dingy and discreditable was the whole business, that one marvels at the intense interest displayed in it, not only in these letters, but in all the letters of this time. It must, however, be remembered that the dread of rebellion and civil war was never absent from the writers' thoughts, and that the French Revolution had shaken all dynasties to their foundations.

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

"September 7.

" . . . I am glad Mr. Boothby thinks Her Majesty is *sinking* herself—it must be so I think. Peoples eyes are opening at Sheffield. But the misfortune is that the *Mob* in fact only make a cat's paw of her, & it is radicalism in a new dress. Voilà Tout, I am convinced, & others wiser than me think the same. I have no doubt the King's disgust would be fully justified if he could tell his story or *stories*. Mais tu l'a voulu George D ! Why for marry her ! "

On September 10, 1820, after speaking of her aunt Lady Liverpool's illness, Lady Caroline writes to Lady Erne :

" . . . Tell her I have great compassion for her, & the greatest admiration for her patience. Her vanity & her better feelings must at this moment be highly gratified about Lord Liverpool who is constantly gaining

himself more & more credit & respect. . . . The Doge says he has lately talked with several people in the Middle classes about the Queen, & is happy to find they are beginning to be disgusted with her. They are *obliged* to believe that a great deal is true if not all, & her conduct now under such circumstances strikes some as *not* being the conduct of innocence. What sort of a defence her Counsel can possibly make for her I cannot conceive ; or what witnesses they can get to shake at all the evidence of those against her. I am *very* anxious for the last Act of this curious drama. . . .”

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

“September 11.

“. . . I am going to read thro’ the Attorney General’s¹ summing up, & all that follows. Mr. Brougham seems to be quite *beside himself* with the badness of the cause he has undertaken.

“Monday. . . . I get a good deal from Boo about the feelings of servants and tradesmen & the universal refrain is ‘well if she is so bad, the King is as bad himself, & therefore she is cruelly used’.”

On September 29, 1820, Lady Erne’s attention is diverted for a moment to the prisoner at St. Helena.

“. . . Admiral Planisier dined here yesterday, but told nothing particular about *Boney*, except that He and his household, amounting only to twenty Persons, are supplied every day with 60 pounds of Beef, & 40 of mutton. Can you imagine how they dispose of it ? There is now a good road for his riding, of twenty miles ; but he will not ride at all, though he might do so without the attendance of any English officer. He walks a great deal. . . .”

The next developments seem to have been in the Queen’s favour.

¹ Robert, 1st Baron Gifford (1779–1826). Solicitor-General, 1817. Attorney-General, 1819. Created Baron Gifford, January 1824.

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

“October 9.

“Who would have believed a few days ago that such a change would take place in the feelings of this little society with respect to the Queen! Keppel Craven’s & Sir William Gell’s evidence have advanced her one great step, they have made it at least a *doubtful* point whether Bergami’s¹ advancement may not be justified from his extraction & good conduct, independent of any improper motive. . . . It is possible however that some part of [the evidence] still may stand unshaken & be sufficient for their purpose, & we must trust to *that*; but seeing that the evidence of the two principal witnesses against the Queen has been so shaken, the Doge says he cannot quiet his alarm for the rest of the case. He would not be sorry that Lord Liverpool should know how he feels upon the subject, as the same view of it will probably be taken by others; & I am therefore particularly sorry that you should be returned to Hampton Court. How *could* you leave the Prime Minister’s house at such a mom[ent]!!! ‘Anything *quite*’ so extraordinary I have never yet heard!!! One has hardly patience now to get thro’ the day, one is so anxious for the next day’s newspaper. . . .”

To this letter Lady Erne answers :

“October 11.

“ . . . I do not wonder at your all being made unhappy by the evidence of Mr. Craven² and Sir William Gell³—yet perhaps more effect is produced by it than

¹ Bergami was for many years in the household of the Queen, and was promoted by her from being her courier to being her equerry and chamberlain. She procured for him a barony and several orders of knighthood. He was supposed by many to have been her lover, but this accusation was never proved. Bergami came of a good family which had fallen into misfortune.

² Keppel Richard Craven (1779–1851). Published books of travels. Had been chamberlain to the Princess of Wales, 1814.

³ Sir William Gell (1777–1836). Archæologist and traveller. Published *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca*, etc. Gave evidence in favour of Queen Caroline.

there ought. . . . You are 'proper cool' to talk of any thing *quite* so extraordinary as my coming away from the Prime Minister's house at such a moment, when it had been long since understood that I should do so if my Sister was well enough for me to leave her, in order *to meet Charles*, & be a Home to Him in this idlest of all idle places, to which I understood he was to remove from Hounslow. *fi la laide*. D'ailleurs the Prime Minister was not at home, nor likely to be so before next Saturday, when he had rather talk of any thing than the odious subject to which his attention is strained all the rest of the week. I assure you, too, it is a very good thing to hear a little what is said elsewhere, & by those not immediately interested, of which I had no opportunity at Coombe, my Sister seeing so very few people. . . .

"Lady Dacre¹ told me an exquisite story of a farmer of theirs whom she met one day in her walks. He began by saying He was glad to see my Lord was so much for the Queen [it was after one of the petitions from Her which Lord Dacre had presented]. 'I don't know', said Lady Dacre, 'that He is so much for the Queen—but he is for justice.' 'O the Queen must for certain be innocent, *for* did not she leave the Man of her Heart to come & demand to be tried; and did not they offer Her a great deal of money if she would go back & not be tried? Now, what Woman would give up the Man of her Heart, & come over and ask to be tried if she was not innocent?' with more in the same style. Now what do you think of the precious jumble of Innocence and the Man of her Heart? It is a fearful inroad upon the moral principles of this Country which the language held upon this subject is making; that is the worst of the whole thing. . . ."

¹ Thomas Brand, 20th Lord Dacre (1774–1851). Succeeded his mother, Gertrude, Baroness Dacre in her own right, in 1819. He married Barbains, widow of Valentine Wilmot, of Farnborough, and daughter of Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, 1st Baronet.

From Lady Caroline to her Mother

"October 14.

"Charles Ellis is much delighted at having discover'd that Hownam [one of the witnesses] was in the habit of calling Bergami's mother *Gooma*,¹ and that the Princess did too, and begs to know what *you infer from it*. The Princess having acted the part of an Automaton which '*might be wound up to do anything*', also delights him, & the piece being of her *own composition*. . . ."

"October 16.

". . . The Doge says the Queen's Counsel see their case is ruin'd, & are catching at straws. . . .

"Jem writes me word from Harrow, where they are all *Queenites*, that he thinks they are beginning to give her up, as Butler's servant, who was a staunch friend of hers told him, upon his questioning him about her, that since he had read Flynn & Hownam's evidence, 'he began to funck'. If so, one may conclude that the same good effects will be produced all over the Country. . . ."

From Lady Erne

"October 17, 1820.

". . . Dear Charles [Stuart Wortley] came & dined with me to-day. He eat very heartily, & wanted that *ristoro*, for he had been out hunting yesterday, & rode very hard, of which he was still feeling the effect. Yet he had eat no breakfast, nor put any thing into his mouth till He came here. He now pretends that economy is his motive for omitting breakfast. He told me very gravely that it saved him two shillings a day—'which do you see Gooma is thirty pounds a year, & that will buy me another Horse'. You may suppose I scolded, & quizzed him well. He laughed. But I really fear he must materially injure his stomach if he persists in so unnatural a plan. The Stag took them through Lord

¹ Gooma was the nickname by which Lady Erne's grandchildren called her.

Northwick's Park & he saw James for a minute, quite well. . . .

"Can you bear that old Prater, Lord Erskine,¹ saying so late as last Monday that he believed her [the Queen] *pure*? His is a strange line—dictated I suppose by Vanity, which has been the ruling passion of his Life, & the excess of which prevents his perceiving that He is not doing himself credit with any party. The Queen I find goes on visiting Mrs. Damer at Twickenham. The other day one of the Coleman's who was there made a sketch of Her (from a *hiding* place) which Lord L. Seymour says is a most correct likeness. She is *roll'd* up in an immense plain, thick shawl, with a round hat bien enfoncé. But what struck me most was the black eye brows which appeared under it, & the black hair. Both of course are artificial & must produce a strange effect from being so entirely out of harmony with her complexion. I suppose 'suo Bello' admires it.

"By the bye, I must tell you that when Lucy ask'd Charles what fruit she should get for him, he said Bergami pears, & Caroline apples! Tell that impertinent Nephew of mine [Charles Ellis] that I think he is quite mistaken in the name given to Bergami's mother, and that the one mention'd *was Nona*, which in the papers was translated incorrectly, Grandmother. But if it really was Gooma, I beg to know what are *his* inferences from a circumstance so extraordinary. . . ."

"October 21, 1820.

" . . . I hear the Peers are in despair at the prospect of being kept in Town till Xmas; & the betting in Town is two to one against the Bill passing the Lords. . . ."

On October 29, 1820, Mr. Wortley writes from Newmarket :

"I am arrived and all well. To give you an idea of the meeting, our dinner at the rooms consisted of 8 persons, Charles Greville being one of them. I went to

¹ See p. 275.

the stable upon my arrival and saw Mr. Lowe, who looks beautifully, and is a great favourite for both his races.

"Shelley [Sir John] arrived from London and brought the latest news, having dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday. He says the second reading of the Bill in the Lords will be carried, but he offered to bet an even bet that it did not finally pass their Lordship's house. . . ."

The House of Lords had met again on October 3, 1820, after an adjournment, Brougham making one of his most celebrated speeches in defence of the Queen. The second reading of the Bill was moved on November 2 by the Lord Chancellor Eldon, and on the 8th it was carried by a majority of 28. Four days later, on the third reading, the majority dwindled to 9. Knowing that it was hopeless to pass the Bill through the Commons, Lord Liverpool withdrew it, and announced that the Government would not proceed further with the measure.

Lady Caroline comments on these events in her letter of November 5, 1820, from Wortley to her mother, and in the following letters :

" . . . The Doge has written to Lord Liverpool his opinion upon the whole subject & that of persons he has conversed with. . . . *He* like many others fancies the passing of the Bill would be the worst & most dangerous thing for the Country possible. But the fact is it never *can* go thro' the House of Commons, & it will therefore probably be got rid of *some how* before it goes there. Lord Lauderdale's speech seems to be *excellent*. I long for Lord Liverpool's. . . ."

"November 7.

" . . . We have not yet had Lord Liverpool's speech at length, but what we have seen we are delighted with. His seems to be the real & fair way of judging the case, & the parts he comments upon are I think convincing. I could not read thro' Lord Grey ; for tho' on all hands

consider'd a very fine speech, I saw plainly from the little I did read that it was evidently not a *candid* one, & very like what he ought to have made if he had been her Counsel.

"I wonder whether she shew'd herself in the House of Lords the day she went down? or whether there is any truth in her intention of reading a paper to the House containing a history of her life, & all her complaints since she married. I should think she would not be allowed to produce such a document. But I daresay it is all an invention, or at most only a threat. I hear the *Address Mobs*¹ pillaged all the lower appartments of Brandenburgh House,² which is the reason of Her Majesty not receiving in future more than a small deputation with them. . . ."

From Lady Erne

"November 7, 1820.

" . . . You will I think be surprised and sorry for the small majority by which the 2^d reading of the bill has been carried. Lord Grenville's speech (of two hours) was manly and masterly; some think, from the mark'd impression which it made, that if He had spoken on Saturday at least twenty more votes would have been given for the bill. But it seems the Opposition were so afraid of the effect He would produce, that they *manœuvred* to prevent his speaking on Saturday. Lord Grey's long speech on that day, and Lord Grosvenor's were the concerted means, and it answer'd but too well. We feel a little nervous to day about the Queen's going down to the House, yet as very little interest was manifested yesterday by those who had collected in the street and near the House of Lords, I so hope that which has been felt for the Queen is very much on the wane. On Saturday, when no notice whatever was taken of

¹ A number of addresses were presented to the Queen by different societies, localities, etc.

² A house on the banks of the Thames at Hammersmith which had been put by the Government at the disposition of the Queen.

Her, the Duke of York and the Duke of Wellington were treated with mark'd respect (tho not hurrard). All took off their hats as they passed. Yet, so unnatural does the transition seem from the clamorous enthusiasm with which she was used to be received, to such silent indifference, I am afraid to trust to it. Mr. Brougham and Sir Robert Wilson were seen amongst the crowd, and of course were reported to have been endeavouring to excite them. But I think Mr. Brougham would not do that. . . .

“One goes on conjecturing, hoping and fearing. C'est dans l'ordre. But we must not neglect to pray for the success of those who are using their utmost efforts to save us from dangers . . . nor to prepare ourselves to bear with resignation whatever may be deserved as our Chastisement. . . .”

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

November 12, 1820.

“ . . . I suppose *you* were prepared for Lord Liverpool's motion.¹ I hope this measure does not give Her Majesty *all* the benefits of an acquittal? And that her guilt will be *registered* by some vote, or form, adapted to the extraordinary circumstances of the case. There is still therefore much to know that is interesting.

“We were delighted with the Bishop of Chester's² speech, and I am only surprised & indignant that nobody had got up at the *time* to *trim* Lord Grosvenor for his impertinent and indecent declaration that he would have thrown the Bible in the King's face, &c. The country will have a great loss in Lord Liverpool if he retires, but perhaps it would not be a bad thing to give other people a *trial*, or at least to form a mix'd Government if that is possible. . . .”

¹ The third reading of the Bill had passed on November 9 by a majority of only 9. Lord Liverpool withdrew the Bill.

² George Henry Law (1761-1845). Bishop successively of Chester and Bath and Wells. Brother of Lord Ellenborough.

From Lady Erne

“November 12.

“ . . . I hope it will rain plentifully this evening. Preparations are making for as general and as brilliant an illumination as possible, and it would very much lessen the crowd in the street, and perhaps a little cool the ardor of those who brav'd being wet to the skin. They might gain a few days for reflection *in their beds*. At this moment the lower classes are under a complete illusion (which every possible art is used to keep up), and believe their ‘ poor dear Good Queen ’ acquitted. . . . As I came along yesterday almost every one I met had laurel leaves stuck in their hats, and many had white cockades. A white flag had been flying on *the Church*, but the Magistrates had just had it removed, and I fancy they pretty seriously reprimanded the Church Wardens. I think that after this violent effervescence the feeling about Her Majesty will wholly subside, and many will discover their own folly and the imposition to which they have yielded. The circumstance of *her* drinking is already becoming pretty generally known. . . . I find *Brandybury* is becoming a familiar name for Her Majesty's present residence. . . .

“ They say the Queen is really ill, and very impatient to get away, but that nevertheless she will not go as long as there is any thing further to be done to annoy the King. Of course I suppose she will wait for addresses of congratulation, and answer them in ‘ accents of triumph ’. . . .”

On the 15th Lady Erne writes again :

“ I did not know of Lord Liverpool's intention to withdraw the bill, nor was that the result wish'd for by opposition. *They* meant it should go to the Commons, to give the Queen an opportunity of recriminating—at least so I have heard. She was prepared to do so to the widest extent, including the Women as well as Men of the Royal family. Mrs. Brougham is on a visit here

to her mother, & had a note from Mr. Brougham yesterday, in which He tells her the Queen has demanded a Palace to reside in, & a suitable Household. How very audacious ! I admire Mr. Birnie for telling the people who were brought before him for riotous behaviour during the illuminations, that he thought there had been more gallantry in England towards the sex, than to rejoice at the downfall of a Woman, & her being found guilty by a majority of the Peers. This should be repeated over & over, in all directions & on all possible occasions. Thousands at this moment have been made to believe that she is acquitted. There would be something quite laughable in all these illuminations, if it were not for the fears & dangers which accompany them. All the villages in this neighbourhood are to be illuminated. The Palace will of course be well guarded. . . .”

From Lady Erne

“ November 16.

“ If you see an account of Lord Melville’s house at Wimbledon being attack’d by the Mob, & all his windows broken, you may perhaps feel a little anxious about what may have happened to the Inhabitants of Coombe to night. I write therefore to say that every proper precaution having been taken & measures concerted with Sir Herbert Tayler, I hope to be able to tell you to morrow that all is safe. . . .”

Meanwhile, the Queen, delighted with the withdrawal of the Bill, resolved to give thanks to Heaven, and accordingly on the second Sunday after that event she attended Divine Service at the Parish Church of Hammersmith. Not satisfied, however, with this comparatively obscure expression of her thanks, she decided to follow the example of George III. and go in state to St. Paul’s.

From Lady Erne

“ November 23, 1820.

“ Everybody I see appears quite *horrified* at the Queen’s mockery of religious thanksgiving. It is very

much thought that She will do herself prejudice by this visit to St. Paul's; but in the meantime she will make a great commotion in the City, & what mischief may accompany such commotion nobody can presume to calculate. I wish it may pour as it is doing to day. I suppose the Lord Mayor will meet her at Temple Bar on horseback—it would be delightful to have him soaked through & through, as well as the absurd Aldermen, &c. who attend Him. You see there was some plain speaking in the common Council, though the address of congratulation was carried. . . .

“I wish the Doge took the new Times, it is very much improved, & has had some admirable articles during this business. I cannot but think it of importance for people to have such a paper for the sake of their Household, & the friends of their Household, to whom newspapers are *often* the sole guides of their opinions & belief. The Morning Post is too adulatory to the King, it spoils the effect of whatever might otherwise be useful. . . .”

The prorogation of Parliament, so ardently desired by the discomfited ministry, greatly displeased the Opposition.

“November 24.

“. . . The rage of opposition at the prorogation was pretty manifest yesterday. The Speaker being hiss'd as he quitted the House is something beyond their usual bounds. But what do you think of the Queen's message? ¹ She rises in audacity & in her hard confidence in a way that must I think disgust all who are not of the most violent of her adherents, and finally turn against herself. One of the Messengers yesterday said that she had been hiss'd & hooted at Hammersmith the day she went to Church—but of course few could have

¹ This “message” probably refers to the protest sent to the Houses of Parliament by the Queen after the Bill has passed the second reading by a majority of 28. In it she asserts her complete innocence, and accuses Ministers of being biassed by a mass of slander.



JOHN, THIRD EARL OF BUTE, K.G., PRIME MINISTER
The property of the Earl of Wharnccliffe.

the courage, though many must have felt the desire to join them”

From Lady Erne

“December 5.

“ . . . I can hear nothing of the Queen since St. Paul’s, addresses excepted. I suppose she and her advisers are brewing some more mischief. They say she looked very cross on Wednesday, & was very much annoy’d by their making her open her carriage on Her return from the Church; in all that raw fog it must have been disagreeable enough, & rather perilous to her precious health. . . .”

From the Same

“December 6.

“ . . . There is at present a strong reaction, the loyal addresses [to the King] are pouring in fast—that from Cripplegate Ward is a tremendous blow on Alderman Wood. If [the King] was any thing almost but what He is, I think there would be a rapid change.

“The Queen was certainly very much disappointed & put out the day of her visit to St. Paul’s, & burst into a violent passion of Tears when she got home. It was a poor cortége for a Queen going to the Cathedral of the Metropolis, & the cheering was flat. She is longing to be gone, but they will not let her go. Ministers are no doubt right to the stout about the Liturgy, but I do dread all the violence with which the subject will be treated in both Houses. . . .”

From the Same

“December 11.

“The papers will tell you of our young Princess Elizabeth.¹ She was in a strange hurry to come into this stranger World—it is nearly a month before the proper time. You may suppose the commotion occasion’d; neither the accoucheur nor the nurse were even

¹ Daughter of the Duke of Clarence and Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen. Born December 10, 1820, died March 4, 1821.

in Town and I question whether there were even the proper number of official witnesses present. Lord Liverpool received the notification of the Duchess being in labor about nine o'clock yesterday evening, & set out instantly; but as there had been some stupid mismanagement in the sending of the communication, by which Lord Liverpool did not receive it till 4 or 5 hours after the time it ought to have been here, he was too late for the birth of the Child. It is a very small child, but apparently very healthy & likely to live. The similarity between this case & that of the Duchess de Berri¹ is very odd. It would be odd, too, if these children should occupy the thrones of their respective Countries, & a Henri & an Elizabeth be again contemporaries. . . ."

From Lady Erne

"December 18.

" . . . Lord Liverpool return'd from the Duke of Wellington's on Saturday. He found a great Party there; they sat down both days three or four & twenty people to dinner. The Bathursts were there, the Mark Kers, Clarks & Henry Greville, &c. &c. The Bathursts were a *groupe* of 7 including Lady G. Lennox. In the evening they play'd at games. Lord Mark Ker was capital at dumb crambo. Lord Liverpool told us two or three of the words they acted; very ingenious and good. For Jim's sake, who is a lover & performer of that game, I must tell you one of them—operation. They began with the representation of an O.P. row.² Then they sat down like soldiers eating their ration; & lastly, acted the whole word by pretending to cut off Caroline Fitzroy's arm, which Lord Mark Ker made believe to carry off concealed in his coat. . . .

"Do you know whether the Doge ever answer'd Lord

¹ See p. 200.

² Old Prices Riots. They took place from September to December 1809. After the burning of Covent Garden Theatre the management had announced an increase of prices, in consequence of which these riots took place.

Liverpool's long letter? Something that pass'd the other day made me suspect that He had not, & that Lord Liverpool was rather disappointed at not hearing from him. . . ."

In Yonge's *Life of Lord Liverpool* a long letter from Mr. Wortley, on December 18, 1820, to Lord Liverpool is printed at full length. In it he says:

"The truth is that the minds of a very great proportion of the better sort of people revolt at anything like harshness to the Queen because they think . . . that the King's conduct to her from the beginning has left him no right whatever to complain of any part of hers."

After speaking of the trial, he says:

"How then is she to be treated? Everything respecting the Queen should be done or omitted in deference to the feelings of the better part of the community, and by no means in deference to any personal feeling of the King's. With regard to the Liturgy . . . it would be an insult to all sense of morality and religion to call upon the people of England to do honour to the Queen in the public Prayers after such facts have been proved against her. . . . Upon this ground I applaud your determination of giving up your office rather than give way. Retirement upon such grounds will only add to the weight of your character, which now stands so high that I venture to say that if you do retire you will not remain long out of office. . . ."

So ended the year 1820 in triumph for the Queen. Nevertheless the Whigs were baffled. Lord Liverpool, by dropping the Bill, had done the best possible for his Royal master. George IV., realising that his more violent counsellors had been in the wrong, sulkily accepted the inevitable.

So all-absorbing were the Queen's trial and its political reactions, that the letters of 1820 contain little that is personal.

The only family event of any importance was the death of Lady Caroline's cousin, Eliza Rose Ellis, from consumption, to which terrible disease her mother had also been a victim.

On August 22, 1820, a few days after the death of Eliza Rose Ellis, Lady Erne writes :

“ I have had another note from Lady Liverpool & have promised to go there tomorrow. *Her* mind is so taken up with what is going forward, & with that fine speech of Lord Liverpools (which is very natural), that she seems not even to comprehend my having shrank from the proposal which I receiv'd only a *few hours* after the account of that poor Young Creature's death. She writes me a sort of lecture upon the duty of not grieving &c. &c., which is wholly inapplicable. I am *not* giving way to unreasonable grief, still less to any thing like repining ; but my feelings were nevertheless deeply wounded, & many sad recollections arose to embitter them. I have now seen three Persons very dear to me, of three successive Generations, sink into untimely graves—any one of which ought in the common course of nature to have survived me. . . .”

CHAPTER XV

(1821)

The Queen almost forgotten—Theatricals at Ken Wood—Lord John Russell compares James Stuart Wortley to Cardinal Wolsey—Duchess Elizabeth's Roman morning—Lady Louisa Stuart writes from Paris—Letter from Lord Erne—Death of Lady Liverpool—Coronation of George IV.—The Queen's death—Duchess Elizabeth in London.

ON January 8, 1821, Seymour Bathurst writes to Lady Caroline :

“ . . . I don't think I have written since Mr. Wortley's letter made its appearance, it did my heart good to read it, it was worthy of a *Blue* and coming from the pen of a *Bottled green*, it gave me if possible more satisfaction. I think Ministers are safe on the Liturgy question.¹ . . . She [the Queen] appears now to be almost forgotten, I suppose she wishes to brush up the people's memory by going to the Mansion House on Wednesday next. I can't say how happy I shall be to see you when you arrive in Town, can I be of any use in seeing that your rooms are warm & comfortable—or *shall I sleep in all the beds to air them?* I have been a great deal at Ken Wood, Lord Mansfields, where we have had very good fun. We got up the *Tragedy* of the Rovers (from the anti-Jacobin), I enacted the part of My Lord Berfington. When we came to the end of the Fragment, we were obliged to apologize for the loss of the fifth act, and promised to complete the play on some future occasion.”

¹ The exclusion of the Queen's name from the liturgy.

Writing from Milan to Lady Caroline in the spring of 1821, the Duchess of Leeds says :

“ We long to improve our acquaintance with your most fascinating Aunt the Duchess. How very agreeable & delightful she is, one feels as if with you & Lady Erne too when near her. . . .”

On January 31, 1821, Mr. Wortley took part in a debate on the Queen's future position. He urged strongly that the matter should be put entirely at rest without any further persecuting of her Majesty, but with strict care that she should not triumph over any other party.

The House having gone into Committee to discuss the proposed grant of £50,000 a year to the Queen, Mr. Wortley said that, though blaming her Majesty for the answers she had given to addresses, and particularly for her letter to the King, yet to avoid all appearance of persecution he would vote for the full grant. Lord John Russell compared Mr. Wortley to Cardinal Wolsey at the Court of Henry VIII., who had brought an accusation against Katharine of Arragon that she had “ conciliated the affections of the people by civilities and gracious bowing of her head ”. The grant of £50,000 was agreed to without a division.

On February 7 the Duchess Elizabeth comments on the Doge's conduct :

“ ROME.

“ . . . What you may call an uninteresting letter is not so at all to me, as I like to hear of you & to know what you are all doing, & how the dear younger part are growing & *thriving*. The Doge's firmness & manly expression of his opinions does him great credit every where. Would to God that the subject was at rest, & still more would that it had never begun. I can't at the same time conceive any administration making their great leading question whether the Queen is to be pray'd for or not—the not praying for her has an uncharitable appearance, & the irritation is kept up & renew'd every Sunday. We have graver subjects of discussion in our beauteous Italy, & the Austrian eagle hovers like a bird

of prey over what it longs to devour. I trust however that this Rome will escape all harm; the wisdom, temperance, yet vigilance of her rulers has hitherto effected this, & I never knew any body stand higher in universal esteem & consideration than does our Cardinal Secretary of State [Consalvi]. But it is an anxious moment for him. Rome however is still delightfull, & what I call *my Roman morning* continues in full vigour—‘Your Grace, here is Pasta l’incisore’ [engraver]. ‘In a moment, Seton, I must finish my breakfast.’ ‘Yes, your Grace.’ ‘Your Grace, Teresa is waiting.’ ‘Povera Teresa che volete?’ ‘Altezza, bisogna che ognun abbia le sue Croce. Non sono più in misèria—ebbene adesso, vedes le due sorelle mie figlie sono in gelosia,—questa adesso dunque è la Croce mia.’ Is not this pious philosophy ‘Here is De Romanis wants to speak to your Grace, & O’Meagher, the Irish priest.’ ‘Let them come in.’ ‘Lord Colchester, M. la Marquis de Sommerey, the Men too from the Theatre, & Boccario with some musick.’ The carriage & a drive to Pamphili Villa becomes necessary, & all that beautifull garden is cover’d with Violets & crocus’s & enemonies. Virgil is finished—that is, the text, & about 20 Views, four still wanting; but I shall distribute the copies without these, they will come by degrees. . . .

“God bless you dearest. Do you know the ‘rosa bianca e rosa’ of Mayer, and the beautiful duo ‘E deserto il bosco intorno’, it is too beautifull. Do you sing, do you draw? Doge, Doge, you must make her.

“E. D.”

There follows a letter from Lady Louisa Stuart, aunt of Mr. Wortley:

“PARIS,
“Thursday the 22d. of February.

“I arrived here only on Monday dearest Lady Caroline having found myself so much fatigued on the road that I contrived to sleep *four nights* between Calais

& Paris ! But I thought it better than to arrive *quite* a *wretch* so tired as to plague everyone about me.

“ I thank God I found all well here except little Charlotte having a bad cold. But I never saw Lady Elizabeth ¹ look so well, & I think in a greater worry of Balls, Notes &c. then ever as tis the last week of the Carnival. I last night treated myself by going quietly to see Marie Stuart & was delighted, & Mademoiselle Duchesnois, who contrived to make one almost think she was handsome ! . . .

“ Garcia ² was so drunk when acting that he hardly could sing at all or *stand*. What a pity ! And I hear he is so continually.”

The next letter is the first one we have found so far from Lady Caroline's father. He seems to approach his daughter almost with timidity, and one wonders why he had so little part in the family life.

“ April 18, 1821.

“ MY DEAR CAROLINE,

“ You will I am sure readily excuse my troubling you with an application I have received from Our friend John King.

“ It strikes me that I cannot put his Wish into a so powerful hands as yours & Mr. Wortley's, & I feel assured (from the very great kindness he has already experienced from both) that you will be found ready to extend it on the present Occasion.

“ The last letter I had from your Mama spoke of both you & Missy having colds, I should hope however that you soon got well. It delights me to think of your having so very desirable a House in Town & of your enjoying it as much as you do. I feel it *very long* since

¹ Lady Elizabeth Stuart, wife of Sir Charles Stuart (later Lord Stuart de Rothesay), Ambassador at Paris, and daughter of Earl of Hardwicke. See p. 64.

² Manuel Garcia (1775–1832). Spanish composer and singer. From 1816–24 resided alternately at Paris and London. His son, also Manuel, born 1805, was Professor of Singing in London and Paris ; wrote several books on the art of singing.

I have had the pleasure of hearing immediately from yourself, it would make me very happy to have A letter from you soon, & trust that you will have it in your power to make A pleasant report of yourself &c. &c. &c. I long to hear of dear Missy & you mounting your Ponies again. Adieu my dear.

“Your ever affectionate

“ERNE.”

In June 1821 Lady Liverpool died. In many letters of the last two years there had been allusions to her ill-health and to the anxiety it caused Lady Erne. She had been a devoted and adoring wife. At the time of her death Lord Liverpool was endeavouring to force Canning on his reluctant sovereign.

On July 19, 1821, King George IV. was crowned in Westminster. Contrary to the advice of her best friends, the Queen made one last effort to assert her prerogative. She tried two or three times to force an entrance into the Abbey, but was firmly turned away amidst the mingled hoots and cheers of the mob. The fatigue, the agitation, above all the bitter humiliation of that day, were too much for her. She was taken ill immediately after it, and on August 7 she died. Considering the passionate interest felt by all in the first part of this drama, it is strange how little mention is made in the letters of the final scenes.

Young James, aged just sixteen, seems to have acted the part of page to the Duke of Sussex at the Coronation. He comments briefly on the Queen's discomfiture. His father does not even allude to it.

From James Stuart Wortley, the Younger

“CURZON STREET.

“As I was of course a good deal tired last night I could not set off early enough to day to be at Walmer in decent time, I therefore shall set off early tomorrow morning (according to your desire Per Coach) and shall arrive between 5 and 6. I was extremely lucky yesterday, I scarcely missed a single item of the ceremony from beginning to end. The fatigue was nothing like

what I expected, & I indeed was not the least fatigued till the Banquet, when I had to wait upon the Duke of Sussex; for Howard ¹ being appointed his attendant he stood behind the Duke's chair, and sent me for what he wanted. The whole thing was so magnificent I could scarcely believe it was real; however particulars when I see you. . . .

"The Queen, who appeared and walked along the platform, was all but hooted off; every thing went off quite quietly. . . ."

From Mr. Wortley to Lady Caroline

"CURZON STREET.

"DEAREST LOVE,

"Altho' I hesitated a long time about going to the Coronation, I confess I am glad I did go, for certainly nobody can see a more magnificent spectacle. It far surpassed my expectations, and I could have almost fancied myself at a scene in a fairy tale. I shall have to [tell] James, who will go to you by the coach tomorrow morning, to let you into the details. At the Abbey I stood just above Lady Conyngham [the King's mistress], and I am sorry to say there were frequent oeuillades passing even in the most solemn passages of the service. She is now triumphant. Lord Hertford resigned the Chamberlainship on Tuesday, and Lady Jersey is reconciled to the King thro' Lady Conyngham's interference, so much so that her two sons were *pages attending upon him* yesterday, and almost the only boys he took any notice of. I fully expect that the government will not be in office long. We set out with Lady Charlotte Greville ² at 5 o'clock in the morning and got home before 10 o'clock at night. How women went thro' it I can't conceive. John is gone back to Oxford.

"I have got your letter. Don't fidget yourself about

¹ Lord Howard de Walden. See p. 83.

² See p. 170.

arrangements for your future journey to Wortley. I will take care to arrange everything about the servants whenever it is decided that you are to go down. I shall travel in the Phaeton, and leave the chaise to come down with my own four horses and the servants. You will have two most spacious dickyes to the coach. You will find a carriage in London for the time you stay there.

“ I am very sorry to hear that you still feel so unwell, but if you continue to do so, and that the sea does you good, I will come back to you at all events, so don’t fidget yourself about that ! I shall leave all my establishment here as if I was coming back. . . .”

The next letter is from Duchess Elizabeth, now on a visit to her native land, and staying with her brother-in-law, Lord Liverpool, at Fife House, Whitehall. She is already preparing to return to Italy.

“ November 15, 1821.

“ . . . Yesterday I dined at Caroline Lamb’s, and what do you think of Canning dining there ? He is always pleasant, but looking preoccupied. The *blessed Hero* came to us at the Play and dines here to-day. Charles Ellis too was with us in perfect health and spirits. Howard is very amiable, and I don’t think poor George so very wild as they say—he has never yet been too late for dinner, has not overturn’d anybody, nor run over anybody, and he neither games or drinks ! Perhaps I shall take him back to Paris.

“ 16th.

“ It was a pleasant dinner yesterday, Caro and George Lamb, Sophie Upton, Duke of Wellington, M. C. Long, Fred Foster and the family here, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The *Hero* was quite delightfull and staid on till 12. He asked for my *Virgil*, I was too happy to give it him and a little pencil [sketch of] *Bonaparte*. Lord Liverpool said that he had been delightfull, they had made him relate his battles ; but

according to your terrible custom ¹ here we were gone, which I lamented over, and had to talk with Mrs. Boothby on ruffs and caps. . . .

“To-day I went to Carlton House, but the King had forgot how punctual the City are, and as he was to receive an address he sent Bloomfield to me to say how vex’d he was, and to beg I would come tomorrow. I drove making visits and doing business. Your house looks beautifull. . . . I have been to Collins,² I think Lord Liverpool’s picture far beyond anything else I have seen of his. There are cabinet meetings without end, dinners, councils, etc., and all I believe to make Canning fit in somewhere, and I conclude that his nook will be found. . . .

“Kean acted Othello the other night with great effect, tho’ I think with some faults. But he has great genius. When does my sister [Lady Erne] come to Hampton Court. You must let her come at your next absence from Wortley, Lord Liverpool wishes I think much for her. I have promis’d him two days at Coomb, but I dread it, and the weather will add to the melancholy. . . . Monday my carriage is to be ready, and then the books may be pack’d and I hope to set out. . . .”

¹ The ladies leaving the dining-room after dinner.

² William Collins (1788–1847), landscape, portrait and figure painter. R.A. 1820.

CHAPTER XVI

(1822)

Duchess Elizabeth and Chateaubriand—Dinner at the Pavilion—John Stuart Wortley comes of age—Duel between Dukes of Buckingham and Bedford—Lord Bristol's return ; affecting meeting with Lord Liverpool—Improvements at Rome—James Stuart Wortley's speech—Trade in Yorkshire and Lancashire—Suicide of Lord Londonderry causes great shock—Lord Liverpool marries a friend of first wife—Lady Erne at Wharnccliffe Lodge.

LADY CAROLINE had now been married nearly twenty-three years. In the course of the year 1822 her eldest son John comes of age ; Charles is a cornet in the 10th Dragoons ; while James goes to a private tutor at Warwick. Caroline, usually called "Pussy" in the letters, is not quite thirteen. Of the three daughters of the Earl-Bishop, Louisa, the youngest, the wife of Lord Liverpool, had died in 1821 ; Lady Erne now occupied rooms at Hampton Court ; Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, was spending the last years of her life as a patroness of the fine arts in Rome. In gratitude for the money spent by her in excavations in the Forum and Palatine the Romans had a medal struck in her honour. Her profile on one side of it, very unlike the earlier portraits, is aquiline and commanding, the very type of a dignified Roman matron.

The first letter in 1822 is written by her on February 23 from Paris to her niece Lady Caroline, of whom she was very fond, on her way back to Rome. Her letters are not only full of her sons Augustus and Frederick Foster, but also of her illegitimate children Caro and Clifford, as she calls them, whose parentage she was never at any pains to conceal.

“ . . . Dear Caro and Augustus left me this morning, & the apartment looks lonely, my Brother [Lord Bristol] has made me promise to dine with him which will rouse me. . . . He is well, & much the *most in request* of any body at Paris. We have a pleasant society of Parisians & his society & mine is much the same, which has doubled the comfort of being together. . . . I have given my drawing of the St. Gothard to the Litographer here, & the impressions are really very pretty. Yesterday we din'd at C. Stuart's, a very handsome dinner for M. de Chateaubriand¹ . . . I shall want to know how you like him. He would be very agreeable if he did not give one a little the idea of being always *en scene*, whereas nothing so natural, open & frank as M. de Montmorency. . . .

“ Tell me what you are about, if you draw, or sing, are gay, or regretting the Dahlias, & high woods, the “simplon” & the thinn'd sunny walk to the Green house. We have now luckily a respite from Balls which were really without end; but en revenge there are réunions for all & every day almost, dinners &c. . . .”

On April 14 Lady Caroline writes from Brighton a description of an evening at the Pavilion, a very favourite residence of George IV. :

“ You will be impatient to know that I have outlived the *Pavilion*, & glad to hear that I was really not the worse for it, but much pleased & amused. Nothing can be better than the whole style, & tho' it was as easy as possible, it was quite *Royal*. The party was very small; Cowpers, Granthams, Bathursts, Grevilles, Lady Euston & myself. We went at nine o'clock to be in the drawing room before the King comes out, which saves one all awkwardness, & as soon as he has been in the room a little while the Band begins to play in another, & people do exactly what they like. The young people Waltz'd

¹ Chateaubriand, the writer, was appointed French Ambassador in London in 1820.

after the Band had played other things, & the King follow'd into the room where they were dancing, & sat there till supper, between Lady Cowper¹ & Lady Bathurst. At twelve supper was announced, & we went back into the other room, where there were two small tables, & as the party was very small all we married Ladies & a man or two supp'd at his table, & the girls at the other. Most of the men did not sit down. At half past twelve he got up & went away, & we went home. I was agreeably surprised at finding the rooms not at all hot, & am told it is much improved in that respect. He was very goodhumour'd, but not in such spirits as I have seen him sometimes, & they say he is in despair at going away from here.

“*Lady Cowper & family go to-morrow, but he does not go before the middle of the week. I was presented to her that night, & she has been very civil in getting me tickets for the Chapel, & called here to day. The Chapel this morning tried me a good deal owing to the excessive heat, but I have since been sitting quietly in the carriage breathing the sea air & listening to the Xth Band upon the Steyne ; & Missy had the happiness of walking there arm in arm with Charles in his uniform ! He is the amusement of the whole society here, with his naiveté. . . .*”

There is a letter in May 1822 from a mysterious “ G. L. B. ”, giving the account of a duel between the Dukes of Bedford and Buckingham. The latter was the head of the numerous Grenville clan.

“ As a neighbour I must inform you of a piece of news. The Dukes of Bedford & Buckingham have had a duel—both safe. The latter Duke called the former out in consequence of the opprobrious epithets bestowed by the Duke of Bedford upon him & the rest of

¹ Amelia, daughter of Peniston, 1st Viscount Melbourne. Married (1st), in 1805, Peter Leopold Louis Francis Nassau, 5th Earl Cowper; and (2nd), in 1839, Henry John, last Viscount Palmerston.

the Grenvilles at the Bedford County meeting. Lord Lynedoch & Sir Watkin W. Wynne were the seconds, & it was agreed they should fire at the same time. The Duke of Bedford fired in the air, & then came forward & assured the Duke of Buckingham that he never intended anything personal against him, &c., and the matter has ended all very amicably. I am not surprised at the Grenvilles being at last obliged to take up the cudgels, tho' I am not *surprised* at the Whigs bestowing them upon them."

On May 3, 1822, Lord Bristol writes to his niece, Lady Caroline, from Dover, on his return from an absence of two years on the Continent, accompanied, after the fashion of that time, by his whole family.

"I hasten to tell you my dearest Car that We are all once more within reach of you. We do not mean to be at Putney till Monday evening. You will easily believe that I feel deeply at this moment some of the changes which time has inflicted on me since I left this country. It is like a torrent of different feelings rushing through my Heart. God bless you dearest Car."

On May 4, 1822, we find a letter from Lord Erne, written once more in the tone of apologetic affection. After telling his daughter that he has been "in a very drooping state", he continues :

"I am impatient to hear of your dear amiable Uncle's arrival at Putney, which, I hope, from what you have told me, has taken place before this. I am sure your Mama will write me a line on the Occasion as soon as possible, which will save you trouble. I can well conceive the full demand there is on your time & wish to spare you, you will Observe.

"Thank you from my heart my dear for your kind desire to *see me*, I wish most cordially to *see you & all dear friends* in England again, I do assure you, but I am perswaded that I could not survive a renewed parting

so much I love you all, & at present so much less able to support the tryal than when I last (with a sorrowful heart) bid you adieu at Wortley. . . .”

During Lord Bristol’s absence abroad his youngest sister, Lady Liverpool, had died. Lady Erne is evidently dreading for Lord Liverpool the meeting between him and Lord Bristol. She writes :

“I returned from Coombe about two hours ago, when Lord Liverpool set out for London. I am very glad he went. He is certainly very low, and our quiet tête à tête dinner & evening just suited him. He has a very laborious fortnight or three weeks before him, & cannot besides be very well satisfied with the state of things, or what has been going on—opposition hopping to the right & left, & being supported as they have been, must be very painful to Him. We had not however a moment’s discussion on politics, or political characters.

“I go to Town to morrow according to previous arrangement with Him, & shall not set out from here before three o’clock, which I think may give me a chance of seeing my Brother. I wish much to have our meeting over, & also to settle with Him about that with Lord Liverpool—five minutes conversation would be better than any thing in writing on that subject. I had some talk with Lord Liverpool about it this morning, & the tears poured down his *agitated* cheeks, as the first day. I hope it is rather lucky that Frederic [Lord Bristol] is come at so busy a time, & even his delay at Dover is I think a good circumstance ; his own feelings will have subsided a little before they meet. . . .”

From Lady Erne

“Lord Liverpool bore the meeting of yesterday as well as I could hope he would. My Brother was more overcome, & could scarce recover himself. All the arrangements however answer’d perfectly, except that as He came strait here He was rather earlier than I

could have wish'd, & it left a long interval before the young people came. They were however a great help afterwards. I think Augusta¹ quite lovely; appearance, manners, & her whole style. . . ."

The next letter is from Duchess Elizabeth in June 1822, safely returned to Rome:

"How I wish my dearest Caroline that you could see Rome now, with all that has been done ever since that I have been here. In the eleven months that I have been away the new Museum has been finish'd, & it is as beautifull I really think as a building can be, & there is no describing the effect it produces upon one—a sort of noble simplicity about the whole with real magnificence & fine proportions, make it quite admirable. The Piazza del Pantheon is clear, (the Columns) from those vile paper *avisos* on them, the pavement lower'd & mended, roads almost all around Rome planted, walks made, & Pincio finishing with magnificence. The *Eminenza* [Cardinal Consalvi] redoubles his zeal & activity that the Pope² may yet have the pleasure of seeing these improvements finish'd. He has recover'd wonderfully, & tho' he did not assist at the Corpus Domini, he has resum'd his usual airings & his walks. Our weather has been & is quite unusually hot, frequent storms, yet without cooling the air. . . .

"I want to know how you think my dear Brother, & that dear Augusta, who tho' recover'd keeps one anxious about her. Tell me what impression she makes in London. How are my Brother's spirits? How do you all like Chateaubriand? And will Mr. Canning's Bill³ pass the cruel House of Lords! . . .

"Dearest Car let me know about yourself, the Doge, the Scholar, the Soldier, Missy and the youngster. What

¹ See p. 236.

² See p. 237.

³ This was the Bill introduced by Canning to enable Roman Catholic peers to sit and vote in Parliament. It was rejected by the House of Lords by a majority of 42.

are you all about, what are your plans? I have not forgotten your Musca, but alas the King of Spain's garden & House has been stripp'd by Ferdinand his Son of everything, & heaven knows if any musca can be had. I will inquire however. Let me have news of Wortley & how the garden looks, the fine double Dahlias, if Simphon is in good order, high woods, with any new drive—in short, tell me all that is doing or to be done. . . .”

After Lady Liverpool's death Lady Erne seems to have looked after Lord Liverpool like a sister.

“ . . . It is well that I settled with Lord Liverpool not to meet his great party at Coombe, it is a bad day with me. He will have his two *Cronies*, the Duchess of Wellington & Lady Bathurst, & they will be such excellent aids I cannot be wanted. To morrow I still hope to be able to dine there as the Party will be small, & consist of people with whom I am quite at ease. On Monday I return Here. . . .”

From Lady Erne

“ . . . The Party [at Coombe] was a very quiet one, only Lady Bathurst & Lady Georgiana, the Duchess of Wellington & Cecil Jenkinson. I was not satisfied with Lord Liverpool's looks, besides which, He had a little return of the complaint in his leg, & had to put on Leaches the night before. Cecil Jenkinson has promised to send me accounts of him. This will be a fatiguing week again, which makes me doubly anxious about him. . . .

“ I sent a note to Jem by my return horses to desire he would take a chaise & come over to Coombe, & that Gooma would of course pay for it. Lord Liverpool's 2^d question after my arrival was, ‘ I hope James is come with you ? ’ & he really seem'd disappointed that he was not. [James was Lord Liverpool's godson.]

“ Friday. . . . I have been looking over the Doge's speech again in consequence of what you say of it. It is shortly & I think not well given in my paper. Help'd

by what you say & imagining some simplification, I can however now see that it may have been very good. On the former reading I was a little hurt for *my poor* Ministers, whom he seem'd to give up as a sort of *tag, rag & bobtail* of Mr. Perceval's administration, only put up with because any Administration was better than none. Considering how well they have since deserv'd the confidence of the Country, I thought this hard ; & especially that my dear Lord Londonderry [better known as Castlereagh] should be sitting there to hear himself & his Colleagues so slightly spoken of, but in that part particularly the manner of expression would make all the difference. Yesterday's report of the preceding day's debate I did not read. I saw the Doge did not speak, & that horrid Creevy did. The language of that man & of Mr. Bennett is really too bad, but I think they will hurt themselves with the Country more than those they attack with such bitter malignity. . . .”

Dr. Stuart Corbet, the vicar of Wortley, and first cousin to Mr. Wortley, describes to Lady Caroline on June 29, 1822, the company he and his wife are meeting at Buxton :

“ . . . In this house, St. Ansell, there is no other company but four gentlemen from Manchester and one from Halifax, all persons in trade, and all rich, very rich, that is to say possessing each between two and three hundred thousand pounds of their own acquisition, and very well informed men and well principled as to Politics, and with plenty of conversation ; but totally without the manner either of thinking or behaviour which gives the real charm to Society. Tho' this deficiency—I say it with pain, as I have the honour of Yorkshire at heart—is far more disgusting in the Halifax man than in the others. Our conversation is almost entirely about Manchester and about trade, and the fortunes which are made by trade ; these are very great, but except as a certain number of pounds may be desirable, they need not be envied by the hereditary possessors

of some much smaller properties. There is a great deal more I find in knowing how to spend a large fortune as to make it productive of happiness, than those who are so successful in acquiring money seem to understand. As to the state of the Manchester manufactory, what they tell me is most surprizing. They are beginning to weave by the power of steam; muslins of a degree of fineness which they term 100 reeds, (140 reeds being the finest quality of all) are woven by this means. They supply the continent of Europe with callicoes at three pence per yard, and they have taken the supply even of the East Indies out of the hands of the natives. They send immense quantities of muslin to India of the quality and pattern most used there at sixpence per yard, including all the expenses of freight, &c. As to India muslin, they assure me that none have been imported these two years. One of these now here is the largest purchaser of East India goods in London, he says that all the India muslin now to be had is the remainder of former importations, and that no more will ever be imported. At Manchester itself nothing else is now manufactured in any quantity but Muslin, all the callicoes and fustians &c. are made in the district bordering upon Yorkshire and in Yorkshire. This is altogether very surprizing to me, and will be so perhaps to you."

On August 12, 1822, Lord Londonderry, better known as Castlereagh, committed suicide, just as he was on the point of setting out for the Congress of Verona. During the summer of 1822 he had failed both in body and mind. Entirely without the gift of oratory, too proud to cultivate the arts of popularity which were not natural to him, he was regarded with a suspicion and distrust which were utterly unmerited, and have clung to his memory for the hundred years which have elapsed since his death. Only quite recently have his great qualities as an administrator and as a diplomatist been recognised. It is evident from these letters that by his friends he was deeply loved and respected.

From Duchess Elizabeth

"I am anxious till I hear from you, as I know how deeply you must have been affected by the late horrid event. Poor Lord Castlereagh! how little one could have foreseen such an end for him—him who of all persons seemed the most calm and equal minded person one ever knew. Do tell me, had you remark'd any change in him? was he less chearfull than he us'd to be? or was there anything that led you to suspect that he was derang'd? How does Lord Liverpool bear this shock? and our dear Brother, has he not been terribly affected by it? I never was so shock'd; and amiable Cardinal Consalvi 'ha pianto calde lagrime' over the details which he had translated for him. As he says, when such a Man makes such an end, what may one not expect still to see. . . .

"Clifford was gone with Sir F. Adam¹ to Ithaca and Cerigo, I believe to see what could be settled for an asylum for those unfortunate Greeks. It is a subject I dont bear to think of, nor can understand how the holy Alliance can reconcile to itself the leaving these Christians to be murder'd by the Turks and thousands of children to be sold and educated in Mahometanism, to prevent the possibility of encrease of power to Russia. . . .

"Tell me something of Lady Londonderry,² for all the feeling which she possessed was I believe for him. . . ."

From Duchess Elizabeth

"I have received no letter from Lord Liverpool, and I did not expect his marriage³ would have been so soon declar'd. I am sure that we feel alike about it,

¹ Sir Frederick Adam (1781–1853). Commanded 21st Regiment. Served in Sicily, etc. Made K.C.B. after Waterloo.

² Amelia Anne, youngest daughter of John, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire. Married, 1794, Robert, 2nd Marquis of Londonderry, better known as Viscount Castlereagh.

³ Second marriage of Lord Liverpool. See p. 142.

and most sincerely do I wish him happy; but I should have liked a few more months to have pass'd, and then that he would have chosen one whose health would not have renew'd to him a long course of anxiety. But of that of course he is the best judge. I wonder that I have not heard, but impute it to some nervousness about it. Now it is declar'd, I wish it was over. It is singular that a german paper in mentioning the marriage, says that even in his choice of the person, he has given fresh proofs of his attachment to his first Wife, as she was her intimate friend and favorite companion. I can't help thinking from my Brother's silence that it has made him also very nervous. How lucky it was that you had the Duchess of Gloucester¹ at Leamington at the time of Lord Londonderry's death! It took such possession of one that it was necessary to have someone to talk to incessantly about it. It was too shocking, and I must always think that there was an inconceivable want of prudence in leaving him even one moment alone, and in not having bled him more copiously. No wonder Lady Londonderry is alter'd—the horror of such an event is almost beyond the grief of it. She must as you say find her comfort in doing good as her means are considerable. Do you remember our dear Mothers favourite lines :

“ *La bienfaisance est un besoin de l' âme, etc.*

“ I have hopes about some move yet as to Vienna. Sir H. Wellesley will go there if Lord H.² leaves it—and leave it he ought certainly. I am very glad that Canning is in. . . .

“ Rome will be brilliant this year, and the Duc de La Val being the French Ambassador is a very pleasant circumstance to me. He writes me the most affectionate letters possible, but says he is lost till I come. I am very glad you like Chateau Briand and that he is lik'd.

¹ See p. 166.

² We are unable to trace any Lord H. at Vienna at that time.

I wish he may plead for the Greeks. That is a sad page in history, and dont, I think, tell well for England. . . .”

Wharncliffe Lodge must have been a lonely and an unsheltered home for anyone of Lady Erne’s age; nevertheless, she seems to have been really happy there.

From Lady Erne

“ . . . I had a few lines from *the Doctor* [Corbet] today. I thought poor Mrs. Corbet very low the other morning, & do you know, I have a little suspicion of a *fourteenth*, but it is only a suspicion, & I hope I may be wrong. I never saw any body so struck as she was with (what I call) my Cloud-scenery the other morning. She had never happen’d to see it before. I am fonder than ever I think of the Place, & am but a *little* frighten’d at night, when I happen to be awake for hours. . . .”

From Lady Erne

“ I send you the inclos’d dearest Caroline as the readiest way of communicating its contents. Your Child brought it to me yesterday. She found her way *through the clouds* in which I was *literally* envelop’d, & surpris’d me very agreeably, when I consider’d myself quite sure of no *human* foot approaching my mysterious dwelling. She was amus’d with surprising me, and look’d all the better for her ride. It did not rain except for a few seconds whilst she was with me, & she look’d like a flower with the morning dew on it. The mass of Clouds was such, & they hung so low on the Hills, that I thought I was in for some days of the same sort of weather. However the wind was so good as to interfere during the night (I suppose to shew the Sun that He could do without Him) & Here is a very fine mild morning, & the Sun (not at all puff [offended]) shining forth & lighting up my opposite Hills & Valley, the beauty of which I admire *comme le premier jour*. It

is mild like Spring. I have just been out dawdling in my garden, & clipping full blown roses, in the hope that the buds will come forward about the time of your return. I am now, in consequence of that dawdle, writing in a hurry.

“ You will see that Elizabeth takes the *marriage* [Lord Liverpool’s] better than we expected. I think she certainly was written to, & probably received the letter soon after she sent off her own to me. . . .”

CHAPTER XVII

(1823-1825)

Bear-fighting at Welbeck—C. Rose Ellis at Brighton—Death of Duchess Elizabeth—Letter from United States (John Stuart Wortley)—Paris in 1824—Madame de Gontaut and the “*Enfans de France*”—Lady Granville as Ambadress—Her description of Lady Caroline—More about the “*Enfans de France*”—Catastrophe at St. Petersburg—Lady Caroline and the Doge’s departure—Lady Granville’s opinion of John Stuart Wortley—His marriage to Lady Georgiana Ryder.

THERE are very few letters in 1823. Writing from Welbeck in February to her grandmother, the younger Caroline says :

“ There is really no time for writing here. We play at Pope Joan in the evening and at Billiards and Battledore in the morning, besides which Lady Francis, Mama and my brothers sing all morning and all evening, and I of course listen to them as much as possible. . . .

“ This afternoon we have been having a capital romp with Lord John Bentinck,¹ Charles and James. We played each other several little tricks at first, but after some time the young men locked us (the Bentincks, Emily Seymour² and me) in my room and barricaded the door with cushions, and after some time they went to dress and we got out and in revenge fastened Lord John into his room. By the help of his servant he, however, got out.

“ Have you read *Peveril* ? It is the most ridiculous

¹ Lord William John Bentinck (1800-79), second son of the 4th Duke of Portland. Became, in 1854, 5th Duke of Portland. In his later years eccentric and a recluse, and was the builder of the underground passages at Welbeck.

² Daughter of Lord George Seymour, son of the 1st Marquis of Hertford. Married, 1832, Richard, 4th Earl of Shannon. Died 1887.

thing here ; there are five or six copies in this house, and everybody comes into the room with a volume under their arm. . . .”

On April 10 Charles Rose Ellis writes to his aunt, Lady Erne, from Brighton :

“ . . . For myself—as my Master [Canning] is to tell the World as much of what you could not hear through the key hole as it is fit that the World should know on Monday, and as I am very desirous to be within hearing, I shall take my departure on Saturday—*dopo domani*. I have I think given the Musclemann Doctor a fair trial for I have missed but two days since I came, and I have let him vapour my leg or my whole person just as he pleased, and shampoo me, and dry cup me—in short I have let him play his whole game ; and as he cured Lady Louisa Cornwallis with three Baths, & General Capel with two, if he does not do me any good in fifteen he will have less right to complain than I shall. But I shall not complain much, for I have been mending, certainly as quick (if it were not an abuse of that word to apply it at all to such progress) as I did in London, and I have passed my time between the Wortley & Bristol Lodgings very pleasantly. . . .

“ And now my dear Aunt I must say Adieu. For I must take a Fly in the East Wind (for I can’t hobble so far) to the other side of this great rambling town to pay some visits, and write my name Courtier like in our Royal masters sick list, and then be vapoured & shampooed, which will occupy the rest of my morning, and therefore once more Adieu. . . .”

The first letter in 1824 announces the death of the Duchess Elizabeth.

From the Duke of Devonshire

“ROME, March 31st, 1824.

“MY DEAR LADY CAROLINE,

“I grieve to have to inform you of the death of the poor Duchess which took place here yesterday.

I know the affection you felt for her and how much shocked you will be at the event. I have not written to Lady Erne because I think the sad communication had better be made to her by you. The Duchess's illness was an inflammation of the lungs, for the last week she was in the greatest danger. She appeared to suffer very little pain, and constantly expressed her comfort and satisfaction with her attendants. Her whole conduct was remarkable from the fortitude, good sense and composure which she shewed, as well as the most touching consideration for all around her. She knew her danger, made every arrangement, and charged me with affectionate remembrance to those she loved.

"She asked for a clergyman, and had a most interesting conversation with him.

"I have written to Lord Bristol by two posts, as well as by this courier with more details. I am very anxious about poor Caroline [Lamb].

"God bless you, my dear Lady Caroline,

"Most truly & faithfully yours,

"DEVONSHIRE."

We part with regret from Duchess Elizabeth. If her private life does not bear close scrutiny, she certainly inherited from her father much intelligence and an abounding enjoyment of life, both of which are reflected in her letters. Whether at Rome, at Paris, or in London she knows everything, sees everything, and enjoys everything. We must suppose there was no great depth in her character. Nevertheless, to live as she did, always on the best of terms with Duchess Georgiana and afterwards with the Cavendish family, was, under the circumstances, no slight achievement. She was sixty-five years old at her death. Lady Erne, the eldest of the three sisters, is now the only one left.

The next letter is not till October, and is from Boston, U.S.A. The young John Stuart Wortley is travelling in America, and sends his impressions of that country to his sister Caroline.

". . . We stopped on our way up to the *Old Colonel's* at the grand river (look at your map) about 60 or 70

miles from Niagara, and walked about two or three miles from the road to the Mohawk village. It consisted of perhaps 15 or 20 buildings, of wooden planks, or as they are called here *clapboards* (the common material in the newly cleared parts), placed at straggling distances round a considerable oblong space of common ground, towards one end of which stood their church of *clapboard* also. A few idle Indians, not in *feathers*, but dresses made of European cloth & very dirty, were dawdling about and directed us to Brant's house, a cottage, looking little better than the rest. We unluckily found that Joseph Brant, our visitor in Curzon Street, was absent, but another dirty, slovenly roué of a brother who was there shewed us into the room. In about 5 minutes Miss Brant entered, a tall good figure, her countenance stamped with the characteristic Indian features, but open, mild and dignified, & with a very pleasing expression. Her complexion has a slighter tinge than usual of the Indian brown, and is a fine accompaniment to her brilliant dark eyes and glossy black hair, which flowed to her neck in large natural locks. She was dressed in a black silk gown, or rather I should say frock, ornamented above & below (in place I suppose of *flounces* &c.) with silver rings and a kind of short fringe; *trowsers* or, more correctly, *leggings*, which all the Indians wear; & an embroidered pair of moccasins. But we were particularly struck with her manners & conversation. She welcomed us without any awkward shyness, sat down & talked with us in uncommonly good English, received my present, evidently pleased at the attention & quietly admired it, & the whole with the ease & grace of a person who had been used to live all her life in the best society. Is not this extraordinary in a person who has never moved from the Grand River further than Niagara probably, and who is now to pass her time amongst the idle wretched, half savage creatures who people that village?

“All this happened long ago now. I must make an

immense jump & land you with me at the Exchange Coffee House in Boston where I am now writing. We have been dining out every day since our arrival, everywhere hospitably received, and have made some acquaintances that we like very much. But we have met with some strange Societies and individuals, and amongst them of course some very ridiculous & some very disgusting vulgarities. These however I must say are a small proportion. We have been at several evening parties, which are composed much as parties elsewhere, and therefore rather stupid to a stranger who wanders through the crowded rooms without acquaintances. Upon the whole we have met with *few* disagreeable people; *many* who . . . are to be liked for their amiability & kindness; and *some* of whom one feels one should like to know more than our time will permit. The town itself I like. It is very irregular in plan, but very well built in detail. There are a great number of very good houses, and many of these are accompanied by a little space with trees, which add very much to the cheerfulness of the streets. The irregularity I think is rather a blessing in a country where the custom is to lay out all the great towns as far as possible in squares, the most tiresome form in the world, but I suppose practically convenient. We are not here at the gayest season of the year, many people are out of town and but little is going on within it, so that most we have seen has been very goodnaturedly contrived for us, and there is a ball on Wednesday next, given, as we are told, *for us* entirely. I don't feel quite easy under this compliment, because I am afraid it implies an obligation *to dance*; however we shall see there, I suppose, all that is to be seen at this time. All the best seasons for the great towns seem to be at the same part of the year, *i.e.* the winter, except Washington, which is rather later and depends on Congress.

“Pray tell my mother that I am very glad she has become more *liberal* on the subject of the *Yankees*, &

that I will do what I can, *fairly*, to assist her on my return. The best & most authentic life of Washington, or rather history of the American war, is Marshall's, but it is long & tedious, & I think she would hardly get through it. . . ."

Extract from American Newspaper

"BRITISH VISITORS.—The following named gentlemen, members of the British Parliament came passengers in the packet ship New York, which arrived a few days since, viz :—Hon. E. G. Stanley,¹ Mr. J. S. Wortley, jr. and Mr. J. E. Dennison (*sic*). We rejoice at the arrival of these gentlemen, who from the station they occupy in their own country, may be presumed men of liberal education, and divested of those narrow and contracted views which have influenced the majority of those *professed* travellers who have of later years visited our country. From observation they will be enabled to judge of the truth and candor of their *book-making* countrymen."

While John Stuart Wortley was writing from Washington, Charles writes from Paris. In his letter we are introduced for the first time to the *Enfants de France*, by which romantic title the children of the murdered Duc de Berri were called, and to their devoted *gouvernante*, Madame de Gontaut.

Romance—and, we might say, pathos—did indeed cling to these children whose lives began under such a heavy cloud of tragedy. The follies of his grandfather, Charles X., and the machinations of his cousin, afterwards King Louis Philippe, caused the little Duc de Bordeaux the loss of the throne to which he was by birth entitled. He went with his grandfather and his uncle and aunt, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, into exile, first at Holyrood, then at Prague, and then at Goritz, where Charles X. died. Both in Great Britain and in Austria the exiles were an embarrassment

¹ Edward Geoffrey (1799–1868), eldest son of Edward Smith, 13th Earl of Derby. Married, 1825, Emma Caroline, second daughter of Edward, 1st Lord Skelmersdale. Succeeded his father as 14th Earl of Derby in 1851.

to the Government under whose shelter they had taken refuge.

Louise de France, the little Mademoiselle of these letters, suffered almost exactly the same fate as her mother. Her marriage to the Duke of Parma was happy. Her husband, like her father, the Duc de Berri, fell to the dagger of an assassin. She reigned for some years as Regent for her son in the Duchy of Parma, governing with wisdom and moderation. Nevertheless, the tide of revolution was too strong for her, and in 1859 she left Parma for ever. Like her mother, the Duchesse de Berri, she never ceased to work for her son, trying to regain for him his lost dukedom. Like her mother, she failed. She died at Venice at the end of January 1864, and was buried at Goritz in the same vault as Charles X. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

*From Charles Stuart Wortley to Miss Stuart Wortley,
afterwards Mrs. J. C. Talbot*

“PARIS, Sept. 2d, 1824.

“ . . . I have been passing my time very pleasantly of late. A few days ago the famous Fête de St Louis was given in the champs Elysées—it happens once a year and is well worth seeing; every sort of amusement is to be had. The Government give wine and food, such as chocolate, sausages, bread—meat rapped up in parcels of papers—to the public for two hours. Tho’ the scene is disgusting (for it is only the canaille that get it) yet it is extraordinary to see five or six wooden buildings on each side of the champ, containing two or three gens d’armes and other men throwing the stuff to the drunken, brutal populace. On the left of the road three poles are erected of immense length, they are oiled and on the top are gold watches and five or six Napoleons for any one who climes it and reaches the top. Many attempts were made, but only one succeeded in my presence. It is rather frightful to see, for if one was to fall he wd be dashed to pieces they are so high, the oil makes the great difficulty, to counteract which they carry up bags of chalk to rub on the poles as they ascend—it was a

beautiful day and an extraordinary "spectacle". It happened on the 25th, a ball was given in the evening at Frascati, one of the balls to which all opera dancers and gamblers are invited as well as the men of the best society, I went but was bored.

"I went down the next day to St. Cloud to see Les enfants de France, with whom I was delighted, Madame de Gontaut was so kind as to ask Miss Upton to persuade me to dine with them, there being many officers and people she refused for me, which perhaps was all for the best, so Miss Upton and I dined together at $\frac{1}{2}$ past five in her apartments close to the chateau. At seven we went to the chateau in Madame de Bourbon's carriage tho it is not more than 100 yards, this was on account of Miss Upton who (tho' well) was rather weak. We found the children sitting at tea with two others of Madame de Léon's. The little Duc is something like Johnny Corbett, rather fatter looking very healthy—Mad^{lle} not pretty rather like her mother but with a very quick expression. It will require all the judgement of Madame de Gontaut to educate her in the right, or she will be such a coquette and spoilt child. They both know their situation, but she still more and particularly that day for she had been to Paris to *preside* at the head of a charity school and receive the donations for its support. This pleased her much. Miss Upton asked her what she had been doing that day when being particularly intent on a piece of bread covered with jamb said, "il faut que vous attendez jusque j'ai fini mon souper" Soon after this they all came into the nursery from dinner. Mme. de Gontaut seems a delightful sensible person with two daughters, Mad^e de Bourbon et Princesse de Léon,¹ more like English than any people you ever saw. I like them all very much. We sat half an hour for coffee in the drawing room whilst the children were playing, little Bordeaux was rolling over the ottoman at the end of the room when I suggested

¹ The Prince de Léon was son of the Duc de Rohan.

to Mme. de Gontaut I wonder you are not afraid of the hereafter King of France breaking his neck by such romps. She jumped up immediately and went to stop them. What a horrid responsible situation to be in, she is bored to death with it, but can't give it up having promised the Duc de Berry to educate his children. We then went into the Galery to hear the band of the Regt quartered there. Seats were all placed for us the children all in front, the little Duc sat quiet generally, Mad^{lle} on the contrary was continually running about ordering them to play things, and if not, sitting on the lap of Madame de Bourbon's little boy making love to him, this will do for the scandal of the Court in future, for she has a great fancy for him. We listened to the band for half an hour, then M^e de G. took the children to bed, she returned, but soon after we all went into the billiard room, had tea, the officer played at Billiards, and some at Ecarté with Mme. de G. The rooms are all immense, M^e de G's bed is in a corner of one petitioned off by a screen, the children sleep in the next which is more like a gallery—horridly uncomfortable—sentrys in all directions outside of the apartments, crying out *qui vive*—The colonel of the Regt. comes at nine to Mme. de Gontaut to know the watch word and countersign, which she whispers into his ear, and is generally the name of a saint and a town—3 or 4 letters came that evening as they do very often directed a son Altesse Royal Monseigneur le Duc de Bordeaux, sometimes from people wanting charity, others for something from Government, and so on and these Mme. de Gontaut reads and I believe sends to Monsieur,¹ without letting the child see them. it is very absurd the idea of sending petitions and such letters to a child of hardly four years. M^{lle} is two years older nearly.

“Miss Upton and I stayed till ten when she went home and I to Paris, stopping at Lady Rumbold's at Auteuil in my way home where there was a ball given to children.

¹ The Dauphin (Duc d'Angoulême).

"Two or three nights ago I went with all my Persian family and their friends to Tivoli gardens where there was a fête extraordinaire. At 7 a baloon went up for which we were too late as we did not go till 8—played at the ring on the swing horses, which you ride and touch as you go round, swung in the swings, played at the bulls eye with the brass bird, which is suspended by a long wire, you level it and let it go and if it hits the centre it goes off—rode upon the velocipedes which have seats behind the woman and you sit astride on the horse guide with your feet and work with your hands upon the two poles which force it to go on. They are very amusing.

"We then went down in the cars, then went to the fellow in the little well to have our 'bonne aventures' told. He is dressed in the costume of the ancients with a long beard, &c—puts a long tin pipe in your ear, whispers all that is to happen to you, then gives you the 'bonne aventure', which is a little packet of prophecies, lines, and a parcel of humbug of that sort. The ladies were delighted and insisted on my being told—one of them snatched my bonne aventure out of my hand and will not give it to me or I wd have sent it to you. . . ."

November 1824 finds Lady Caroline once more at Paris putting the finishing touches to the younger Caroline's education. Lord Granville had now succeeded Sir Charles Stuart as our ambassador. Louis XVIII. had recently died. Charles X. was King, and, as we have already said, his grandchildren, the children of the murdered Duc de Berri, were the "enfants de France".

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

". . . Soon after we arrived I got a note from Lady Granville offering us her Box at the Français, to see Mlle. Mars¹ & Talma² in the only Comedy in which they act together. The Play is call'd 'L'école des Vieillards' . . .

"Missy came out of the hands of le *Coiffeur* yesterday, & has now a head like *this*, & is really very much im-

¹ See p. 223.

² See p. 223.

proved by it. but it has made *such* an alteration in her looks & *looks so french* that Papa every now & then burst into a violent fit of laughing when he looked at her. I dont know whether you understand that the hair is dress'd en boucles on each side of the head, & there are three large bows of hair behind, which add much to her heighth.

“We shall not get all our mourning [for the King] before Monday, but luckily I brought a black gown, & having got a new bonnet I can go about the streets & to the Spectacle, & am not at all impatient to go to parties. Poor Missy, who has only a straw bonnet which has been soak'd with sea water, cannot stir except in a carriage, but last night I took her to the Français en cheveux. Lady Granville came to see me yesterday, & she is coming again to-day, as she is never sure of her time at home. She is looking remarkably well & in good spirits, & hitherto does not dislike her active life. . . .”

Lady Granville was the daughter of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and had married that Lord Granville Leveson Gower [created Earl Granville] to whom her mother's sister, Lady Bessborough, had written such poignantly interesting letters. As her mother's daughter, Lady Granville is not likely to have had any bias in favour of Duchess Elizabeth's relations [the Ellesmeres']. Nevertheless, writing in November 1822 from Worsley she says :

“Lady Caroline quite captivates me. There is a charm about her one can hardly account for, but it is, I believe, perfect nature, great refinement, and no wish to be anything but what she is. She is entirely without the ungovernable wish to be ‘un peu plus’ than one is, which spoils so many.”

Soon after Lady Caroline's arrival in Paris, Lady Granville writes to her sister, Lady Georgiana Morpeth :

“Lady Caroline adores Paris, and she is to me like a moonlight night after a hot day, refreshment and

repose. She has all the charm of intelligence without the tax of 'esprit', is always ready to do everything, always satisfied to do nothing."

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

"PARIS, November 26, 1824.

"We begin to feel a little settled now, & lead the pleasantest life possible. Lady Granville is the comfort of my life, & as I am the only friend she has here, I flatter myself I am some comfort to her also. I am delighted to have at last an opportunity of seeing so much of her. I have been several times with her to the Theatres, & when she cant go herself, she generally lends us one of her Boxes. Missy went with us to Stalls the other night to her infinite delight, & certainly Pasta never sung or acted better in her life. Last night I went with Lady Granville to the Donna del Lago, & she took her own girl,¹ who is a remarkably pleasing nice creature of fourteen. We keep very good hours—dine at six, & are home from the Theatre at eleven or soon after, except last wednesday, when I was at a soirée of the Duchesse de Guiche's & did not get away till 12. We had dined with our Ambassador, where we met, besides the attachés, only a General McFarlane & his wife. . . . At about eight o'clock they went away, and Lady Granville & I went to see Mlle. Duchènois in Marie Stuart. She is *too* hideous, but acted admirably. From thence we went to Madame de Gontaut's at the Tuileries, who received me most cordially . . . & staid till past ten, when we proceeded to Madame de Guiche, who had invited me thro' Charles. I found one or two people I knew to speak to, & made one or two french acquaintances, so that I got on very well, & was much amused with watching the rest, who were chattering and making as much noise as a *hundred* people would have done in London. It was a very pretty small House, & furnished

¹ Susan Georgiana Leveson Gower. Married, 1833, 4th Lord Rivers.

a good deal a l'Anglaise, with chintz covers to the chairs & couches. On the whole I thought both men & women goodlooking, some of the latter handsome, & almost all having l'air distingué. . . .

"We have seen a good deal of John Creighton,¹ who like a good Boy is gone to be en Pension at Versailles. He cannot at present talk French at all, so that he cannot get into society here yet. You would be surprised to see how perfectly Charles [her son] is at home with the french Ladies. He is very much liked & thought very handsome, his appearance & behaviour is perfectly gentlemanlike, and he gets on pretty well with his french.

"Adieu dearest Mama. The Courier is come, but no letter from you—*fie, fie*. We dine at the Granvilles to-day. . . ."

"PARIS, Dec. 4, 1824.

"I am very glad you like your bag. We *see you* exactly in the evening with bag, *fichu* & *fan* in the drawing room at Ickworth; and I saw you also exactly sitting *sola sola*, very snug and quiet in the book room beginning your letter to me. . . .

"I spent a very pleasant & interesting evening yesterday. Madame de Gontaut very kindly ask'd the Doge & me & Charles to dine with her, & there was nobody but her daughter, Madame de Léon, besides ourselves; we therefore enjoyed a little of her society in comfort. We dined at six, & as soon as we had done went back into the next room. The children, who were just come up from the Duchesse de Berry, came in, they are very nice little things, & as full of spirits & play as English children—little *Bordeaux*² riding upon a

¹ Afterwards 3rd Earl Erne (1802–85). Married Selina, daughter of Rev. Charles Cobbe Beresford.

² Duc de Bordeaux, son of Duc de Berri, younger son of the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.). After the latter's abdication the Duc de Bordeaux went into exile with him. He was called by his followers Henry V., or, more generally, the Comte de Chambord. He married, 1846, Marie Thérésia-d'Autriche-d'Este, sister of the Duc de Modène.



LADY ERNE IN HER OLD AGE

From a picture by a French artist at Wortley. The property of the
Earl of Wharnccliffe.

cushion upon the couch by Madame de Gontaut, and calling himself 'l'Escorte', that is, the escort that trots after his own carriage. Madame de Gontaut asked which he prefer'd being '*Prince, ou Escorte*', to which he answer'd, 'j'aime mieux être *escorte*'. He is quite a *goodness*, & she says has the best heart & temper possible. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven they went to bed, & I was invited to see the ceremony. It was exactly like seeing any other Children undress'd, & when they had got on their night caps & night gown they would gallop about the room, & it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be got into bed! They were wild with spirits & shewing off I think before me. Mademoiselle¹ has a great mind to be naughty, & was a long time before she would say her *prayers*, which I must say were rather long. Every sunday morning little Bordeaux in his *uniform* (which he had on last night) receives all the *Ministers & Maréchaux*, which Missy & I are to go & see, in a corner. How odd it is that *I* should be visiting in the same intimate manner the present *gouvernante* & Enfants de France, as you visitted poor Madame de Polignac² & her little Prince & Princesse before the Revolution!

As soon as the children were in bed, we return'd into the drawing room, all the doors being left open thro' to their rooms, and at eight o'clock "visits" began to drop in. Several Ladies who had been to the King's Court came up in their Court dresses, which look'd very handsome in black. Amongst others was a very interesting person, tho' not so in her appearance—Madame de la Roche Jacquelin, whose memoirs I think you read. I fancied she was quite blind, but she sees a little; she is fat & ugly, & looks goodhumour'd & comfortable.

¹ Mademoiselle married, 1845, the Hereditary Prince of Lucca, afterwards the Duke of Parma.

² Yolande Martine Gabrielle (Comtesse, afterwards Duchesse) de Polignac (1749–93). Favourite of Marie Antoinette, who loaded her with gifts and made her *gouvernante* to her children. She died in exile at Vienna.

And in the same room was a man who had been with Bonaparte at Moscow, & I believe his Aid de Camp, & is now Aid de Camp to *little Bordeaux*. These strange mixtures are now constantly to be seen in Society, & are very interesting & amusing. All parties are well received at Court, & *all* are charm'd with the King [Charles X.], & therefore well disposed to associate with each other.

"Yesterday morning the *Cornet* [Charles Stuart Wortley] gave a déjeuner à la fourchette in his own little den, to which he only invited people of the House (& indeed his sitting room would not have held another *chair*); he has besides a very nice little bedroom. Our repast was very jolly, & the dishes all dress'd & prepared by Charles's french servant, who is really an excellent Cook. . . ."

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

"Dec. 17.

" . . . I was going to express my surprise that the principal topic of conversation here, the horrid catastrophe at St. Petersburg, was not mentioned in any of our letters or papers from England, but I see in the last *Courier* there is a paragraph about it. It is something like a second Deluge, & by the accounts we have heard here, much greater than those in the *Courier*. Amongst other things it is said that one whole Regiment with its Horses perish'd in their Barracks! Poor Monsieur de la Ferronaye who is here just now, but is I believe the Ambassador from this Court there, has lost all his Horses, Books & papers! There is no end of the stories of the same kind—indeed, the loss altogether of lives & property is incalculable, & the most dreadful effects are apprehended in consequence of the immense destruction of provisions. They say that Madame de Lieven's brother (I forget his name) behaved like an Angel, & plunged *six* times into the flood to save people. Fancy large Ships floating up into the streets & knocking

against the Houses ! What a scene it must have been ! The waters rose so rapidly that a funeral that was going along a street was swallow'd up, and what is curious, the *corpse* was the only person saved, for it floated ! Pozzo di Borgo¹ also gets fresh accounts continually, & with fresh details of horrors. I should think the inhabitants of all classes will never live in comfort there in future. Perhaps the Court &c. will remove to Moscow once more. How singular that one capital should have been destroyed by fire, and another very nearly so by water, in the course of a few years. . . .

“The Doge has bought enough to fill a *Library* of the memoirs of the Revolution, down to the last return of the Bourbons. . . .

“Poor Lady Granville is in a fuss with her presentation which takes place to day. She is quite provoked with herself for caring about it, but the french people make such an affair of it, & talk to her so much about what she is, & is not, to do, that it is become quite a *dragon*. I am going with Missy to see her in her Court dress, which I saw her try on the other day & thought very handsome & becoming. It is all black, & richly embroider'd with something shining like burnt steel.

“Pray tell Sophia that the dancing master is gentleness itself with Missy, & she is quite fond of him. I suppose he thinks her too old to be benefited by torturing her feet. He is an excellent master & pays chief attention to the maintien, & motion of the arms. . . .”

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

“Jan. 24, 1825.

“ . . . I hope you have got Ségur's History of the Russian Campaign, but the Doge is going to buy the second edition which is just coming out. & in which there will be several alterations, furnish'd him by some of the principal actors in the business about whom his information had not been quite correct. We have heard

¹ See p. 197.

more than one person of Napoleon's army speak in the highest terms of the book & confirm its authenticity; and the only fault found with it is its greatest praise, that it tells *trop de vérités*. . . .

"I have certainly no inducement at this moment to return to England, except accompanying the Doge & seeing *you*, for I can wait patiently to see my other friends; and after the very comfortable way in which we have lived for the last two months, and enjoying the same amusements & having the same pursuits, which never happens to me at home, much less in London, I should feel the change most severely, especially at this gloomy season. Nevertheless there are moments when I feel the most *violent* longing to find myself in Curzon Street, & as if even the passage would cost me nothing for the sake of getting HOME.

"Our dear Governor leaves us thursday sen'night, & will probably be in London the monday or Tuesday following. He flatters himself you will come & stay with him a little in Curzon Street, but I cannot wish it *yet*, and whenever you *do honor* him pray make Ghee write many days or a week before to Mrs. Hunter, that she may have your room not only thoroughly air'd but warm before you occupy it. . . ."

From Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley

"Jan. 31, 1825.

"... The master of all others that Missy least expected ever to make a conquest of is the dancing master, who was so pleased with her *réverence* this morning that he said he must come *over to England* on purpose to teach her the one she is to make to George the Fourth when she is presented. I am obliged to repeat to myself continually that it is a real advantage to her & Jem to stay on here sometime longer, to reconcile me to the decision I have taken. But my courage fails me as the day approaches for the Doge's departure! He still intends setting out Thursday unless he can make up his

mind to travel all night, which he is *half* inclined to do, as there will be a fine moon. . . .”

The next letter, written after twenty-six years of married life, speaks for itself:

“Feb. 5, 1825.

“ . . . You judged quite right that in being left this time it was not only my usual nervousness that I suffer’d from, but that the very comfortable manner in which we have lived for more than two months has made his [the Doge] departure more than usually painful. Our having too but one large sitting room made me more constantly aware of my loss, & the *size* of the room was an additional misfortune, as I feel lost in it now without him & his writing table, &c. In short nothing could be worse than the first four and twenty hours, & I was too low & nervous to be benefitted by dining at the Granvilles even, where I was again reminded of my loss, for we had dined there together a day or two before. In short there is no use in describing the various tortures I endured even if I *could*.

“ I began this letter yesterday but was interrupted by Lady Harrowby,¹ who in the kindest manner came to sit with & cheer me. I quite love her for the way in which she did it, & for the real interest & compassion she shewed for me the day he went, when indeed I believe my countenance betrayed what I suffer’d, and I hardly dared trust myself to speak, for fear of crying like a *baby*. But yesterday I improved much more than I expected, owing in a great measure I believe to its being a bright sunshine & having had a good many hours sleep the night before, which I had *not* had the two nights previous to the day he went; & *you* know how a sleepless night, especially if one is nervous, unhinges one & encreases the evil the next day.

¹ Susan, daughter of Granville, 1st Marquis of Stafford. Married, 1795, Dudley Ryder, afterwards (1803) Baron Harrowby, and created, 1809, 1st Earl of Harrowby.

"I dined yesterday downstairs with Lady William.¹ & at night went to a Ball, where I should be still I believe if Lord Granville had not taken compassion upon me & brought me home at three o'clock this morning, as nobody could get away but those who had the privilege of having their carriage remain in the Court yard. I went there at $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten, & it was $\frac{1}{2}$ *past twelve* before I got into the House. The greatest regularity is observed, & the consequence is that when there is an immense crowd & only one gateway, the people never arrive, & it is equally difficult to get their carriages to come away. I shall take care not to go to a *great* Ball again at Paris, tho' I think it is better to be *two* hours getting in & spend ones night there, than to have ones carriage & perhaps ones limbs broke, as they are in England. . . .

"Jem is the greatest comfort to me, he is so companionable & cheerful, & so steady that he gets our money from the Banker, & keeps my account as well as his own of what we take from the *heap* for our own occasional wants. . . . I and my two sons dine to day at the Granvilles, & Missy comes there at eight to *behave* a little, which now & then is good for her, as she says herself, & I have never yet taken her there in spite of Lady Granvilles repeated entreaties.

"Since I came from Church I have received a letter from the Doge from Granvilliers, which he reach'd before eight o'clock on friday evening. He writes to tell me two or three things which he had forgot. It was an unexpected pleasure to hear from him on his journey ; but it was beginning to snow, & as the next day the snow was still lying in Paris I much fear it will have made the roads very heavy, & prevented his getting to Calais last night. . . .

"I am very glad indeed of Sir Charles's [Stuart]

¹ Lady William Bentinck. Lord William Bentinck (1774–1839) was Governor-General of India, 1827–35. Married Mary, second daughter of 1st Earl of Gosford.

mission to Brazil, it is just the sort of thing he would like, & which he will do well I should think, & will I trust soften down the irritable feelings excited by the manner of his removal from here. They are excessively regretted, & by no means forgotten yet, which for *Paris* is very flattering, especially as their successors are liked, particularly Lady Granville. Does the Duchess of Northumberland come with the Duke? ¹ I am glad they send him, he looks distingué tho' not handsome; & as you say, his blue ribbon will make his effect more perfect. . . ."

Writing to his wife the "Doge" tells her he was safely landed at Ramsgate, and continues :

"It is no use now to give you any details of the passage, as they would only serve to increase your dislike to what you have to go through. I did not go in the Spitfire because it sailed at 2 o'clock in the morning. But the Fury is quite as fine a vessel. I would not for 5000£ have had you with me, for tho' there never was a moment of danger, there were many hours of the most perfect discomfort. . . ."

In the preceding year John Stuart Wortley had stayed with the Granvilles at The Hague. In a letter to Lady Harrowby, Lady Granville gives her impressions of his character. On his first arrival she speaks of him as "such a love". A week later she tells us that "he sits for ages quite silent, with his head on his shoulder, looking comfortable, but like a bird at roost". She then relates how, "Poodle" Byng and John Wortley having been together on an expedition to the Zuyder Zee, "Poodle has come back suffocating with rage, saying that John Wortley is the most selfish, unamiable man he ever met. Wortley never once consulted his taste or opinion, kept him waiting without apologizing", etc. etc.

¹ Hugh, 3rd Duke of Northumberland, K.G. (1785-1847). Married, 1817, Lady Charlotte Florentia Clive, second daughter of 1st Earl Powis. Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1829-30. Ambassador Extraordinary in Paris at the coronation of Charles X.

Her own comment on this is that she fears from seeing more of Wortley that he is a selfish person.

“Yet I cannot make him quite out. . . . I think him to begin with uncommonly pleasing, he is so refined and has such an accomplished mind. There is such manliness and good sense, such freedom from all the vanities and littlenesses of his kind. On the other hand, I never saw anyone make so little effort to surmount any little cloud of *humeur*, *chagrin* or *ennui* for the benefit of the society he is in.”

She goes on to say that :

“as a lover Wortley must be captivating. Zest immediately gives him the most delightful spirits, an appearance of unbounded enjoyment, sociability, unreserve—everything that is charming. But excitement is a short thing and marriage a long, and it is the unclouded ray that is wanted even in the happiest to gild inevitable hours of gloom, anxiety and sickness. Yet to refuse Wortley, for mother or daughter, what a Herculean labour ! . . . I must add that he is always talking of you and yours, and his first question after a post is, ‘Have you heard from Lady Harrowby ? ’ ”

In December 1825 Lady Caroline’s eldest son, John, was married to Lady Georgiana Ryder, the daughter of the Lord Harrowby whose house in Grosvenor Square, with all the members of the Cabinet assembled in it, had so narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of the Cato Street conspirators. Writing from Sandon (the Harrowbys’) before the wedding Lady Caroline says :

“. . . It would do you good to see dear John’s happy face, and I am glad to say she looks equally happy and satisfied. . . . The Staffords have offered them Trentham to go to, which is perfect. . . . The Governor is quite charmed with her, and they set out this evening in the rain with an umbrella together to take a walk. I am agreeably surprised in Mylord—who is really most

amiable and cordial. Lady Harrowby is beyond anything kind to us all, and is *desperately* in love with John."

The last letter of 1825 is from young James Stuart Wortley, then living alone in the empty house in Curzon Street :

" . . . I shall take the opportunity of sending you a few lines to inform you how wondrous well I get on alone : I know you hate me for liking solitude, & yet I cannot disguise that I am uncommonly comfortable in this house alone. A few hours in the morning however are all I pass in strict seclusion as I take care to amuse myself in the evenings very satisfactorily, what with dinners, soirées, &c., not to mention the Theatres."

HERVEY FAMILY

FREDERICK, BISHOP OF DERRY, = Elizabeth,
 4th Earl of Bristol, dau. of
 5th Lord Howard de Walden, Sir Jermyn Davers
 born 1730, died 1803. of Rushbrook.
 She died 1800.

Mary, = died 1842.	John, 1st Earl Erne, born 1731, died 1828.	John Augustus, Lord Hervey, R.N., born 1757, died 1796.	= Elizabeth, dau. of Colin Drummond (of Megginch and of Quebec). She died 1818.	Frederick William, 5th Earl and 1st Marquess, born 1769, died 1859. He left issue, of whom eldest son was 2nd Marquess.	= Elizabeth Upton, dau. of Clotworthy, 1st Lord Templetown. She died 1844.	Elizabeth, mar. 1st, John Thomas Foster of Dunbar, M.P., 2nd, William, 5th Duke of Devonshire. She died 1824.	Louisa, mar. Robert Banks Jenkinson, 2nd Earl of Liverpool, Prime Minister. She died 1821.
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Elizabeth CAROLINE = James Archibald
 Mary Creighton. Stuart Wortley.

See Stuart Wortley family.

Eliza Hervey. = Charles Rose Ellis, M.P.,
 She died 1803. created Lord Seaford,
 born 1771, died 1845.

Charles Augustus, born 1799, died 1868, succeeded his great- grandfather as 6th Lord Howard de Walden, mar. Lucy, dau. of William Henry, 4th Duke of Portland. He left issue, of whom eldest was 7th Baron.	Augustus Frederick, born 1800, died 1841, mar. Mary, dau. of Sir David Cuninghame, 5th Bart. He left issue.	Eliza, died 1820, unmarried.
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John,
4th Earl,
1st Marquess of Bute,
born 1744, died 1814,
had issue.

James Archibald
Wortley M.P.,
"Mr. I."
inherited
estates
not
born 1747,

John, M.P.,
died 1797, unmarried.

JAMES ARCHIBALD STUART = ELIZABETH CAROLINE
WORTLEY, M.P.,
created Baron Wharnccliffe,
Lord Privy Seal,
President of the Council,
born 1776, died 1845.
MARY CREIGHTON,
dau. of John,
1st Earl Erne,
born 1779, died 1856.

John,
M.P. for Co. of
Yorkshire,
2nd Baron
Wharnccliffe,
born 1801,
died 1855. = Georgiana Ryder,
dau. of Dudley,
1st Earl of
Harrowby,
died 1884.

Edward,
born 1827, died 1899,
3rd Baron and 1st
Earl of Wharnccliffe,
mar. Susan Charlotte
Lascelles, dau. of Henry
3rd Earl of Harewood.
She died 1927.

Francis
born 1829, died 1891,
mar. Maria, dau. of
John Bennett Martin
of Worsboro',
had issue,
Francis John,
2nd Earl of Wharnccliffe,
and others.

James Frederick,
born 1833,
died 1870,
unmarried.

Mary,
mar. Henry,
3rd Marquess of
Drogheda, K.P.
She died 1896.

Cicely Susan,
mar. Henry Scott,
son of 5th Duke
of Buccleuch,
created Baron
Montagu of
Beaulieu.
She died 1915.

H
C
bor
die
mar. Is
dau. of
Ver
2nd, Lav
Samuel

STUART WORTLEY FAMILY

JOHN, 3RD EARL OF BUTE, K.G., Prime Minister, born 1713, died 1792. = Mary, dau. of Edward Wortley Montagu of Wortley, Yorks, and of Lady Mary Pierrepont, created Baroness Mountstuart of Wortley, died 1794.

Margaret, dau. of Sir David Cuninghame, 3rd Bart., died 1808.

Frederick, born 1751, died 1802, unmarried.

Charles, General, Kt. of the Bath, Governor of Minorca, fought in American War of Independence, born 1753, died 1801.

Louisa, dau. of Lord Vere Bertie, 3rd son of Duke of Ancaster.

William, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh, born 1755, died 1823, leaving issue.

Sophia, dau. of Thomas Penn of Stoke Poges.

and six daughters :
Mary, mar. James, 1st Earl of Lonsdale.
Jane, mar. George, Earl Macartney.
Jane, mar. Hugh, 2nd Duke of Northumberland.
Caroline, mar. John, 1st Earl of Portarlington.
Augusta, mar. Captain Andrew Corbet.
Louisa, died unmarried.

Mary, mar. Rt. Hon. William Dundas, M.P. for Edinburgh, died 1855.

Louisa, mar. George, Lord Lovaine, afterwards 2nd Earl of Beverley and 5th Duke of Northumberland, died 1848, had issue :
1, Algernon, 6th Duke ;
2, Josceline ; 3, George ;
4, Henry ;
1, Louisa, died unmarried ;
2, Margaret, mar. Edward, 2nd Lord Hatherton.

Charles, G.C.B., Ambassador to France, created Lord Stuart de Rothesay, inherited Highcliffe Castle, Hants, born 1779, died 1845.

Elizabeth Margaret Yorke, dau. of Philip, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke, died 1867.

John James, R.N. = born 1782, died 1811.

Albinia, dau. of Rt. Hon. John Sullivan, had issue, one son, General Charles Stuart.

Charlotte, mar. Charles, Earl Canning, K.G., died at Calcutta, 1861.

Louisa, mar. Henry, 3rd Marquess of Waterford, K.P., died 1891.

Emmeline, dau. of John, 5th Duke of Rutland.

James, Q.C., P.C., M.P. for Halifax and Co. of Bute, Judge Advocate-General, Recorder of London, Solicitor-General.

Jane Lawley, dau. of Paul Beilby, 1st Baron Wenlock, died 1900.

Caroline, mar. John Chetwynd Talbot, son of Charles, 2nd Earl Talbot, had issue, John Gilbert, P.C., M.P. for Oxford, Edward, Bishop of Winchester.

Victoria, Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, mar. Sir William Welby, Bart. She died 1912.

Archibald John, born 1849, died 1905, mar. Eleanor, dau. of Bromley, Esq.

Charles Beilby, P.C., K.C., M.P. for Sheffield, born 1851, died 1926, created Baron Stuart of Wortley, mar. 1st, Beatrice, dau. of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, and 2nd, Alice Caroline, dau. of Sir John Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

Mary, mar. Ralph, 2nd Earl of Lovelace.

Margaret, mar. Reginald, son of Henry, 3rd Earl Talbot and 18th Earl of Shrewsbury, Major-General, K.C.B., Governor of Victoria, Australia.

Blanche, mar. Frederick Firebrace, Colonel R.E.

Caroline, mar. Norman de l'Aigle Grosvenor, 3rd son of Robert, 1st Lord Ebury, Gren. Guards, M.P.

Katharine, mar. Neville Lyttelton, 3rd son of George, 4th Lord Lyttelton, General, P.C., Chief of General Staff, Governor of Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

